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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

THIS MONTH Julia Peterkin contributes her creed to our FORUM series, "What I Believe." Next month H. G. Wells will take us behind the veil. In the autumn Einstein of Germany and Mencken of America will come forward with their confessions. These ways of life presented by living prophets our readers find to be the most helpful service THE FORUM is rendering this year.

RECENTLY in Carnegie Hall, New York, Professor Irving Babbitt of Harvard spoke in defense of humanism — a way of life which he has explained in two FORUM articles — in a triangular debate against the assaults of literary confusion and mechanism. The more discriminating disciples of Professor Babbitt in America prefer to spell humanism with a small "h" and regard it not as a static cult based on a creed, but a dynamic and ever-changing way of life constructed out of human experience.

To them the human will is a noble separate entity operating in the welter of mechanical forces. Some of them, too, object to those enthusiasts who are setting up humanism as a new religion. They would reserve the word religion to describe beliefs that include a deity and allow non-deistic living philosophies, such as the humanism of Harvard and the communism of Moscow, to be known as ways of life rather than additions to the confusion of religions.

AS YET these FORUM confessions have not included a way of life based on a belief in psycho-analysis; nor have any of the engineers, who seem to be the self-appointed leaders of American destiny to-day, sent in to us a convincing philosophy. The book *Toward Civilization*, edited by Charles A. Beard, offers promise in that direction.

In this book a group of engineers are challenged to tell us what this age of mechanical wonders is all about. These gentlemen state emphatically that goodness, truth, and beauty are as important

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THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company. 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; foreign subscription, $3.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1930, in the United States and Great Britain. No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission from the editors.

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FORUM

Next Month

THE DEATHBED OF AN EMPIRE

William Franklin Sands

Next month THE FORUM will publish the first of three articles in which a widely known American diplomat recalls his stirring adventures in Korea during the last days of the Korean Empire. Throughout the bloody period of the Boxer Rebellion, Mr. Sands was adviser to the Emperor of Korea when that dignitary — the last of his line — was trying to save his tottering throne from the ruin which threatened it on all sides. Sands, at that time a daring youngster in his twenties, found himself playing a leading rôle in this kingdom of *opéra bouffe* and grim tragedy. His FORUM articles deal with those fateful days when Russia and Japan were at each other's throats; and when Korea, helpless yet defiant, was at the feet of both.

WHAT IS EVIL?

Corra Harris, Hamilton Holt, and others

A dialogue. Mrs. Harris holds the Chair of Evil at Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida — the only professorship of its kind in existence. In a battle of wits with a company of distinguished men, she defines evil and outlines her strategy for combatting it.

TELLING IT TO THE JUDGE

Thomas Compere

A survey of the traffic courts in the United States. This is where the corruption and sheer incompetence of our lower court system hit the average citizen hardest. Mr. Compere, an experienced newspaper reporter, cites many typical cases of rank injustice, and no automobile owner who reads the article will be likely to think that the picture is overdrawn.

WHAT I BELIEVE

H. G. Wells

The author of *The Outline of History* and many famous novels explores his own private kingdom of hopes, illusions, and ideals.

COOLIDGE AND THE DO-NOTHING DECADE

Edward Campbell Aswell

1920 — Harding and the degredation of politics; 1930 — Hoover and the transfiguration of business. Bridging the gulf between these two extremes stood Coolidge, the representative man of his decade. This article throws the man Coolidge against the background of his period and shows that it was no mere accident that America's abdication of responsibility abroad coincided with the total eclipse of leadership at home.

THE STUDENT IN COMMUNIST RUSSIA

William C. White

Following this month's article on "The Professor," Mr. White will explain what is happening to the youth in Russia, revealing the spirit of fanaticism and martyrdom that is being instilled into college students by their Bolshevik masters.

A TEST OF PARENTAGE

H. Munro Fox

A British zoölogist describes one of the most fascinating new discoveries of science — a method for determining with certainty who begat whom. The record is written indelibly in the blood of father and child.

PIN-MONEY SLAVES

Poppy Cannon

A woman's plea to other women to quit chasing the rainbow of economic independence and cultivate leisure. She scores the new notion that all women should work, if only at part-time jobs.

FOREWORD

Continued

in the Engineering Age as in the Age of Pericles, and imply that somebody should be doing something to metamorphose these eternal values in terms of to-day. But they do not claim that they are going to do it, or tell us who are going to do it. They simply say that it will have to be done rapidly, apparently by that anonymous person, the average citizen.

ANOTHER way of life that has not been satisfactorily represented in our "What I Believe" series is the orthodox Christian position. Our young humanist readers claim that even the ablest preachers of our day are dodging their central objections to Christian belief. These humanists feel that modernist ministers who dispose of miracles and the historicity of Bible story, in doing so remove all the arguments that make Christianity a more convincing way of life than communism, mechanism, humanism, or psychology. What preacher will come forward in our day with an intelligence equal to his emotion to defend the Faith?

ANOTHER life enthusiasm that we have not heard from in the FORUM credos is the pursuit of beauty. According to the Greeks, there are three absolute values: goodness, truth, beauty. Is it not possible that in the coming decade America's destiny is to sober down from a period of over-production and worship of size, to an enthusiasm for quality, for beauty?

What is beauty, that we should be mindful of it along with truth and goodness? Confucius seems to have defined beauty even before Aristotle. According to one translation of Confucius: "When anger, sorrow, joy, pleasure are in being, but are not manifested, the mind may be said to be in a state of equilibrium; when the feelings are stirred and coöperate in due degree, the mind may be said to be in a state of harmony. Equilibrium is the great principle. If both equilibrium and harmony exist everything will occupy its proper place and all things will be nourished and flourish."

Let us illustrate this Chinese idea of beauty by a primitive savage dance and inquire when it is beautiful; let us say the dance of one of our Pueblo Indian tribes. Such a dance may be several things according to its nature. If it is merely a bachanalian orgy of frolic or animated oblivion it is not beautiful, it is not art. If the dance is merely stimulating in an erotic sense, it is a servant of biology, not of beauty. When the object of desire in the dance — play, war, love, religion — is properly distanced so that the spectator is completely satisfied by the equilibrium and harmony of his emotions without himself taking part in the dance, then a state of beauty may be said to exist.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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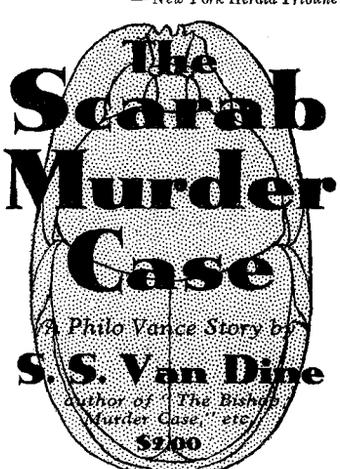

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Summer Reading

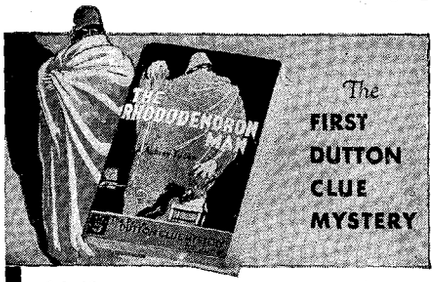
AMONG OTHER ancient phrases, "hammock reading" has long been a favorite with book reviewers. By this term they usually characterize the cream-puff kind of fiction which is popularly supposed to be the only kind of reading that hot humanity can bear. The idea is that you curl up languidly in a hammock, with an iced drink close at hand, and reach for the lightest, most inconsequential of books in an effort to forget the well-advertised discomforts of summer.

Speaking editorially, we disagree — and radically — with this old-fashioned notion of summer literature. Stubbornly we are willing to maintain that the intellect does not automatically atrophy during three months of the year. For our part, we regard the summer as our one opportunity for a long, luxurious reading period. Along with many others, our existence is so complicated in winter that it is impossible for us to take an adequate plunge into the stream of biography, fiction, science, and the like which is perpetually whirling by.

Summer, however, is a very different matter. Then, at least, one has a chance to catch up and to remedy one's sense of being distinctly a back number. Thanks to the plump, brightly jacketed volumes which we always stow away in our suitcase we return from our annual vacation in a haughtier frame of mind. Have we not read the life histories of six different kings (of six different countries) and are we not conversant with the slang which hard-boiled America is using?

To a detective fan, that summer is wasted which does not open out new vistas of how a really sinister murder can be committed. Let us admit it frankly — the higher the temperature, the greedier our appetite for crime. During the hot weather, we wallow in gore. We accumulate vast piles of books with ominous-sounding titles and race through them joyously — secure in the knowledge that we are not likely, as in winter, to be interrupted in our pursuit of the villain.

Being broad-minded, we are willing to concede that others may lavish their leisure on poetry, on those sturdy two-volume novels which are coming to the fore nowadays, and which are so happily reminiscent of our Victorian past, on books of elusive light essays, or even on formidable translations from the Persian and Chinese. Who are we that we should dictate in such personal affairs? All we claim is that summer is the ideal time for a whole-hearted debauch in literature, that one can cram enough into that brief space to provide reserves for the lean months to come.



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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL
GRANVILLE HICKS

Cultural Quests

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS AMERICAN, by Matthew Josephson; Harcourt, Brace, $3.00.
Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON'S *Portrait of the Artist as American* is the most capable work done from the masterly blue prints of Van Wyck Brooks since Lewis Mumford's *The Golden Day*. Its general contour, its internal drive, its lesson, will be familiar to those who know the canon of Brooks from *The Wine of the Puritans*, through *America's Coming-of-Age*, and down to *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* and *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*. What Mr. Josephson has done, in the main, is to synthesize: he has gathered from the fields opened up by Brooks and Waldo Frank, he has pondered over *The Education of Henry Adams*, he has carefully scrutinized Thomas Beer's investigation of Stephen Crane, and he has done a little pioneering on his own hook by bringing Lafcadio Hearn into the discussion. The main thesis having been driven home — the thesis that the lot of the artist in post-Civil War America was a thankless one — Mr. Josephson has passed on to speculation about the present and the future. He has also seen fit to differ with Brooks at one or two important points; and by this dissent he has raised questions that can only be settled by a third party who shall weigh Brooks and Josephson in the balance and watch the slow settling of the scales to permanent rest.

Mr. Josephson differs with Brooks specifically on the question of the worth of Henry James's later work, and on the question of Mark Twain's fundamental capabilities. "The great lesson" to be derived from Brooks on James, he says, "is that one should not quit the native soil." Mr. Josephson presumes to doubt the validity of the lesson. For, he says, the expatriation led to work of great artistic integrity that, in turn, fertilized Europeans ranging from Virginia Woolf to Proust. "The test of a great American artist," he continues, "is whether he is a good boomerang."

I am not sufficiently versed in the multiplex volumes of James to lay down the law in regard to the worth of the famous "third manner" of the gifted expatriate, but I do know that Josephson, along with Allan Tate, has misinterpreted

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Brooks. For the lesson to be derived from Brooks is not simply "that one should not quit the native soil." If I must persist in evangelical language, the "lesson" is more paradoxical, more compact of dust-and-ashes, than that. What Brooks has to teach us about the artist in post-Civil War America is that he couldn't quit the native soil without loss of "saturation," and that he couldn't stay in America without being hopelessly crippled by contact with a business civilization that had nothing but tacit contempt for the queer birds who insisted on strict artistic rectitude. It is not that Brooks's implications are wrong at certain points. The truth is that Josephson, in connection with *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*, misses the *total* implication of Brooks.

But that is a minor matter. The whole *Portrait of the Artist as American* is solidly written, and there are two chapters of brilliance — the one called "The Return of Henry James" and the one devoted to Lafcadio Hearn. When he comes to speak of the future, Josephson is tentative, as we all must be. Very pertinently he remarks that the problem of Humanism is "the approach to power"; and that is a problem which the academic Humanists have so far left to the Stuart Chases, the Mumfords, and the James Truslow Adamses. There is a topsy-turvy condition in America, says Mr. Josephson, by which "the energy of commerce is directed brilliantly from above," while the "moral tone is set from below." How to recapture "vistas, river banks, prospects of open water, from the grasp of the mills, the docks, and above all the railroads" — how to enshrine humane rather than "economic" values — such is our problem.

To put it with brutal finality, what we must do is to persuade the likes of Mr. Hoover to desert Julius Klein for Stuart Chase. That can only be done through political action and through education. The task may well seem hopeless, but the simple fact that such books as Mr. Josephson's *Portrait of the Artist as American* are being written, is a light in the eastern sky.

John Bull Analyzed

ENGLAND, by Wilhelm Dibelius; Harper, $5.00.
Reviewed by RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL.

ANY WRITER who attempts to describe the various qualities that enter into the English people — or any other people — undertakes an ambitious if not impossible task. But the task has been performed in an admirable way, not by an Englishman, but strangely enough by a German. Professor Dibelius is professor of English in the University of Berlin. But he is much more than a student of philology. He has an amazing knowledge of history, political science, economics, jurisprudence, education, and theology. And he has used this knowledge to probe into the very vitals of English life.

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Books

lish parliamentary and administrative system, but he also describes industry and agriculture, the legal system, religion, the church, the public schools and the universities. Finally, throughout the book, as a whole, he analyzes the "national characteristics" of the English people. In short, he has given us a diagnosis of a nation.

The predominant trait of the Englishman, he finds, is a love of freedom and of individualism. The Englishman does not understand the State as the continental understands it. He does not believe in systematic organization. Nevertheless, while the Englishman believes in freedom and in individuality, he does not believe in the full development of personality. He believes in running with the herd — in conforming to type. There is no country in the world where the lines of class are more rigidly drawn, or where tradition and precedent hold fuller sway. Englishmen must not depart from the dominant type. The controlling aim of the "public" schools, such as Eton and Harrow, and the Universities, such as Oxford and Cambridge, is to develop the English type — a man who can govern millions, but who has little intellectual curiosity. England has not produced any outstanding men such as Goethe and Ibsen; "England can live without great men comparatively longer than any other country."

The Englishman is, moreover, prosaic and practical. He has an innate distrust of theory. "There is a hatred of any mental process that is lucidly and severely carried to its logical conclusion." The law is merely a bundle of precedents, which the all-powerful judge changes to fit the equities of the case. There is no written constitution. Few Englishmen have been interested in working out a system of jurisprudence, theology, or philosophy. The Britain does not follow ideas, he sticks to leaders, provided these leaders are of the English type.

And what is this English type? It is a type based upon the knightly ideal — the ideal of the gentleman. The English gentleman is loyal to tradition; he is considerate of women; he shows a certain splendor in good clothes and in country houses; finally he has a love of power. And he has enveloped this love of power in an ethical halo. England has a "sense of being the first of nations, with a civilized mission to other races, and a final responsibility for any evil that happens anywhere in the world." Professor Dibelius insists that the English, despite their prosaic materialism, have a "singular emotional softness." Humanitarianism in England has carried the movement against the slave trade, and in favor of social legislation, perhaps further than any other country. As a result of these various characteristics, England is conservative, but it is a conservatism that never ossifies. There are no revolutions in England; but there is steady development. The English nation is one of the sanest of nations; the English are politically sound.

There are nevertheless many unattractive features in English national life. England is a country whose slums are probably the worst in Europe, whose country laborers are not independent farmers but serfs whose educational system has lagged behind the remainder of the world. The most serious criticism of all levelled against England is that of cant and hyprocrisy. One instance is the inevitable tendency of the Englishman to justify egotistic measures upon grounds of altruism. "The Englishman always has religious and pacifist tears ready when he goes to war." Professor Dibelius believes, however, that the English are absolutely sincère in their ethical professions. He declares that "Britain is the solitary Great Power with a national programme which, while egotistic through and through, at the same time promises to the world as a whole something which the world passionately desires — order, progress, and eternal peace."

There are many Englishmen who will disagree with some of the observations in this book; there are others who will assert that the "characteristics" found by Herr Dibelius in the English people may be found equally elsewhere. Nevertheless his book shows deep insight, objective judgment, and profound scholarship. Let us hope that he will now turn his microscope upon America.

Partisan Biography

ALEXANDER POPE, by Edith Sitwell; Cosmopolitan, $4.00.
Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS.

IT CAN SCARCELY be said that Miss Sitwell has achieved a model biography. No one expected her to discover new facts about Pope's life, but she might have treated with a little more clarity the complicated intrigues in which he engaged, or given us some more lucid interpretation of the vagaries of his friendships. Certainly one anticipated a less repetitious and better proportioned work. It is, for example, a little disconcerting to have Miss Sitwell deposit all her local color in one chapter and then walk off and leave it.

Beyond all this, however, the book has a great fault and a great virtue, and the fault and the virtue arise from the same fact: the book is that rare phenomenon in our day, a passionately partisan biography. Miss Sitwell has set out to defend Pope and to dispose of his enemies, past and present. It is hard to tell which she dislikes the more, "the vile and unspeakably disgraced Dennis" or Matthew Arnold with his "chilblained, mittened musings." She would have us regard Pope as generous, upright, and loyal, "a good and exceedingly lovable man," a

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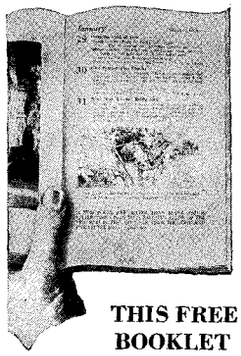

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Books

man of great beauty of character. I example of his pettiness or dishonesty introduced unless it cannot be avoide and none appears without an apologe "I must admit." Always Miss Sitwell on the offensive, bombarding earlier bic raphers with sarcasm and vituperatic denouncing Pope's enemies as if they h robbed her pockets, and attacking co temporary opponents of hers as if th had slapped his face.

The result is, rather surprisingly, th Pope comes to life in her pages. Miss S well has not merely succeeded in counte acting unfair impressions; she has reco structed a consistent personality behi the unexplained and inexplicable inco sistencies. Pope is so obviously real and immediately important to her that s speaks of him with a kind of uncanny a almost authoritative intimacy. The read automatically discounts her enthusiasm as he would discount the extravaga praise a man might bestow on his close friends, but in what is left he finds som thing very close to the real Pope. Mi Sitwell's maternal attitude does more suggest the character of the man tha either her own praises or others' slurs.

The explanation of Miss Sitwell's d fence of Pope is her admiration for h poetry. She speaks of him as "perhaps th most flawless artist our race has pr duced," and this thesis she defends wit all her critical acumen. Part of her d fence consists in the disparagement much recent poetry, but the more coge part is her analysis of Pope's use of th heroic couplet. Here, as in her essay i *Tradition and Experiment*, a few para graphs of which she has reworked for th purposes of this book, she expounds th importance of what she calls texture, an comments on Pope's placing of th cæsura. She defends his verse from th charge of monotony, showing how subtl and skilfully he varied it to suit his vary ing aims, and pointing out the exac methods by which he achieved his verba effects.

In these analytical pages, with thei study of Pope's revisions, Miss Sitwel drawing upon the knowledge derived fro her own experiments, is brilliant and, up t a certain point, convincing. But, one ask a little petulantly, must we go through al this? With the humanists crying ou against everything since Rousseau, witl T. S. Eliot shouting for Dante and Her bert Read cheering for Froissart, must w have also a revival of Pope? The answer i certain: of course we must! The romanti poets and critics banished Pope, an they did well to banish him. Miss Sitwel revives him, and she does well to revive him. To recognize this does not require u to ignore the fact that she is sometime irritating in a very Sitwellian manner, no does it commit us to the belief either tha

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Pope was the greatest craftsman of all time or that craftsmanship is the only important element in poetry. We need not, certainly, begin to pray for a renaissance of neo-classicism and the heroic couplet. We may, however, grant that a revival of Pope, even a very extravagant and partisan revival, will serve to reveal to poets new sources of inspiration and guidance and to the general reader neglected sources of enjoyment.

Books in Brief

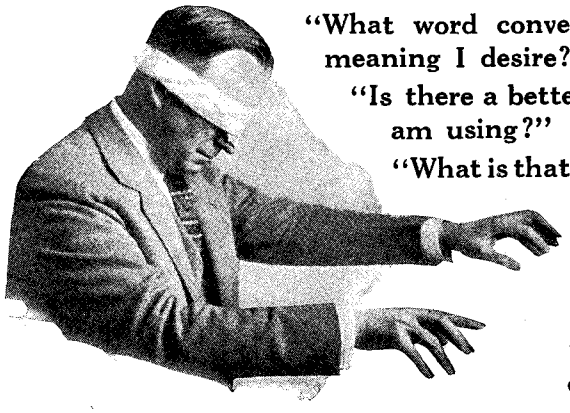
KING MOB, by Frank K. Notch; Harcourt, Brace, $2.00.

THE GENTLEMAN who masquerades (and wisely) under the pseudonym of Frank K. Notch defines a mob as "a group of persons unable to think straight because they are affected by the consciousness of their own numbers." In whatever field it functions, he sees the mob as inimical to the individual thinker and to true spiritual values. In vivid, slashing terms he condemns the mobs created by modern publishing methods and the rise of the book clubs, the mobs who follow, sheep-like, scientific popularizers, the mobs who reach greedily and ignorantly for the irrelevant superficials of culture. Above all he is alarmed by the imminent development of a world mob, made possible by radio and television and increased closeness of communication, which will presumably be more deadly than all the rest. It cannot be said that Mr. Notch offers any very concrete advice for the improvement of the vicious conditions which he describes. To declare, as he does, that "the self-sufficiency and self-reliance of the individual soul must be made the foundations of education" is to offer a rather vague panacea. Nevertheless, his book is a brilliant, a forceful, and an original attack on a state of affairs which most reasonable people deplore. As a polemic, it is admirable. Whatever one's cast of mind, it would be difficult to read it and remain unstirred.

UNCLE SAM, IN THE EYES OF HIS FAMILY, by John Erskine; Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50.

VAGUENESS and vagary are the two predominant characteristics of John Erskine's latest novel. It describes the relationships existing between a figure embodying our so-called national characteristics (Uncle Sam) and his relatives — John, Frederick, Antoinette, Orlando — whose nationalities are obvious from their names. In creating these characters, and situations applicable to national and international affairs, Mr. Erskine has made a worthy effort, but he has failed to convince. He has attempted a panorama and achieved a cartoon. Uncle Sam is the only figure which stands out with any clarity,

Are you blindly groping for words to fit your thoughts?



"What word conveys the exact shade of meaning I desire?"

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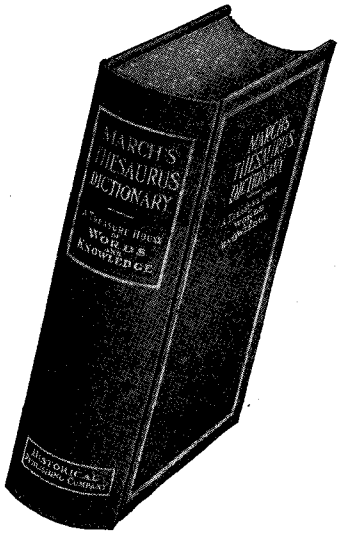

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Books in Brief

and with him Mr. Erskine has proved himself sympathetic, tolerant, and, in some places, masterfully subtle. It is unfortunate that the situations are not worthy of the man, and that one must constantly forget the character in the effort to find the national analogy.

SEVEN HORIZONS, by Charles J. Finger; Doubleday, Doran, $5.00.

THE WORLD has been the playground of Charles J. Finger — and he has found it good. In his recently published autobiography, *Seven Horizons*, he takes us from smug Victorian Mayfair through the early Socialistic era of Cunningham Graham, Annie Besant, and Shaw. He sails us over southern seas to the wilds of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. We meet lawless, honest men with a flair for friendship. It is in the first three quarters of this volume that one finds the greatest fascination. The story of big business and American success is dull — and because Mr. Finger himself found it so, he hurries over it to reach his seventh horizon: the freedom for a literary career and the creation of that almost defunct force — a family life. A brief review cannot do this book justice. It is vivid, sincere, full of a love of life that is rare. A delightful man, this Charles Finger, and one worth knowing.

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE, by Axel Munthe; Dutton, $3.75.

ALTHOUGH *The Story of San Michele* has been published for some ten months, it is just beginning to achieve the discussion which is its due. Buried in a long list, and heralded by its publishers as a book on travel, it now comes to light as a most unusual autobiography of one of the most famous of European doctors — Axel Munthe. During his life Dr. Munthe has been one of those lucky people who always happened to be wherever anything out of the ordinary was taking place. His life has varied from being the most fashionable doctor in Paris to utter poverty in Italy. He has lived and worked through the devastating days of cholera in Naples. He has recreated San Michele from the ruins of Roman Emperers' palaces. Half fancy, half reality, this autobiography has an unexpected and un-press-agented charm.

NORTH OF SUEZ, by William McFee; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

PORT SAID in wartime, a place boiling with corruption and intrigue, is the setting of McFee's latest novel. In these turbulent surroundings, Lieutenant Stephen Rumford, R.N.R. does his bewildered British best to preserve some kind of integrity against the machinations of crafty Levantines who regard the war as a gigantic grab-bag designed for their personal profit. Married to a prim, middle-class English wife, who is coolly and efficiently proprietary, he is swept into strange, exciting waters when he falls in love with a beautiful Greek, Anastasia, who has little regard for the code in which he has been reared. There is genuine drama in Stephen's struggle to adjust himself to a new, perplexing environment — and though the novel is primarily one of atmosphere and action rather than of character, McFee has contrived to make his honest, non-intellectual hero an appealing symbol of a whole class and tradition.

THE SENSE OF GLORY, by Herbert Read; Harcourt, Brace, $3.00.

IN THE FIRST of these excellent critical essays, Herbert Read laments the passing of that sense of glory which was, to Froissart, so immediate and personal an experience. "We have lost the sense of glory," he says, "because we have lost the habit of faith." According to his interpretation, at least, all of the men whom he discusses — Froissart, Malory, Descartes, Swift, Vauvenargues, Sterne, Hawthorne, Bagehot, and Henry James — had in varying degrees a perception of human radiance and dignity, of the ideal of glory, which is absent in our contemporary world. Mr. Read is the champion of a discriminating form of romanticism. One of the best of the younger English critics, he belongs neither with the humanists nor with their foes, but is obviously on his way toward working out a coherent system of his own. Theory aside, moreover, his actual criticism is lucid, acute, and finely written.

KAFFEE, ZUCKER, UND BANANEN, by Kelmer Key; Drei Masken Verlag, Munich.

MR. KELMER KEY is a Swedish economist, one of whose chief concerns is to solve the problem of surplus European population by finding desirable regions where there is, as yet, no immigration barrier. He sends us a new book, in both Swedish and German editions — the English edition will appear shortly — on his recent visit to the Caribbean countries and Guatemala. His analysis of the economic possibilities of this region for the white race is, as usual, penetrating. He finds that modern sanitation and twentieth-century engineering have mastered the physical drawbacks in the tropics so completely that living conditions there at present are quite satisfactory for people from colder climes. There is one serious handicap: the lack of diversity of crops. In a bad year in the world sugar market, Cuba is badly off. The same handicap threatens Guatemala, with its dependence on coffee and bananas.

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Forum Definitions

What is Reality?

IT WAS HARDLY expected, when the word *reality* was proposed for this month's competition, that an adequate definition would be forthcoming. No satisfactory definition has ever come before our eyes, and as far as we know the word is undefinable.

Yet the effort of attempting to define it is not wasted. In accurate expression it is as important to know what words do not mean as what they do mean. We are all accustomed to the experience of finding in our minds some idea or sensation which we wish to communicate, but which has no exact counterpart in words, so that we are forced to resort to such undependable devices as analogy and suggestion to convey our meaning. But it is not so often that we question words and inquire whether they denote some definite concept in the mind, from which the word has sprung, or whether it is merely an empty sound that we employ unconsciously to cover up a gap in the mental process.

It is worth while, therefore, to attempt to define such a word as *reality* — in common use and supposedly understood by everyone — if only to prove that it cannot be defined. The definitions received indicate that it has a different meaning for almost everyone. Nevertheless we publish herewith those which seemed to us the most nearly adequate, to which prizes have been awarded.

1. Reality is that interpretation of things, formulated from sense experience, which, to our satisfaction, approximates their nature independent of their appearances and of our hopes. We attempt to comprehend it with a subjective mechanism, though we assume reality to be an objective substance. It must, then, vary with individuals, with localities, and with times. (*Howard Hush, Essex, Iowa*)

2. Reality is that thing or condition which actually exists in any form whatsoever and regardless of the ability of the human mind to sense, define, or even conceive it. (*J. E. Vanstrom, Chicago City, Minn.*)

3. Reality is the evidence of the senses gathered in all possible experience and seen in the light of reason. (*William A. Gilfry, Philadelphia, Pa.*)

4. Reality is that which has definite existence in the mind, matter, or spirit. To Plato, ideas alone were real; to the materialist, that which can be ascertained through the sense is real; while to the ascetic, the spiritual forces of loyalty, faith, and love transcend all else. (*M. A. Boughey, Albuquerque, N. M.*)

Next:—*What is* EVIL? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by July 25. Prizes of $5.00 for each winning definition.*

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

The Keith Credo

No credo which we have published in the "What I Believe" series has aroused as much comment as that of Sir Arthur Keith in the April Forum. Letters of disapproval and commendation still pour in from readers, but the disagreement is almost entirely over his views. Nearly all have agreed that his credo was an honest and fearless statement of an opinion worth hearing.

To the Editor:

Sir Arthur Keith arrives in a roundabout, scientific way at the position now maintained by a large class of modernists. Modernists have given up the hope of a "settled and abiding creed," accepting the harder task of following one continually in process. Religion is not a series of intellectual concepts to which one's assent is given; it is a way of life. It is altogether probable that Sir Arthur's parents lived a larger theology than the one which they professed to believe. He, himself, surely leads a complete and harmonious life.

The only radical departure from the belief of some modernists is in Dr. Keith's attitude toward immortality. He maintains that spirit which is the function of the brain ceases at death. Personally I should prefer William James' idea that while spirit may be function it is not necessarily merely a product. The function may be transmissive, modifying a portion of spirit in some such manner as the vocal organs modify a small stream from the great ocean of air. Voice is modified air; personality is modified spirit.

I should be very happy to receive into fellowship in any church to which I may be called in the future men with the keeness of insight and fearlessness of expression exemplified by the author of this article.

CLYDE H. WILCOX
Chicago Theological Seminary

To the Editor:

One wonders if Sir Arthur, in his merciless search in his chosen field, has not become so caught in the inner cogs of his particular branch of science that he has lost a most modern trend in science as a whole. I refer particularly to Sir Arthur's assertion of the abandonment of the dualistic nature of existence, which is, of course, but another manner of stating the mechanistic premise. In that conception I voice a hearty negative.

Within the last eighteen months there has sprung up among eminent scientists such as Dr. Millikan, Vernon Kellogg, Alex. G. Findlay, John Scott Haldane, and others admittedly at the apex of their particular scientific fields, a distinct and growing trend significant in that it stresses the breakdown of science, of the mechanistic theory. Astute and unimpeachable scientists have reached the point where they are willing to admit that this thing called by various names — life, mind, soul — is indeed a thing apart.

It must be admitted that as yet all the learning of science has failed to yield one single clue as to the identity of being. Every now and then we hear some laboratorian say, "We are on the verge of discovering and making life." But as Millikan and others assert, at that moment the doors of knowledge seem impenetrably locked.

In this respect I feel that Sir Arthur has failed.

MELVIN EDWARDS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Me-e-a-o-u-w!

To the Editor:

E. W. Howe in the April FORUM seems to suggest that men should act like monkeys. I rise to remark that *some of them do.*

ELLEN WHITFORD
Bridgewater, N. Y.

The Power Trust Bogey

To the Editor:

Mr. Stuart Chase's compliment to the alleged "power trust" [May FORUM], which so far has not been located by any governmental investigation, calls for some comment. Mr. Chase says that the power trust has proved itself competent to "educate" school children, journalists, and college professors. Despite the fact that Mr. Chase follows almost verbatim the thesis of *America's New Frontier*, published by the Middle West Utilities Company, the "power trust" has not yet proved its ability to educate Mr. Chase himself.

Mr. Chase cites Ontario electric rates. That habit is the hall mark of the pseudo-technologist. Others happen to know that there is only one Great Lakes storage system and one Niagara River on this continent and that man elsewhere must contribute the labor and capital and assume the resulting charges for work which Nature performed at Niagara in another geological age — to say nothing of a comparison of household rates to a discussion of industry and industrial power!

The naiveté with which logothetes assure us that the men and institutions who have made the electrical power industry are incompetent to manage it in the future is sublime, but will hardly become of much importance in the economic evolution of these pragmatic States of America.

HARPER LEECH
Chicago, Ill.

The Sophisticates Abroad

Inspired by Thomas Craven's article "The New Innocents Abroad," in the April Forum, the following plea comes to us from the depths of a lonely but aspiring heart.

To the Editor:

Wanted: A hobo as companion to a shell-shocked American ex-teacher who desires to travel incognito, and in primitive style, while making an exhaustive survey of the Old World. The companion must not only be qualified to educate and prepare the traveler's thought for the journey, but must, for example, be in possession of intimate knowledge regarding the customs, culture, and characteristics of all peoples, from the highest caste in India, to the profitable pastimes of the Russian peasants. The one and only requirement for making reservations ahead is, that during the novel and exciting experience of traveling with a caravan, a leisure moment shall be allowed in which to pat the camel.

On our return to this country, the companion shall subject the traveler to a rigid examination, to ascertain whether he has acquired such a stable and sane state of mind as will insure his becoming a worthy and constructive citizen, capable of appreciating the possibilities of his home land, should there remain a chance of exploring it. Certified references required.

V. F. FORBUSH
Allston, Mass.

To the Editor:

I am only one of the tribe of art students which Mr. Craven discredits in his article against foreign travel, but my experience and observations in Paris and Munich disprove many of his statements. As to copying the Old Masters, such a limited number of students do that that it isn't worth mentioning. The art students of my acquaintance instead of copying the hull of a past culture are much more nearly approaching the fundamentals underlying an interna-

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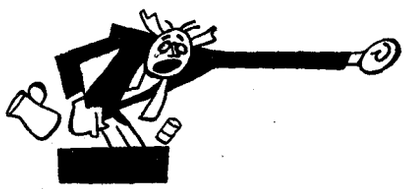
tional art — not a peculiar American art or any other limited national art. I know dozens of students who are as much aware of the distinction between background and technique as Mr. Craven is himself.

The majority of American students of my acquaintance are hard workers. What art school of America has a stretch of five hours of continuous work as a part of its afternoon program? The real workers are not the ones on exhibit at the cafés, but they are ones who count.

RUTHVEN H. BYRUM

Paris



The Cannon—Broun Debate

We have received many letters commenting on the debate "Should Preachers Play Politics?" in the May Forum. They were to a surprising extent in agreement over the question. Almost all of them held that a minister is a citizen and should be allowed all the political rights to which he is entitled as such, but that when he attempts to use his standing in the church as a political expedient he is going beyond his rights. We quote here extracts from a few of the letters.

To the Editor:

I am opposed to having ministers take an active part in politics or preach in regard to parties or individual candidates in their sermons. On the other hand, I am strongly in favor of their trying to arouse an interest in all kinds of civic affairs and good movements. In other words, I think that ministers should try to stimulate people to take an interest in politics, but not take a partisan interest themselves.

CLEVELAND E. DODGE

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

It is true that there have been crises when some great public question presented a clear moral issue, and ministers did only their duty in speaking out; but such times have been rare in history, and the present is not one of them.

R. H. TITHERINGTON

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The Christian minister, or the minister of any other religion who is an American citizen, has exactly the same right to take an active part in politics as any other citizen. He has no right to inject his creedal dogmas into the campaign but, as he is affected by government just as any other citizen is affected, he has the same right as any other voter to express his views as to how the government should be conducted.

T. A. M. MCNEAL

Topeka, Kan.

To the Editor:

It is no new phenomenon for American ministers to take an active part in politics, as a re-reading of our history, revolutionary and otherwise, will clearly prove. And since churches of many sorts are the creations of politics the proposal to remove the clergy from the field of politics is enterprising, to say the least. Our boasted separation of Church and State, which may appear to have been born of an original ideal of spiritual aloofness, was in fact a political *modus vivendi* due to the multiplicity of sects. No one was sufficiently powerful to dominate the scene and all were accordingly granted equal political privileges.

More hopeful of success than an attempt to rob such institutions of the breath of their life would seem to be an effort to improve the intelligence of the clerical personnel in order that they may catch up with the free-thinking male and female laity they formerly led.

MARY R. BEARD

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

In matters of mere political expediency the minister is unwise to take an active part, but when great moral issues are involved he cannot be true to his calling and not take part. He must speak out against human slavery and the liquor traffic and other colossal evils. The fact that these evils become involved in politics should not silence him.

PRES. E. J. GALE

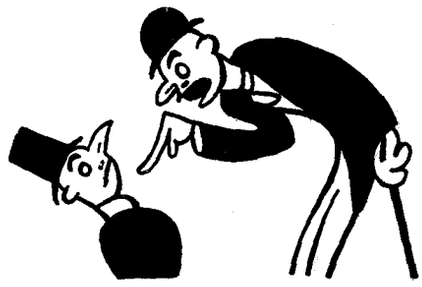
Missouri Wesleyan College

To the Editor:

In my view, Christian ministers should, like everyone else in the community, take an active interest in politics, but they should make it clear that they speak as citizens and not as representatives of God.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

New York, N. Y.



"Get Out if You Don't Like It"

To the Editor:

You are all wrong on the wet and dry proposition. If you had been over the country as much as a number of other people whose opinion ought to have considerable weight on this proposition, you would know that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act have come to stay. The method of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment may be altered or amended, but you will not find any indication anywhere that the people are opposed to the enforcement of the law. When I say "people," I mean the large body of American people who form our public opinion. There are a few of you folks around the rim who are perhaps more closely allied with Europe than America, who do not sympathize with the general view of the American public.

One of the notable things is the poll which is being conducted by *The Literary Digest*. You will note that twenty million people have been asked about this, and up to date not more than five per cent at the outside have expressed themselves as wishing to go back to the pre-Volstead conditions.

Your criticism of the Courts, too, is absolutely unreasonable, unjust, and un-American. You evidently are not attempting by precept or example to uphold the majesty of the law or Courts. As a lawyer of more years experience, probably, than your circulation manager is years old, I would say that if you are not satisfied with the laws of this country and the way they are enforced, you have two different forms of recourse. One is to put yourself in the position of enforcing the laws, and the other is to remove yourself to some country that you like better. Possibly if you would go to the Russia which you speak so much about, you might find conditions more to your liking.

ROBERT L. WATSON

Aledo, Ill.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The final results of the Literary Digest poll show that of the five million who cast votes, 40 per cent are for repeal, 29 per cent favor modification, and 31 per cent are for enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Despite the admitted youth of our circulation manager, we maintain that we, or anyone else, have a third form of recourse in regard to laws of which we do not approve: namely, to stand our ground and protest until they are changed.*)

National Police

To the Editor:

The trouble with the dry organizations is that they are trying to put over a national law which requires control of the police system in the same way that a state controls the policing of its counties, and yet do not actively condemn the principle of dual sovereignty which stands in the way of such a development. Europe is not hamstrung by this peculiarly American obsession, and Europe, as Mr. Fabian Franklin points out, is not having the difficulties with criminal control that America is having — and will continue to have until she wakes up to the fact tha developments in communication and transport have made of it a damnable affliction, a bulwark of crime rather than of liberty.

ALDEN A. POTTER

Bethesda, Md.

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Drawing by Donn Barber *Photographed by Wide World*

BROADWAY TEMPLE OF RELIGION AND COMMERCE

SYMBOLIZING the union of religion and business, this skyscraper church has been planned for New York City. Considered merely as an investment, it will be a veritable mint of what Mr. Flynn calls "God's Gold."

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FORUM

JULY, 1930 VOL. 84, NO. 1

"God's GOLD"

Religion and Business

by **JOHN T. FLYNN**

DOWN on his knees in the dim glow of the Wall Street twilight, old Daniel Drew prayed to the Lord for a blessing on his latest market venture.

"Uncle Dan'l" with his clever pupils, Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, had just completed their most daring raid on Erie stock. In its train came a string of losses, bankruptcies, and suicides which made it a classic in Wall Street villainy. Then, secretly, old Dan'l had deserted his two confederates and set a snare for them. Some time before, he had promised $250,000 to build a theological seminary at Madison, New Jersey. Now the money was due. And old Uncle Dan'l planned to catch Gould and Fisk unawares and squeeze it from their unregenerate wallets — plus a good deal more for himself. His bomb was placed. The fuse was lit. The event was in the hands of fate.

So, as Wall Street hurried home from its day's labors, the devout old gentleman fell upon his knees amid his ledgers and his market tables and implored the Lord to smile upon his new enterprise for the sake of his divinity school. As it turned out, however, the Lord was on the other side of that market. Gould and Fisk fooled their old master, shifted their position, squeezed him mercilessly, and wrung a million from his sanctimonious hide.

But the picture of Daniel Drew — as pious an old cutthroat as ever scuttled a pool or squeezed a short — on his narrow bones praying to the Lord for the success of a crooked Wall Street deal so that he might endow his college of divine learning, is one which has provoked no end of mystery, scorn, and derision. For it is but a symbol of a phenomenon very familiar to the last generation and not wholly expunged from this one.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

NO STRANGER bedfellows ever lay down together in a man's soul than this oddly assorted pair, religion and thrift — roommates in the breast of the business man; living together, as many people have believed, in sin.

John D. Rockefeller, of course, was the outstanding example. But there were many others. Rockfeller's day was signalized by the appearance of three very famous Sunday School superintendents — John D. himself, John Wanamaker, and John E. Searles. They were the rich apostles. Whatever they did, they had their texts ready — particularly John Wanamaker, who was a veritable man of texts. He went about with his Bible and the day's lesson marked with an American flag.

Rockefeller, whose money was called tainted by certain rebellious preachers, remembered the text — "The silver is mine, and the gold is

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mine, saith the Lord of Hosts"—and said that God gave him his money. Searles was a grave, narrow Puritan, with a clean-shaven lip and a long, patriarchal beard. At the Methodist conventions he looked more sacerdotal than any preacher. The rising generation does not know him, but he was made familiar to the last one by the investigations of the sugar trust and its unscrupulous financial operations which he directed with a rare genius for intricate, anti-social, corporation promotion.

But they were not the only ones. In New York City all the multimillionaires were well-known church members, save perhaps Andrew Carnegie. Andy was something of a dissenter in the matter of religion, whisky, and living. But most of the multimillionaires of the day were well-known members of the various Protestant churches, so that the churches were actually identified by their names. Grace Church was the church of J. P. Morgan and R. Fulton Cutting. St. Bartholomew's was the devotional refuge of the Vanderbilts and their connections.

Drawings by Aline Fruhauf

Daniel Drew

At Trinity Church there were the Astors. Old John Jacob started out as a member of the Dutch Reformed. In the days when he was performing some of his most skillful operations on the trappers of the Northwest, the consistory used to meet at his house, and he soothed his troubled spirit at eventide by reading his Bible and *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. But now his family had soared upward, as so many good Baptists and Methodists and Lutherans, upon the wings of wealth into the lofty reaches of the Episcopal Church. Of the seventy-five multimillionaires in the New York of the nineteen hundreds, half were communicants of the Episcopal Church. St. Thomas's parish alone had seven multimillionaires. All the others had their wealthy trustees and vestrymen. The Baptists and Methodists, however, were not so well supplied, though the Baptists had in John D. Rockefeller the prize package of all.

In all churches the odor of prosperity mingled with the odor of sanctity. It looked as if one of the greatest tactical blunders in the life of Christ was His unthinking shot at the rich man, the Kingdom of God, the camel, and the needle's eye. No one can say with certainty that these rich men actually got into heaven, but certainly they were to be found herded in large numbers in the vestibule.

To-day, however, I should say that the church is more interested in the rich man than the rich man is in the church. The big business men of the last generation were zealous disciples. Big business men of to-day will be found among the claimed communicants of various churches, but they are far less active workers in the vineyard. They do most of their praying now through their check books rather than through their hymn books. And this chiefly because the ministers and the trustees camp on their trail.

This tendency of the godly to run after wealth was already well under way a generation ago. Though the rich man of yesterday sought after the church more than his modern brother, it must be said in all fairness that the pursuit was never a one-sided affair. Mohammed did not have to go far: the Mountain was more than willing to meet him halfway.

The Overhead of Religion

The truth of the matter is that it is no longer possible to run a church on a shoe string, as Christ did. Open-air churches have long since ceased to be popular both with apostles and disciples. Even the Salvation Army has moved in out of the weather. Particularly in our modern cities, with high real estate values, excessive costs of raw materials, coal and light, help and religious paraphernalia, and the growing love of the prosperous Christian for luxury and comfort, the plant cost and overhead of religion are appalling. These great expenditures arise out of the weakness which the

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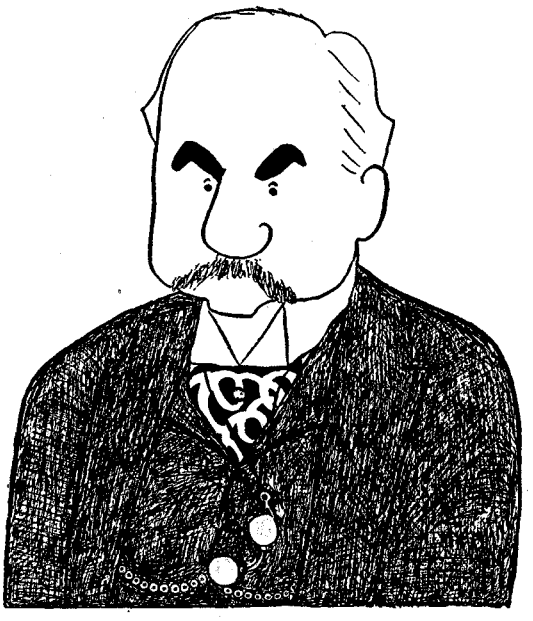
modern apostles have for the good things of life and out of the adventitious aids which religion must call to its service to put its message across.

In the angry outcry which has gone up from all religious communions against the spoliation of religion in Russia, one fact seems to be forgotten. Certainly I make no defense of the brutal and stupid intolerance of the Soviet priests of atheism in their persecution of the rival priesthoods. But I do not understand that the Soviet has forbidden religious worship. What it has done has been to rob the church of much of its plant and machinery. It has made a drastic code for the regulation of the churches. It has forbidden religious organizations to engage in any kind of secular activity. They may not conduct libraries or control schools or operate eleemosynary institutions. They cannot interfere in politics or teach secular subjects. They are, if I see it aright, limited severely to the practice of such functions as are needed to satisfy the religious wants of their members.



J. P. Morgan

Thus the church in Russia is stripped at a blow of its material wealth. The business of preaching can no longer be a pleasant and comfortable berth for a mildly spiritual man. There is nothing which a rich man can do for a Russian church under this plan save to confer upon it the boon of his presence and his affection. With all its vast and costly machinery in this country, religion steadily decays. We shall see now whether in Russia, religion, stripped of its wealth, its finery, its treasures, will not actually go forward. The Soviet, it may prove, has unwittingly done more for religion than all the great stock-market bishops, prohibition pastors, skyscraper-building divines, and social welfare shepherds in America, England, and Italy put together.

It is the church's unappeasable appetite for funds to support its vast array of secular activities and its costly ritualistic services which makes it the slave of Mammon. The value of church property in New York as put down by the tax assessors for exemption purposes is $282,659,289, which is far below its actual value. And this does not include large holdings of taxable real estate, stocks, bonds, and cash held for investment purposes.

Trinity Church alone has dividend-paying real estate valued at fifteen million dollars, and an income of nearly two million dollars a year from its investments. It takes a lot of money to shelter a Christian soul. St. Paul's Chapel is valued at five million dollars with but three hundred and thirty-four dues-paying communicants — an average of fifteen thousand dollars per soul, which is more than three times the amount required to house a whole family in the flesh. Christ Church, at Broadway and Seventy-first Street, has a plant valued at $1,200,000, with four hundred dues-paying members, or about three thousand dollars per member.

The excessive character of this is evident from the investment of the Roman Catholic Church. In Manhattan the plant of all Protestant communions averages nine hundred dollars a member. The Catholic establishment averages sixty-six dollars a member. And the latter includes not merely churches but hundreds of schools, colleges, hospitals, asylums, convents, and clubhouses.

In the Protestant churches these sums are raised largely through the munificence of a few wealthy patrons. In the Catholic Church they are collected in small bits from the masses of its devotees. The effect in each case is somewhat different. The policy of the Protestant churches has set the preachers to running after rich men. That of the Catholic Church has tended to subordinate piety in the priesthood to the hardier and more indispensable virtues of practical business capacity.

No one can blame a poor bishop for preferring a hard-headed business man as a

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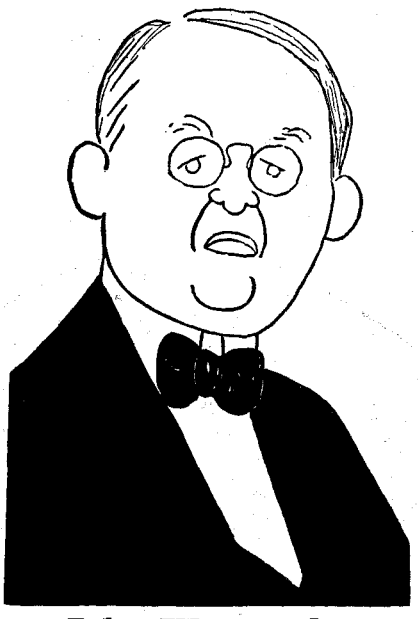
pastor — one who can frisk the congregation extensively and meet the parish bills — to a pious but impractical priest who may save a lot of souls but may also put the parish into bankruptcy. After all, lost souls drop more or less noiselessly into hell, but the parish budget is loud and irrepressible. Dr. William C. Covert of Philadelphia, General Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, has just declared that the "church demands of the modern minister administrative ability as great as and of a type not unlike that demanded in large industrial and business enterprises." And apparently these are the kind of men the church is getting.

Holy Riches

In a simpler age St. Francis of Assisi said: "It is my definite wish that the brothers shall avoid the acceptance of churches, dwellings, and all other things that may be offered them on conditions which are unfavorable to the holy poverty we prize as our rule." But there seems to be very little "holy poverty" in the churches to-day. Instead, we have holy riches — God's gold.



John Wanamaker

Nowadays our preachers cannot be too squeamish about the texts in the Bible dealing with riches and business. Hence we have seen an incessant appeal to wealthy men. And as the church has taken on these passengers one by one, it has had to drop text after text which could no longer ride with them.

I have not the facts to-day, but some years ago a well-known Protestant clergyman turned a bit of light on the lay deputies of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. Out of four deputies from New York, three were multimillionaires. From Long Island two of the four were millionaires. Massachusetts sent five millionaires, and Pittsburgh two.

Of course the great lay figure in the Episcopal Church of that day was J. Pierpont Morgan. As a New York delegate he appeared surrounded by that magnificence which attended him everywhere. The house which he rented in the convention city was always referred to as Syndicate House. A special train brought him and his guests, bishops and important divines, to Syndicate House where they were entertained upon the most lavish scale.

But all the wealth and magnificence were not at Syndicate House. After one of these triennial conventions the hotel proprietor declared that although he had entertained railroad, fraternal, sporting, and other groups at his hotel, he had never seen men spend so much money or women who wore so much jewelry as these Episcopalian leaders who met to put in order the temporal affairs of the religion set up by the wayside preacher of humility and poverty who walked barefoot the hard roads of Galilee.

These precious examples of the pious business man are culled from another generation. It would not be easy to find so many now. To-day the examples of these older devotees and, above all, their testimonials to the stimulating effect of the Christian religion upon business are industriously exploited by the church treasurers in order to hold the more prosperous dues-paying members in the fold.

Bruce-Bartonism

Jesus, when he was twelve years old, discovered by his parents in the Temple discoursing to the doctors, said to his troubled mother: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Bruce Barton puts that last word in italics and upon it bases a new scripture — a modern epistle to the Americans, in which he reconstructs Jesus as the Founder of Modern Business. This is becoming an increasingly popular evangel.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." There is a text the business man can understand. He sees himself actually striking up a bargain with the Lord. The Party of the First Part will help the party of the second part when the latter is in trouble. In consideration thereof the party of the second part will glorify

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the Party of the First Part. There is the coin with which the Lord's dues can be paid — glorification. What is the Lord after? That's the natural inquiry for a business man, even though he doesn't put it into words. The Lord wants to be glorified. It runs through the whole of the Old Testament. The prophets promulgate many laws, but those decretals which are set forth with the greatest particularity refer to this demand for glorification.

Therefore old Daniel Drew on his prayer bones in Wall Street and John Wanamaker kneeling in his first store praying for credit and issuing promises of glorification, knew what they were doing.

"Jesus is the best friend you have," says a minister of the gospel. "He can pull you out of the worst perplexities. Why, Christ meets the business man in the street and says: 'Oh, business man, I know all thy troubles! I will be with thee. I will see thee through.' Look out how you try to corner or trample on a man who is backed by the Lord God Almighty." This is not an isolated view. The Christian preacher is continually pointing out the advantage of belonging to the Christian church. Our Christian Science friends are not the only ones who promise treasures on earth as well as in heaven.

John D. Rockefeller

"The wealthy men of our cities as well as of our farms are chiefly religious men," says the Reverend Wilbur F. Crafts. He tells us that he got a prominent Chicago business man to make a list of one hundred leading business men there and that the survey showed seventy church members, twenty-four who attended service frequently, three dissipated, and three Jews. And why not? "The Bible books," he explains, "from Joshua to Job are a series of sermons on success and failure, illustrated by brief biographies of fifty rulers, all enforcing the text which is the keystone of all Old Testament history — 'As long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.'"

I came recently upon a curious little book by a sort of evangelical sign painter named H. J. Latham. Latham wrote a large number of business leaders addressing to them this question: "Does God assist the Christian in business?" The book is made up of the answers, all of them vigorous affirmatives, many illustrated by personal experiences in which God, at the very last moment, miraculously caused cash or other reserves to appear just in time to meet notes, save credit, or avert bankruptcy. The book reveals that business has a kind of gallery of saints.

One of them was old Samuel Blodget, the famous English merchant prince of Kingswood Hall. A writer visited Blodget's giant warehouse one morning and found fifty white-frocked porters being led in a hymn by one of their number, "after which all fell upon their knees and worshipped the God of Commerce." Then there was William Colgate, the great soap maker, who had his bookkeeper open an account with God and credited Him with ten per cent on the net, later raising Him to twenty per cent.

But the foremost of all these commercial holy men was John Creed — Blessed John Creed, we might almost call him — of Brooklyn. Creed kept a diary and did a good deal of his praying in it. No matter what the loss, it merely provoked him to another pæan of praise. One time he was seriously overstocked with goods, with new consignments coming in every day glutting the market and depressing the price. Yet each new consignment sent him into new hosannas.

"More blessings to-day!" he writes. "Two consignments. I have six unsold and the market is getting more. I pray my dear Heavenly Father to direct me when to sell what I have." And Creed's divine patron never failed to lead him to the right spot in the market. Is it any wonder he called himself "the distributing agent of the Lord"?

Now it is very easy to poke fun at these hard-headed, profit-sharing, percentage partners of the Diety. The phenomenon, however, is not to be dismissed with a gesture of derision.

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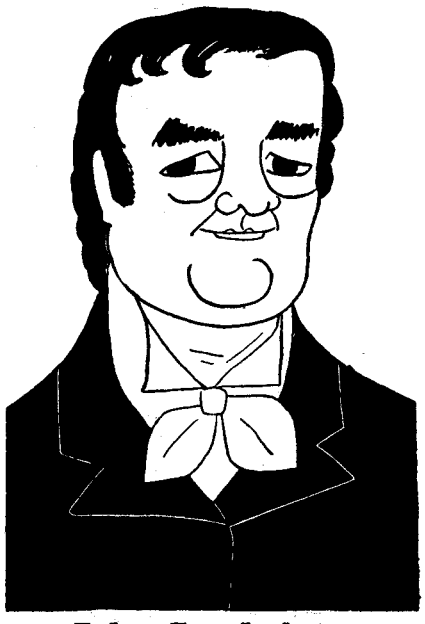
The soap-box orator is ready, of course, with an explanation of the business man's piety — as he is of everything else. He writes them down as hypocrites who use religion as a cloak for their own wickedness or as an instrument for supporting established interests, lulling the worker to slumber and causing him to look for his reward in heaven instead of in his pay envelope. But these explanations have the fault of being too obvious.

Doubtless there is a good deal of hypocrisy among business men, as among all sorts of men. But this does not explain their religious leanings. Certainly it does not explain John D. Rockefeller's religion. Rockefeller was a pious boy long before he was a millionaire business man. His loyalty to the Sunday School of the old gardner, Deacon Sked, when he was in his teens can hardly be set down by the most hardened critic as a plot to blind the working man with religion or to shield the rascalities of an inoffensive boy. John D. did a good many things later in life when he was struggling against the forces of ignorance, cupidity, and conservatism which could hardly have got by the Founder of Modern Business, but his religion then, as now, was about the same as it was in his youthful days at the Erie Street Baptist Church Mission.



John Jacob Astor

John Wanamaker and John E. Searles and John D. Archbold and many other business men flaunted religion a bit ostentatiously in their later years. But Wanamaker the Y. M. C. A. secretary preceded Wanamaker the merchant, and Archbold the minister's son antedated Archbold the munificent benefactor of Chancellor Day's Syracuse University, as well as Archbold the writer of the famous Foraker and Bailey bribe letters.

Old Testament Morals

My own impression is that the business man's religion is not the offspring of his business instincts. It is the other way round. His business instincts are the children of his religion.

The most vital part of our present-day religion comes from the Old Testament. In the early days of Christianity an effort was made to apply the principles of Jesus to life and it resulted in a social order which was almost communistic. This lasted until a Roman Emperor was converted and the Christian religion became a state religion and Christian bishops became interested in state subsidies and rich benefices. After that, the Christian religion began slowly to disappear and Europe went back to the Old Testament for its morals and its ethics.

And the ethics of the Old Testament are bad ethics. I have observed, as others have, the devotion of the modern Christian to the Old Testament. The New Testament is infinitely richer in spirituality and in elevated philosophy. But the Old Testament is richer in drama. It is indeed one of the greatest of dramatic narratives, teeming with high adventure, vigorous characters, stirring descriptions, and magnificent imagery; with salacious details, tragic situations, and poetic fervor. It is with the Old Testament and its heroes that the modern Christian is in love. I do not know a worse collection of heroes to hold up for the imitation of the young mind than those early Hebrew gentlemen.

Abraham, afraid of being slain by some monarch who coveted his wife, passed Sarah off on Pharaoh and then on Abimelech as his sister. Sarah herself was not above telling a lie outright directly to God Himself. Jacob put over on Laban when dividing the goats a deal as raw as any real estate shark ever practiced on an unsuspecting prospect. He was guilty of an abominable deception on his poor, blind father in order to rob his own brother of his rightful blessing and he was abetted in the swindle by his mother, Rebekah. As for Jacob's son, Joseph, he knew how to turn a pretty trick whenever it served his purpose, and he became famous for one of the most complete and ruthless grain corners in history, when, as Pharaoh's minister, he got the Egyptians at his

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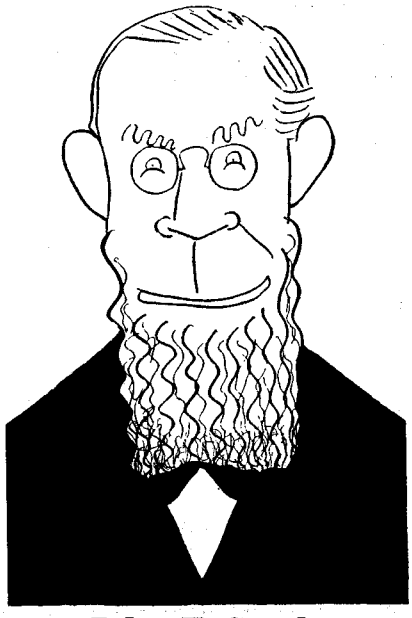
mercy during a famine and stripped them of their cattle, their lands, and their treasure.

These men were not the villains of the stories. They were not the black sheep. They were the prophets of the Lord — the holy men of the race who walked and talked with God. Jacob, fresh from his shameless swindle of his brother, was immediately confirmed without reproof by his father in the blessing he had stolen, and went forthwith to the famous dream of the ladder of angels where the Lord made him a big grant of land and said to him, "Behold, I am with thee." Indeed, God Himself was represented as not above a little swindle, for did He not instruct Moses how to advise the Israelites on the eve of their deliverance? He told them to go about borrowing jewelry from their Egyptian neighbors so that when, a few days later, they should move out of the house of bondage, they would have a nice load of ill-gotten loot to carry off with them.



John E. Searles

These are the books, this is the God, these are the tales and heroes held up to us for generations. I do not see how a business man raised on this pabulum and confronted with the necessity of putting over a little deal like Jacob's goat trick on Laban, or Joseph's grain corner, or Moses' big jewelry loan in Egypt, could help feeling, after all, that if these great prophets could get away with it, why could not he?

The whole emphasis of the Old Testament is laid on the rituals, as well as on the human passions with which God Himself was perpetually tortured. Who can read Leviticus without having the vision of a God in a frenzy of pride and anger and egotism, strutting, swaggering, menacing, pronouncing penalties, threatening death, suffering, almost frothing as He punctuates every sentence with a crescendo of boasting that "I am the Lord thy God"?

This religion has held up to us a selfish, jealous, pitiless Diety. I honestly believe that one who follows the Old Testament faithfully, believes it, honors it, reverences it, will be implicated, almost by necessity, in a low order of ethics and will have all the emphasis of spiritual life transferred from the substance of religion and humanity to its dramatic forms.

Is it any wonder, then, that Professor Pleasant R. Hightower of Butler University, Indianapolis, after examining 3316 children in public and delinquency schools should report that children who knew their Bible lied and cheated more than children whose Bibical knowledge was meager? "People have been saying for years that if you give children a knowledge of the Bible, they will walk the straight and narrow way. The result shows they won't walk the straight and narrow way."

To this he adds, "The results do not show that the Bible is the cause of it." This is just a speculation of Dr. Hightower's. I think he need not be too sure of it. One can hardly expect the followers of this old book to rise higher in their morality than its heroes. Preachers who are forever trying to get the Bible taught in the schools had better exclude the Old Testament. I for one would oppose its use in schools because it is a bad moral influence.

Religion Without Ethics

It is impossible to read the Old Testament without getting the impression that religion was pretty much a matter of burnt offerings, of killing the bullock properly, separating the fat and washing the inwards according to the law; a religion of hosannas and praise-giving; a religion of glorification. This is the religion which was ladled out to the young people of the last generation and which the business man received along with the rest of the faithful. And as these business men grew in years and intellectual power, their energies were consumed in their material pursuits. They had neither the time nor the disposition to stand off from their early religious ideas and scrutinize them. When the gnawings of spiritual hunger attacked them at intervals, they turned very naturally to the only religious nourishment they knew — the old-fashioned religion.

It was a moronic kind of religion, best seen

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in its undiluted form among the Negroes. "Glory to God!" — the ejaculation with which the colored worshiper punctuates the singing of his spirituals and the chantlike exhorting of his preachers, is a perfect expression of this religion. It is not a religion of thought or a religion of ethics, but a religion of praise-giving and glorification of the Lord God of Hosts.

The simplicity with which the excessively practical business man, ruthless about what he calls "hard facts" in business, swallows undiluted the extravagant fables of the old-fashioned religion, is a bit puzzling. The explanation, it seems to me, lies in this: that while in business he pursues realities, and pursues them with all the energies of his reasoning faculties and with a mental equipment well suited to work in this field, in religion he finds himself in a strange world which he understands very little, and which he does not trouble himself to understand — a world to which he turns for relief from all those forces which weigh on him in his daily life.

In religion he seeks spiritual rest, not cerebral exercise. He believes himself competent to deal with the problems of business. He wants no problems in his religion. It is his escape from the inexplicable problems of life. He turns to it with the mind of a child. At his mother's knee he has learned this lesson: "Whoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

This kind of religion has the added value of not getting too much in the way of the practical necessities of his daily business. Perhaps it will be a gain for society when his religion of praise-giving is done for; when the business man who wants to be religious will have to find refuge in a religion with fewer hymns and more ethics.

A HOME-CURE for Boredom

by **MAUDE DUTTON LYNCH**

Fifty years ago America was a nation of homes. Scattered throughout the land were millions of separate houses where families moved around the central hearth in as ordered a fashion as the planets revolve about the sun. The doors stood open to grandparents, maiden aunts, distant cousins, bachelor brothers, all of whom were welcome to throw in their lot with the family life. In this home the mother, aided by the other women of the household and often by faithful servants, cooked, cleaned, sewed, nursed the sick, washed and ironed, and bore children, believing with the psalmist that "happy is he whose quiver is full."

The husband, even if he were not — as many of them were — a farmer raising practically all the food sufficient for his growing family, still was home centered. He planted a garden, mowed his lawn, pruned his fruit trees, shoveled his sidewalks, and cared for his furnace. Moreover, he was the head of the household, not only procuring and dispensing the family income, but also trying to bring up his sons and daughters to be worthy of the family name. He may have erred often in his methods of discipline, but he did not shirk his responsibility.

And here the boys and girls grew up, learning at an early age to share in the family's work and life. A few left to attend academy or college, but for the most part they lived here until they were old enough to start homes of their own. For a home was the natural goal toward

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which all were striving. The man who owned his own home was successful; the woman who found a husband for whom she could create a home was successful. The unmarried son or daughter who was doomed through life to be dependent on others for a home was a failure.

Vanishing Penates

To-day it is as if a landslide had passed over the country. One still finds isolated exceptions, but for the most part these homes have been cleared off the map by social and economic causes as completely as if they had been razed by some great catastrophe of

Drawings by LeRoy Baldridge

nature. And, in truth, many people believe that it was a catastrophe — the World War — that was responsible for the swift decline, if not the complete disappearance, of the home to-day.

Certainly it was the war that hastened by several generations the emancipation of woman. Almost overnight, doors were opened through which she had never dreamed of passing. Jobs were offered her that were bracketed within eight hours and that brought her own pay envelope. With the war, too, came prohibitive building prices, the soaring cost of living, and, with immigration stopped, an acute shortage of servants. Then swept in the great undercurrent of restlessness — the breaking down of moral fibers and the desire to slip out from under responsibilities. The descendants of Stoics became Epicureans. Along with many other institutions, the home was put through the third degree. And the question arose: "Shall we continue to build and create homes, or shall we, like Soviet Russia, throw them into the discard?"

Quite apart, too, from the war there has been another influence perhaps equally disrupting to the home. This is the fetish of comfort-worship. I heard a deeply thoughtful educator, President Morgan of Antioch College, say recently that the very force which started our American homes is now working to undermine them. It has been the tremendous energy of the pioneers, he said, which, gathering momentum from one generation to another, has driven us on past the satisfying of mere want, the original goal, into an era of physical and material comfort unparalleled in any civilization.

This is the force that has built apartment houses on the sites of old homesteads, the force which, during the ten years following the outbreak of the war, increased the output of bakeries sixty per cent and the amount of work done in laundries fifty-seven per cent, while the population was increasing less than fifteen per cent; and which, between 1910 and 1920, increased the number of delicatessen shops in the United States three times as fast as the population. It stimulated an unprecedented growth of tea rooms, drug store lunch counters, ready-made clothing stores, and dry-cleaning establishments. Very quietly but very swiftly these novelties have been taking over the work of the household until now they are actually challenging the existence of the home.

Moreover, educators are more and more assuming the tasks that have hitherto belonged to parents. Day schools are including play as well as work in their regular programs, so that many children do little at home besides eat two meals and sleep. Boarding schools and summer camps, constantly increasing in number, assume practically entire charge of boys and girls from kindergarten to college. Even infants are now provided for in pre-schools where trained psychologists take the place of mere mothers.

Even recreation no longer goes on within the home. Public parks and playgrounds are superseding the backyard. Movie theaters, professional baseball, fights, college football empty the home evenings and holidays. New

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Year's Eve dinners in hotels or clubs are more popular to-day than the old-fashioned family gathering formerly assembled so religiously at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The Activity Home

Can it be that people no longer need homes? The answer, I think, lies as clearly as anywhere in the faces of modern youth — although not a complete answer as yet, for their life cycle is not complete. Never before in our land have the youth been so physically fit and therefore so beautiful. Their ruthless sincerity, scorning all shams, their superb if somewhat immature belief in their own power, leave us who have reared them breathless with admiration. But there are often other signs, written a little less plainly on these same youthful faces, and it is of one of these especially that I would speak.

Perhaps no one has a greater opportunity to study our modern youth than the present college president, who meets them in great bodies at that period when their virtues and faults are alike exaggerated. At an assembly of these presidents a few years ago, Dr. Hibben of Princeton said, "The youth of to-day is not enthusiastic about anything. It is bored." Perhaps this is the most serious indictment that anyone could make against young men and women. Bored youth is a paradox. If life has gone stale to these thousands of young people before they have more than tasted it, they are not sound. Someone or something has failed them. They have not developed normally and symmetrically.

Recently a few vision-gifted educators began to realize that our schools were failing in this development, and they started new, or, as they were often called, activity schools. They singled out interest instead of obedience as the great motive force behind all work, and harnessed it as men have harnessed water power. Believing that a child's growth is stimulated not alone by passive absorption, but equally by an active self-expression, they unscrewed the desks from the schoolroom floor and unsealed the children's lips. They sought to create an environment where the child could learn naturally through living, helped sympathetically and wisely by a teacher who was a guide and no longer a taskmaster.

Now I think that many parents who are alarmed by the boredom and other unhealthy symptoms in their young sons and daughters would do well to focus upon our present non-functioning homes the same keen psychological study that educators have focused upon our schools. My own belief is that we would find that our homes also needed to be re-created as activity centers. Because we no longer need to spin, weave, bake, or sew, it does not follow that we must be idle. The desire to do is not going to be bred out of man's nature by all the machinery of our iron-hearted age. I am not referring now to genius, but to all those inner desires, those strangely persistent urges in every man's and every woman's nature which, whether or not successfully repressed by the circumstances of life, are still the dominant molders of personality.

One of the tragedies of modern life is that, for most of us, our work is set distinctly apart from these longings and cravings that are so peculiarly our own. The seeking, adventurous spirit has been trampled out of the day's work by the hard, demanding régime of efficiency. Most of us lead the monotonous life of robots, and the cumulative effects of monotony are deadly. They slowly suffocate man's spirit. In this toxic atmosphere only stimulants can rouse us, and thus we turn to the over-emphasized beat of jazz, the melodrama of the screen, the dazzling gyrations of lights. Only through artificial respiration does the jaded spirit revive.

A Room of One's Own

Any psychologist will tell you that once you discover a man's innate interests and give them a chance to develop, they will dispel the poisonous effects of monotony more quickly and effectively than all the commercial joy stimulants on Broadway.

Take, for instance, the man who is doomed by necessity to sell insurance although he wants to raise chickens. If he has a wife and family, he will probably never be able to stop selling policies. What about the chickens? It isn't merely a passing whim or an idle desire with him. He always has a poultry magazine stuffed in his pocket, he haunts poultry shows, and he casts shy, eager glances at "Buy Your Own Home" signs. Now if that man's wife has any of the rich intuitive sense supposedly hers by

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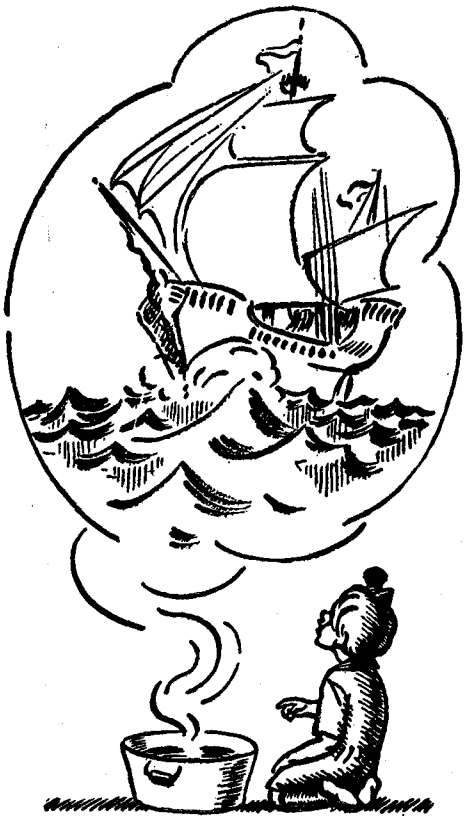
sex, she will start her married career far enough from the city limits for him to be able to keep hens.

I am thinking of another man, a doctor, and this man loved his work. Surgery was a passion with him. But he told me he could never have carried on up to his eightieth year, called out at all hours and in all weather, continually binding up broken limbs and broken spirits, if it had not been for a tiny attic workshop. He told me that he had never taken a stimulant, even in pre-prohibition days, and had seldom taken a daytime nap. "That was my cocktail," he said, pointing to a carpenter's bench. When too exhausted even to answer the telephone, he would run upstairs, ripping his coat off as he ran, and soon, as he planed a clean white board, he could feel fatigue dropping from him as plainly as he saw the shavings dropping to the floor.



And I am thinking of two small boys who patiently studied all day in school, but, once let out, leaped and ran until they reached their own room, where, out of odd boards and boxes, they had built a railroad information bureau, stocked with railroad guides, maps, and time-tables that they had gathered from all over the country. There they played (and a very educational game it was) at giving out general information to imaginary travelers.

Our stores are full of high-priced mechanical toys, elaborately furnished doll houses, and rabbit-stenciled nursery furniture; but what our children are crying for is a big, empty room where they can do as they please; some cast-off clothes, such as an old velvet smoking jacket of father's or an old hat of mother's; some dolls and perhaps a set of dishes; a home-made wooden gun or a shield. The world lies before you then. In such an atmosphere you can summon genii at will. You cannot summon genii on a public playground or in some corner of the dining room. Someone might come in and laugh, and all genii disappear if laughed at.

This empty room with its magical possibilities may not actually cost any more in rent than the expensive toys and recreational opportunities parents expect to provide for their children, but it does increase their responsibilities. They will be besieged with requests for properties as varied as a complete costume for one of the Wise Men, or a dish of real ambrosia. The mother will have to be at home after school hours and on Saturday to find these and many other properties. Woe betide her if she is away. Her wash boiler cover will be turned into a Trojan shield, her best blanket into an Arab's tent, her entire clothesline into a fire hose. She will also need to be near at hand lest the sack of Troy should suddenly become a little too realistic.

An activity home calls for an activity mother, but the children in that home are not bored. "I'd like a lot to see that movie," I heard a small boy say when asked to go and see Douglas Fairbanks' adventures, "but I haven't time." He didn't have time because he was having too many adventures of his own right in his room. Every child has a right to demand a free space and free time for free play, just as he has a right to demand food and shelter from those who bring him into the world. He cannot grow symmetrically without it.

Some Saving Graces

We are all born with the possessive instinct, just as we are all born hungry. To collect has always been one of the deep joys of life, both for the small boy with his butterfly net and for the millionaire haunting London book auctions. One has only to read of the fabulous prices paid for first editions and old masters to see that, in spite of all socialist doctrines, this instinct is tremendously active at present.

Few of these people are able, like A. Edward

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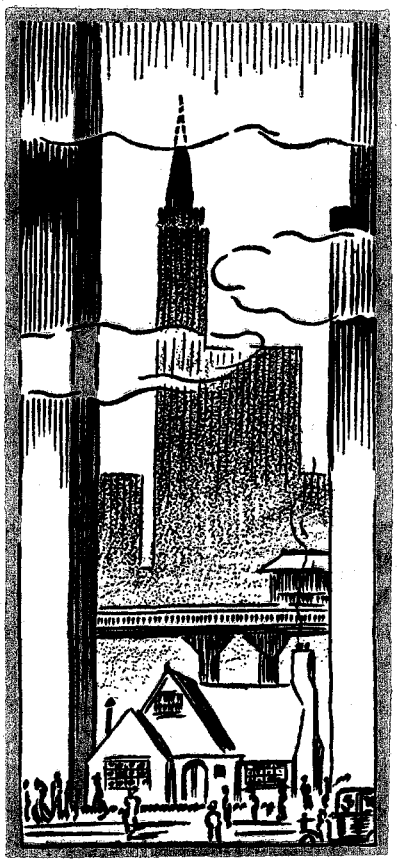
Newton, to put into words the fun, the adventure, the thrills that collecting has brought to them; but those amateur collectors are rare whose faces do not become radiant as they show you their treasures. And we cannot afford to lose this radiance; there are few enough moments that bring it. Europeans tell us that as they walk our streets they are impressed by our sad faces. Our joyless expression puzzles them, just as the college presidents are puzzled by the bored attitude of their students. These are severe indictments against a people. It is not healthy for so young a nation to have lost its radiant faces.



The child has this radiance when he brings home (that is, providing he has a home — a real one) his beetles, birds' nests, wild flowers, shells, or leaves. But he needs a place peculiarly his own as a repository for his possessions. The collector must have a home for his collection. He is willing enough to bequeath it to a public museum when he dies, but during his life he must have it about him; he must handle it, arrange it, sleep near it, wake to it. And so the child.

There is another type of individual, more common than we imagine, who is reaching out to hold on to this remnant still left of the home — the experimenter. Here again is another universal instinct, so marked in childhood and so refreshing when we find it still vital in an eighty-year-old Edison. Probably there is no game in the world more absorbing and more worth while than this game of making a scientific discovery or inventing something. Like golf, this game you can play alone, but you must have your links. You must have a workshop, or a laboratory, or a study. You must have a place apart where, in painful slowness, fluctuating between despair and hope, you can coax your embryo idea into life.

The business man working in his garage on a device for the automatic dimming of headlights; the stockbroker in his cellar seeking to make an umbrella so cheap that you can afford to use it once and then throw it away; the boy building his own radio out of five-and-ten-cent-store parts; the lawyer striving to find the method that will permanently end war — these and countless others who have within them that age-long itch of the explorer are the people for whom there is still a tang in life. These are the boys and girls, the men and women who, perhaps unconsciously, are pleading with us to preserve the home.

And the home, the real home, is a laboratory in an even larger sense. We hear much to-day of maladjusted men and women — individuals who are not at ease in the human family, bewildered members of society who have never learned how to live with the rest of mankind. Again and again the psychiatrist traces the cause of this failure back to the home, until we hear one of our greatest modern psychologists, Dr. Alfred Adler, asserting that the task of reëducating all the parents is so impossible that it is to the teachers that we must turn for the real training of children. This is most astonishing, coming from the lips of a man who believes that before his fifth birthday each child has fashioned his style of life, his way of meeting all the future problems, and that the resulting pattern can be changed thereafter only with the greatest difficulty.

Surely so optimistic a teacher as Dr. Adler should be satisfied with nothing less than bringing parents to face the responsibility which is theirs when they bring children into the world. Moreover, I believe, as married men and women are more and more deciding for themselves whether or not they will be parents, those who decide to have children will in increasing numbers seek definitely to fit themselves for these responsibilities.

And these will be the parents who will realize that we all need a place during our growing years where we can learn, by watching, by

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simply living with those who are dear to us, the very difficult art of becoming civilized. For we all need a place where patience, which is born simultaneously with other maternal instincts, bears and forbears with us while we serve our apprenticeship to living. We need a place where the judgments placed upon the riotous whims and impulses of our adolescence are softened by affection; a place to which we distinctly feel kinship, to which we belong not as an individual but as a family or group, for the sense of membership will be an important factor in our later social life. And we need a place where the door is always open, where help is given always without question, at any moment, in any need.

The Secret of the Hearth

The fruit of the home is personality. That personality is an asset no one can doubt who reads the advertisements of "Roads to Success" courses. Last winter I heard three college deans stuttering and stammering as they tried to explain their methods of selecting the few, out of the multitudes clamoring at their doors, who should be most worthy to receive the blessings of their institutions. They said they were looking for incipient leaders; but I venture to think that what they were really seeking were incipient personalities. They were trying, they explained, to discover these incipient leaders by imposing examinations, checking up school marks, considering the part taken in extra-curriculum activities, by personal interviews, and by letters of recommendation from friends and teachers. None of these methods, nor all combined, had proved wholly satisfactory.

I wanted to tell these deans that their investigations were too circumscribed — that they should go into the homes of these boys and girls. They should look at their rooms, noticing what pictures were hung on the walls, what books lay open on the bedside tables, what stuffed birds, cases of minerals, home-made radio sets showed that the owners were alive. They should talk with the parents about their children's interests and particularly how they spend their spare time. The ability to do school work well, or to edit a school paper or captain a basketball team, is a very inadequate test of a real personality, for it measures a fraction, not the whole, of an individual.

It is not only the colleges but the world at large that is seeking out personalities. This international age needs, as never before, men and women who can think with penetrating accuracy, see with telescopic vision, speak the common tongue of sympathy and brotherhood. School and college alone are not sufficient training for the great tasks confronting the world leaders to-day, for there one works with the crowd and is continually flexed by it. It is said that all great men are lonely. Certain it is that the richest natural resources of a nation lie not within the bowels of the earth, but rather hidden no less deeply within the inner recesses of the human mind. These resources can be developed only by those who possess them, by long and patient working alone. We need to work with others, but we need no less a place apart from the crowd where the tempo is unhurried and where these inner resources may emerge.

Mechanical facilities for eliminating human labor are automatically lessening the amount of time needed for work, and "the problem of leisure" is to be written large, the prophets tell us, on the program for social betterment. When it comes upon us with its full force, then the home will meet its real challenge.

Where will the great crowd of workers returning home for a regular Saturday afternoon off turn, if they find the home doors locked and barred? To the fights, the talkies, the cabarets. From a work in which they take no part except with a few machinelike motions, they will turn to play in which they are merely idle spectators. Then the significance of the question, "Shall we or shall we not scrap our homes?" will be recognized to mean, "Shall we become a nation of robots or a nation of personalities?" And we shall have to meet the question and answer it.

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The THIRTEEN-Month Calendar

Drawings by John Melching

A Debate

I
Father Time in Modern Dress

***by* GEORGE EASTMAN**

I FAVOR the adoption of the thirteen-month calendar. In certain quarters it is being violently opposed. Before stating my reasons, let me point out that this is not the first time that calendar reform has been needed and carried through in the face of opposition; nor is it the first time that the opposition has been utterly wrong.

Julius Cæsar made a radical change in the Roman calendar in 46 B.C. The plebeians were all against it. They murmured among themselves about this mighty man who was setting himself up against the gods. Later, however, it became evident that in giving the world the Julian calendar, Cæsar had conferred a lasting benefit upon humanity. In discarding the inefficient moon system of time measurement which was always falling behind the seasons, he established for the Roman Empire a much-needed solar calendar. He made it possible for the farmer to calculate ahead just when to plant his crops, instead of having to wonder whether the month of April would be filled with February snowstorms.

The Julian calendar, despite the imperfections of its construction, stood the test of many centuries. At length, however, it was discovered that Cæsar's astronomical advisers had not made correct allowance for the intercalation of leap days. Their calendar was overlapping the solar year at the average rate of nearly twelve minutes annually. Another change had become necessary. So, in 1582, Pope Gregory XIII established for Catholic countries a new leap year rule; he fixed March twenty-first as the date of the vernal equinox, and dropped out ten calendar days. It was a scientific adjustment to put the calendar in step with the sun; but, again, the proposal met with opposition — this time on account of religious prejudice. Protestant countries would not accept an alteration in their time system from the head of the Roman Catholic Church.

Pope Gregory was right, just as Cæsar had been right, but it was not until 1752 that his scheme was accepted by Protestant England and its dominions, which included the American Colonies. By that time the errors of the Julian calendar amounted to eleven days. These days were dropped out by act of Parliament, which also made the English year begin on January first instead of March twenty-fifth, as formerly. Then what happened? There were riots in England. People who could not see the need for the change and could not understand it shouted: "Give us back our eleven days!" Some thought they had been robbed of eleven days of their lives.

These revisions effected by Cæsar, Pope Gregory, and the British Parliament were all essential — and all of them were resisted. We of to-day have come to another period in the progress of civilization when it is again

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necessary to make further improvement in our time-measuring instrument. Let us, then, consider the reasons for it, not merely by looking ahead to next year or thinking only of our own generation, but by assuming a historical perspective.

When Cæsar introduced his improvement, the world, economically, was agricultural. Except for the Egyptians, it had been using a moon calendar inherited from the Hunting Age. The change to the Julian solar calendar had become necessary for the requirements of profitable agriculture. This calendar, with the Gregorian amendments, continued adequate up to a hundred years ago, for until then we were still living in the Agricultural Age.

At that time, however, science introduced the use of steam power, and shortly afterwards, electrical power. It was the dawn of the Industrial Age. There developed a vast and rapid economic expansion such as the world had never seen. The pace of civilization was tremendously quickened, and the element of time came to bear a new and vital relation to the innumerable activities of the new civilization.

Now the new economic age must control its activities, and to do so it must measure the performance of them, past and future, in units of time. Agriculture could be controlled by the accurate measurement of the intervals between equinox and solstice, but commerce and industry cannot wait for the leisurely succession of the seasons. Their decisions must be made more frequently. They are therefore obliged to use the shorter periods of months and weeks. If they are to determine the success or failure of their decisions, they must keep account of their performance from week to week and month to month, and make comparisons. This is a fundamental necessity without which our economic life could not proceed.

Thus, within the last hundred years, the month and the week have attained a new importance in the calendar which they never had before. And the experience of these hundred years, and especially of the past three decades, has demonstrated clearly that the months and weeks as we now know them are not adequate for keeping account of our performance and controlling our activities. Though they did well enough in the Agricultural Age, they are too haphazard for modern industry.

The months are unequal in length and are therefore not comparable. They contain twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, or thirty-one days.

They do not contain a whole number of weeks. The weeks are split at the beginning and at the end of months.

The weeks do not stay put within the year. They drift through the months and years without any fixed relation to either. No week in one year contains the same dates as the "corresponding" week in a previous year.

Since the days of the week shift to different dates in different years, some months have more working days than others. Some have four Saturdays and Sundays, while others have five, depending each year on how they drift out of one month and into another.

There is a difference of eleven per cent between the number of days in February and in March, and there may be a difference of as much as nineteen per cent between the number of working days in these two months, depending on how the calendar shifts the days of the week to different dates from year to year. Nor does a given month of a given year always have the same number of working days as the same month of the year before.

Everyone knows that we cannot call two things the same when they are not the same, and this is something that every accountant and statistician has to remember when he tries to compare costs, production, sales, and profits for a given month in two consecutive years. It is difficult to say whether business is better or worse when one month may contain twenty-seven working days while another may contain only twenty-four. You cannot hazard any comparison without making laborious and expensive adjustments to take care of the difference in the number of days, for if you do, you are likely to make a wrong decision.

ALL THE MONTHS ARE ALIKE

Each of the thirteen periods of the revised calendar would have four seven-day weeks like this:

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

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Examples of untruthful comparisons of business performance based on monthly records are innumerable.

Comparisons based on the week — a week of this year with the "corresponding" week a year ago — are also untrustworthy. For example, a holiday that came in the "corresponding" week of last year may have drifted into the succeeding week this year, so that six working days are compared with five.

The practical difficulties of operating modern business upon the present calendar are well illustrated by a quotation from *The Annalist* of December 13, 1929:

> The week's report of freight loadings covering the week ending Nov. 30 presents an interesting example of the danger of swallowing your statistics whole. The total of cars loaded in the week noted was 837,107, which is some 3,000 cars below the total loadings in the Thanksgiving Day week of 1927. But the statement given out this week by the American Railway Association is misleading in saying that the loadings of the week ended Nov. 30, 1929 were 81,380 cars under the same week of 1927. Thanksgiving Day week this year ended Nov. 30, but in 1927 Thanksgiving Day week ended Nov. 26. Since the Thanksgiving Day holiday always means a marked drop in freight loadings, it is necessary to compare Thanksgiving Day weeks in different years regardless of the calendar date termination of weeks. The year 1927 had no week ending with a Saturday, Nov. 30; its post-Thanksgiving week closed on Dec. 3, and the week with which the 1929 Thanksgiving week loadings are compared in the current statement was the post-Thanksgiving Day week of 1927. A true comparison of that week in 1927 can be made only with the post-Thanksgiving Day week of 1929, the figures for which will be announced next week Wednesday. The reported reduction of 81,380 cars from "the same week of 1927" is therefore a fiction.

To show the frequency of such errors, and to emphasize how impossible it is to measure the trends of modern business by a calendar so haphazard as that now in use, let me also quote from the *Standard Statistics Service* of January 13, 1930:

> Comparison of chain store and mail order sales figures for December with those for the full year 1929 has resulted in an overemphasis on the smaller percentage gains realized in the last month of the year, particularly as compared with the ratio of expansion in the preceding months. It is well to remember that this drop is due in large part to the calendar. There were only four Saturdays in December, 1929, compared with five in the final month of 1928. And the fact that the extra Saturday in 1928 fell *before* Christmas even more accentuated its importance in swelling the sales totals. The introduction of the thirteen-month method of accounting by Sears, Roebuck in 1930 will eliminate a recurrence of this so far as the latter company is concerned. It seems probable to us that, if the influence of the extra Saturday is taken into account, December volume of retail sales compared quite favorably with that of preceding months.

The defects of the old calendar, with its unequal months and drifting weeks, cause inconvenience not alone to commerce and industry, but to all the agencies of modern civilization — in scientific inquiry, in education, in the affairs of labor, in modern agriculture, in the administration of government, and in our home and personal affairs. The time that is wasted and the mental and physical energy that is expended in finding a day of the week or a date of the month under the present system is incalculable. It is a daily annoyance familiar to everyone. I haven't the space in which to enumerate all the inconveniences we endure because of an antiquated calendar.

It is obvious, then, that the time has come in our swiftly moving affairs to correct these defects and establish a calendar consistent with the age in which we live. The question is, what sort of a calendar will prove the best remedy? The first essential is fixity, to stop the drifting of the weeks; and then, uniformity.

To attain fixity there is only one possible method by which we can preserve the seven-day week and at the same time keep the calendar in step with the solar year. The normal year of 365 days is divided into fifty-two weeks with one day left over. Leap years contain two extra days, and these are the days which have thrown the weeks out of step with the months. Could we not, therefore, keep these days out of the weeks, giving them special names such as "Year Day" and "Leap Day"? They would then serve as pegs to keep the weeks from

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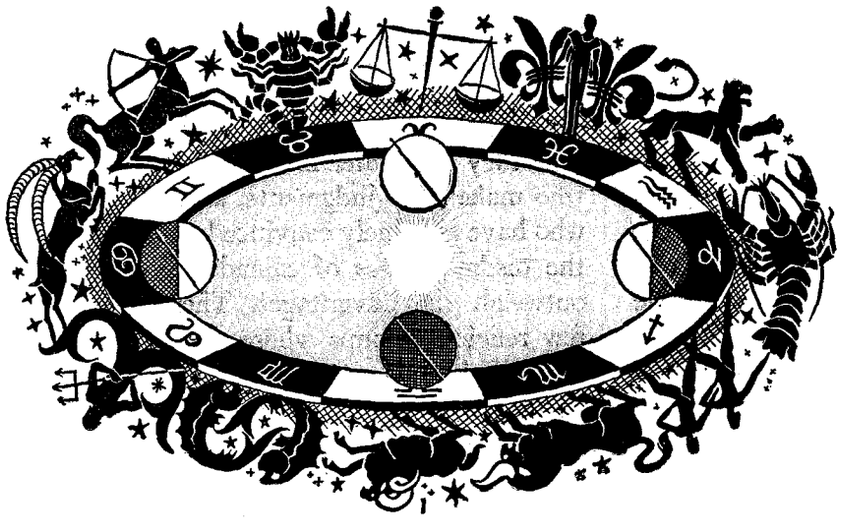

overlapping the ends of the year. In fact, we might call them "the peg days."

Fixity thus established, we can attain a greater or less degree of uniformity in several possible ways. We can make equal quarters, with two months of thirty days and one of thirty-one in each quarter; or we can divide the fifty-two weeks into thirteen equal months of four weeks each. I prefer the thirteen-month plan, because it corrects all the defects of the present calendar.

The months would then be equal and comparable.

Each month would contain exactly four weeks. The overlapping or split week would disappear.

Every year and every month would begin on the same day of the week.

Every week day would then have the same four fixed dates in every month. For example, the Saturdays of every month would always fall on the seventh, fourteenth, twenty-first, and twenty-eighth.

Barring holidays, every month would have the same number of working days, and hence they would have the same economic value.

This thirteen-month plan has already met with wide favor. And why? Because the permanent advantages of the change will outweigh any temporary inconvenience. The business interests, in particular, see in this calendar an opportunity to control their activities better than at present, and the plan has also been endorsed by leading scientific and educational bodies and by various labor unions.

Moreover, without waiting for the universal adoption of the thirteen-month plan, many large manufacturing, mercantile, chain store, and hotel companies have adopted it as a private working calendar. They use it for their internal operations. I also happen to know that several other of our largest corporations are now considering it. They divide the year into thirteen equal periods of four weeks each, and figure costs, production, sales, and budgets on the basis of these equal periods. They take care of the extra day in normal years and the two extra days in leap years in different ways, but they all attain the practical essential of uniformity.

This means that they no longer have five weekly pay rolls in one operating month, nor do they have five normally poor business Saturdays, or whatever their bad day is. Thus, as far as their internal operations are concerned, they escape most of the disadvantages of the present calendar. They cannot escape them all, however — such as the drifting of holidays from one period to another; and they are forced to conduct their outside business by the regular calendar. In spite of this, however, their practical experience with the new plan has demonstrated its value, and all of the enterprises which have used the thirteen-month calendar are unanimously in favor of its universal adoption.

Some people seem to regard the universal revision of the calendar as a very formidable thing to attempt, but it will not be difficult to carry through once the public mind in the various countries is convinced that it ought to be done. It will call for an international conference to formulate a plan for each government to ratify. Religious groups which are interested in the question would be consulted. Upon ratification, each country would have to pass the necessary laws to make the change legal, and a simple conversion table would take care of changed dates. There is nothing formidable about such a procedure: it is merely so much work to be done.

The League of Nations, which first took up this question in 1923, is the logical body to call such a conference, and this it is prepared to do as soon as enough governments have responded

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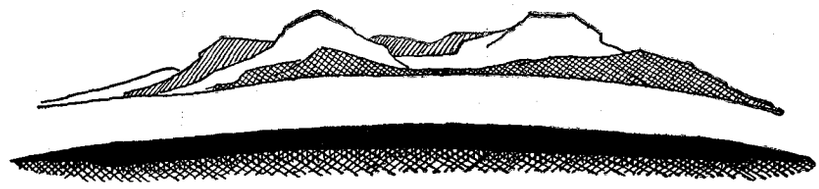
to its invitation of 1927 to report on the public opinion with regard to calendar reform in their respective countries. The National Committee for the United States, of which I am chairman, has already reported to the League through the Secretary of State.

Incidentally, we have not recommended that our government's delegates go to an international conference committed to the thirteen-month plan. While we have our own individual opinions, we believe that such a conference should discuss open-mindedly all the proposed methods of improvement. Meanwhile, surveys are proceeding in eighteen other countries this year, and we look forward to favorable action by the League in the course of the next twelve months.

In this country the National Committee, as well as the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, made surveys last year, which showed the existence of a strong demand for improvements in the calendar. All in all, the evidence indicates that if a vote were taken on the matter, a substantial majority would favor the reform of the calendar.

Of course there is some opposition. It comes from the "let-well-enough-alone" class, from sentimental folks who don't like to think of having the dates of their birthdays changed, from people without perspective on the progress of civilization, from individuals who fear that they will suffer financial loss, from those who make snap judgments, and from the few who have genuinely convinced themselves that the disdavantages of calendar reform would outweigh the advantages. There are also a few religious groups whose doctrines are not compatible with a fixed calendar, but they are small in numbers and are composed chiefly of the Sabbatarian sects. There is no evidence that other religious bodies see in a fixed calendar any conflict with dogma or canon law.

Down through the ages our calendar has evolved slowly. Each step in its evolution has been an improvement and a benefit to humanity. No one has yet contended that the present calendar is perfect; its defects are clearly recognized, and they can be easily corrected. An international undertaking with this end in view is now irrevocably under way. Those who oppose this movement would do well to remember where history has left the stand-patters who objected to the improvement of the calendar in the past.



II — Scrambled Time

by **FRANCIS D. NICHOL**

THERE IS something charmingly naïve in the reasoning that underlies Mr. Eastman's argument for calendar revision. He assures us that every step in the evolution of the calendar through the ages has been an improvement and a benefit to humanity. We are evidently expected to conclude that inasmuch as someone now thinks the calendar should be changed again, the proposed revision must of necessity prove beneficial. And in order to frighten us away from examining such reasoning too closely, we are openly warned to "remember where history has left the stand-patters who objected to the improvement of the calendar in the past." Mercifully, we are not informed just where they *were* left.

I believe that most of my readers will not demand that I give extended consideration to such a *non sequitur*. Some of them may even recall that February's meager allotment of twenty-eight days — a thing so disturbing to Mr. Eastman — is partly due to the fact that Augustus Cæsar evolved the calendar a little farther than did Julius. Augustus wanted his birth month, August, to have as many days as that of Julius, so off came a day from February

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to supply the lack. Noble evolution indeed! And much more might be said. But why disturb the ghosts of the ancient Cæsars? Why not let us consider the proposed calendar revision on its merits?

We are told that business is sadly handicapped by the present calendar. Perhaps. But, really, some very fair-sized fortunes and corporations have grown up under it. Just what gain would come from a new one? The revisionists declare that it would enable business men to make exact comparisons of the minor subdivisions of the year. But the will-o'-the-wisp of exact comparability can never be reached by any kind of calendar revision. Take the classic example of January and February. What if each *were* made twenty-eight days long? Adjustment would still have to be made because of the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, which, to a greater or less degree, cut out two working days from February. In varying degree the same holiday adjustment problem confronts us off and on throughout the year.

And what of comparing a certain month or week of this year with the corresponding period of the preceding year? Such a fickle thing as the weather, to mention only one factor, may so enter in as to make the comparison wholly fallacious — unless, of course, adjustment is made for it.

While many businesses do compare months and weeks, and even days, certainly there is no one who will claim that comparisons of such minor periods can really prove a safe guide to business. Then why should the whole world be involved in the obviously great discomfort and expense of changing the calendar in order to provide business men with only partial help on a minor problem? Some larger period, such as six months or a year, must be used for making really safe comparisons. And for such purposes our present calendar year is quite satisfactory.

It is hardly necessary to go into details concerning the disadvantages, the discomforts, the confusion, and the expense that would be created by a major revision — in fact, space would not allow it, for the calendar touches every aspect of life.

Just to illustrate: all books of reference would have to be revised, or else their dates would always have to be studied with the aid of an adjustment table. All contracts, all long-term leases, all legal instruments containing time clauses, would have to be revised. It is hardly conceivable that both parties to all these different agreements would be willing to interpret alike the application of the adjustment table to their particular contract. The alternative would be lawsuits. The revisionists assure us that the adoption of an evenly balanced scheme of time reckoning would free us from having to consult calendars. Possibly. But we would become slaves of adjustment tables.

In view of the fact that the change of the calendar would prove such a great problem and yet provide only limited help to one group in our present world, someone may inquire how the agitation for calendar revision ever got under way. Who wants a new calendar? To hear the revisionists speak, we would imagine that untold anguish is being endured by the masses and the classes because of the present calendar. But actually, while people complain of everything from weather to wages, scarcely a word is heard against the calendar. During the last decade "powerful propaganda movements" — to borrow the words of the League of Nations Calendar Committee — have endeavored to make the world calendar conscious. And they assure us that even if the general public is not aware of the need of revision, the whole business and scientific world is crying for it. In support of this we are informed of an almost hundred per cent favorable response obtained here in the United States through the questionable questionnaire method.

But we are forced to look askance at this claim. The reason is this. Last September the United States Chamber of Commerce conducted an impartial referendum, in harmony with its established rules for obtaining the views of its members, on the proposition: "That the present calendar should be so changed that there will be greater comparability in business records for periods within a year and for periods from year to year."

Despite the appealing form of the proposition, only fifty-seven per cent of the vote was affirmative. This fell considerably short of the two-thirds majority required to approve the measure. Now if little more than half of the representative *business men* of the country are interested in revising the calendar, particu-

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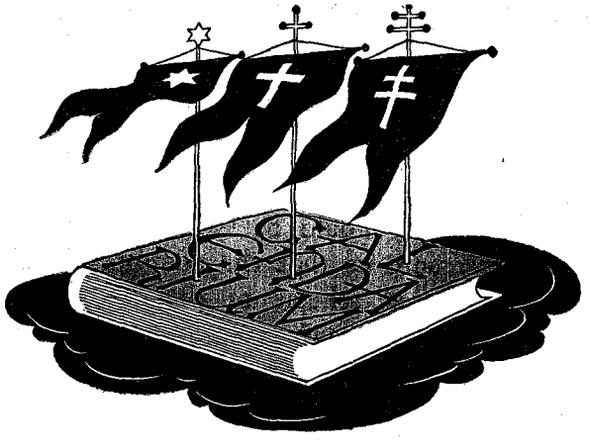

larly to aid business, what of the general public, who would certainly have little if anything to gain from a change?

Mr. Eastman argues for a calendar of thirteen months, twenty-eight days each, with a blank day at the close of the year. And right on this point of a blank day, which is a vital feature of such schemes for revision as have received serious consideration, we ought to offer a word of explanation. Let us assume that we have adopted the twenty-eight day, thirteen-month plan advocated by Mr. Eastman, starting January 1, 1933, as is urged. When we had lived through the thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, we would have consumed three hundred and sixty-four days, and have arrived at Saturday night, December twenty-eighth. Awaking the next morning, we would find that it was *not* Sunday, but a blank day instead. After living blankly through that day, we would retire once more and awake the *next* morning to greet "Sunday," January 1, 1934.

However, the blank day is promised some big, friendly name such as "Year Day" to console it for being isolated from both weeks and months. The proposal is to make it a national holiday, in an attempt to eliminate it from our reckoning, at least so far as business is concerned. But what of hotels, restaurants, drug stores, public utilities, railroads, and so on? They do not have holidays, and would have to provide a special column for this blank day. To compare the business of this day with that of any other period in the year, would call for some real adjustment.

Furthermore, computations for interest, insurance premiums, and the like would have to take the blank day into account. Speaking of interest, how would we apply the now simple rule for finding the interest at six per cent for a month, for example, if months were one-thirteenth of a year? Thirteen is not divisible. And that would create difficulties for others besides bankers. How would a company make out a quarterly or semiannual statement — a practice followed in some businesses?

Again, there are scientists who make their statistical comparisons as to earthquakes, hurricanes, and other natural phenomena. Something might happen on the blank day. Why not? Then there are the statistical wizards who provide us with a variety of blood-chilling deductions from the figures on births and deaths and marriages. Someone might be born or die on that day.

If there were thirteen months, every business concern in the country would have to send out its bills thirteen times a year. And in return, the millions of debtors would have to make settlement thirteen times a year. The aggregate value of the postage and stationery represented by twelve months' output of bills and return of checks, to say nothing of the expense involved in making out the bills, must be enormous. All this would be increased eight and one-third per cent under the proposed plan — which, by the way, is the only one really being considered by the calendar advocates in the United States. There are some of us who think bills come often enough right now.

The great public utilities corporations who have to keep a force of men to read meters every month in order to obtain the data for making out their bills, would of course find this item increased eight and one-third per cent.

Probably it is rather mid-Victorian to base an objection on sentiment. But it is at least interesting to note that the revision of the calendar would play havoc with all birthdays, individual and national. If you were born on the twenty-ninth of January, for example, your birthday in the new calendar would be February first. And the fourth of July, for example, would be changed to the glorious seventeenth of Sol.

But, we are informed, the business organizations now using the thirteen-period calendar — which is roughly analogous to the thirteen-month calendar advocated — would not return to the regular calendar. They need not.

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No one insists that they do. Indeed, by operating the internal affairs of their organizations by a revised calendar while still living under the regular one, they obtain all the advantages of revision without any of the disadvantages. Incidentally, the thirteen-period year can be operated without the employment of a blank day. Sears, Roebuck, and Company, whose adoption of the thirteen-period plan has been given such wide publicity by the calendar advocates, declares: "Whether or not any one else adopts it is entirely immaterial to us."

But quite apart from objections that arise in the economic realm, there are protests that come from the scientific field. When the League of Nations Calendar Committee sent out to the various governments a request for their comments on calendar revision, Germany offered in part this reply:

> The German Government cannot agree that the general public would experience any essential benefits if the dates fell on the same day of the week in every year and if for this purpose there were introduced into the year one or two blank days not called by any of the names of the days of the week. The strict correspondence of days of the week with dates of the month would in certain circumstances even seem to involve disadvantages from the legal and economic points of view and also for history, since it would make it impossible to deduce the unknown year of an event from the date of the month and day of the week on which it was known to have occurred. The German Government accordingly recommends that unnamed blank days of this kind should not be introduced.

The government of Portugal included in its reply to the League of Nations this observation by its chief astronomer:

> It is very inadvisable to interrupt by means of blank days the absolute continuity of the weeks — the only guarantee in the past, present and future of an efficient control of chronological facts. Far from constituting a weakness in the actual calendar, the lack of regularity between the dates and the days of the weeks is not only an advantage but even a scientific necessity, as no investigation is perfect if it is not controlled by independent methods of verification.

The reply from the government of France contained this statement by one of its most eminent scientists — M. Émile Picard, Permanent Secretary of the Academy of Sciences:

> One essential point is that of the continuity of the week. The majority of the members of the Office of Longitudes considered that the reform of the calendar should not be based on the breaking of this continuity. They considered that it would be highly undesirable to interrupt a continuity which has existed for so many centuries.

Similar statements by other astronomers are found in the replies of different governments.

But the breaking of the weekly cycle raises not only a scientific but a religious objection. For the week is inseparably connected with the most ancient of religious institutions. The Sunday of numerous Christian denominations, and the Sabbath of the Jews and Sabbath-keeping Christians, are both computed in terms of the weekly cycle.

The week is unique, because, in a sense, it bears no fixed relation to the calendar, not being an exact subdivision of either the month or the year. Months may come and months may go, but the week goes on forever. The *Catholic Encyclopedia* tells us that at the time Pope Gregory planned to revise the calendar, "every imaginable proposition was made; only one idea was never mentioned, *viz.*, the abandonment of the seven-day week."

The insertion of a blank day would break the continuity of the week, as the testimony of the astronomers reveals. The conscientious Sunday keeper would retire on the last Saturday night of the first year of the new calendar, prepared from a lifetime of experience to treat the next day as holy — for would it not be Sunday, the first day of the succeeding week? But no, he discovers that it is not Sunday, but a blank day, and that he must wait until the morrow for "Sunday" to arrive.

If he were determined to keep holy the day

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after Saturday, despite its blankness, he would discover himself one day ahead of the calendar, and reaching Sunday again when the calendar said only "Saturday." Thus he would keep Sunday on "Saturday" all during the second year of the new calendar. But at the end of that year another blank day would confront him. He would thus gain another day on the calendar, so that during the third year he would be keeping Sunday on the calendar "Friday." And so on through the years would the historic Sunday migrate backward, making a double jump every fourth year because of the extra, blank leap day. The same problem, of course, would confront the conscientious Jew and those Christians who keep the Sabbath — the seventh day of the weekly cycle.

Under the new calendar the term "week" would be employed, not in its historic sense, but in a strange, adapted sense as meaning merely one-fourth of a twenty-eight-day month. Religious people would be compelled to decide whether to continue to keep holy, in their true order, those days whose observance is inseparably connected with their relationship to a historic time cycle, or to adopt mechanically designated holydays at the behest of some twentieth century calendar inventor.

The revisionists have endeavored to belittle this religious objection by declaring that only an insignificant group of Sabbatarian sects are opposing revision on religious grounds. Well, even if it were true that only Jews, Seventh-day Adventists, and Seventh-day Baptists objected, it is at least interesting to note that a revision intended so materially to aid business should find some of its most unyielding opposition from the Jewish race.

So far as the observers of the seventh-day Sabbath are concerned, there is no compromise possible. It is not that they desire to block "progress," but rather that they find no alternative than to continue to obey the command of Almighty God to keep holy "the seventh day." And after consistently giving one meaning and value to "the seventh day" for thousands of years, they are quite unable to find in the fevered twentieth century appeal for efficiency, any justification for abandoning their historic interpretation.

Of course, if observers of Sunday view their holyday as depending for its sanctity upon the action of a church council, then possibly the problem could be solved by the calling of an ecumenical council. But all the great Protestant bodies declare that the Bible, and the Bible only, must be the authority in matters of doctrine. We need not discuss here the validity of the claim that the Bible authorizes the first day of the week to be kept holy. We need only mention the obvious fact that the Bible does not use the word "week" as the revisionists do. Would Protestant churchmen really want to attempt to revise the Bible definition to make it fit a patented twentieth century one? We doubt it. To do so might create an anomalous situation.

Suppose, under the new calendar, a conscientious Sunday keeper insisted on keeping the historical first day of the week as reckoned from former centuries. Would the zealous Sunday Law reformers demand that he rest also on the artificially labeled "Sunday"? And if so, what would be their plea in court? Could they quote the Bible against him? No. Could they even cite the precedent of long-established church practice? No. Their indictment would have to be this: that a group of big business men had decided which twenty-four-hour periods should be labeled "Sunday" each year, and that the days thus labeled should be observed by all good men under penalty of offending God and the state! And to think that these zealous reformers have always declared that they stood in defense of Sunday against the encroachments of mercenary business interests!

Somehow I cannot but feel that the passive attitude toward calendar revision on the part of the majority of such churches as have expressed themselves — for many have made no statement as yet — must surely be due to a lack of realization of just how such revision would affect them. And I wonder, too, whether even such business men as have displayed an active interest in revision will really want to work for a new calendar when they have weighed all the facts in the case.

For years, now, "powerful propaganda movements" have flooded the country with alluring descriptions of the Utopia that would ensue from calendar revision. It is probably not amiss, then, for me thus to have set forth at least a few of the facts on the other side of the question. I believe that revision would bring us nearer to Bedlam than Utopia.

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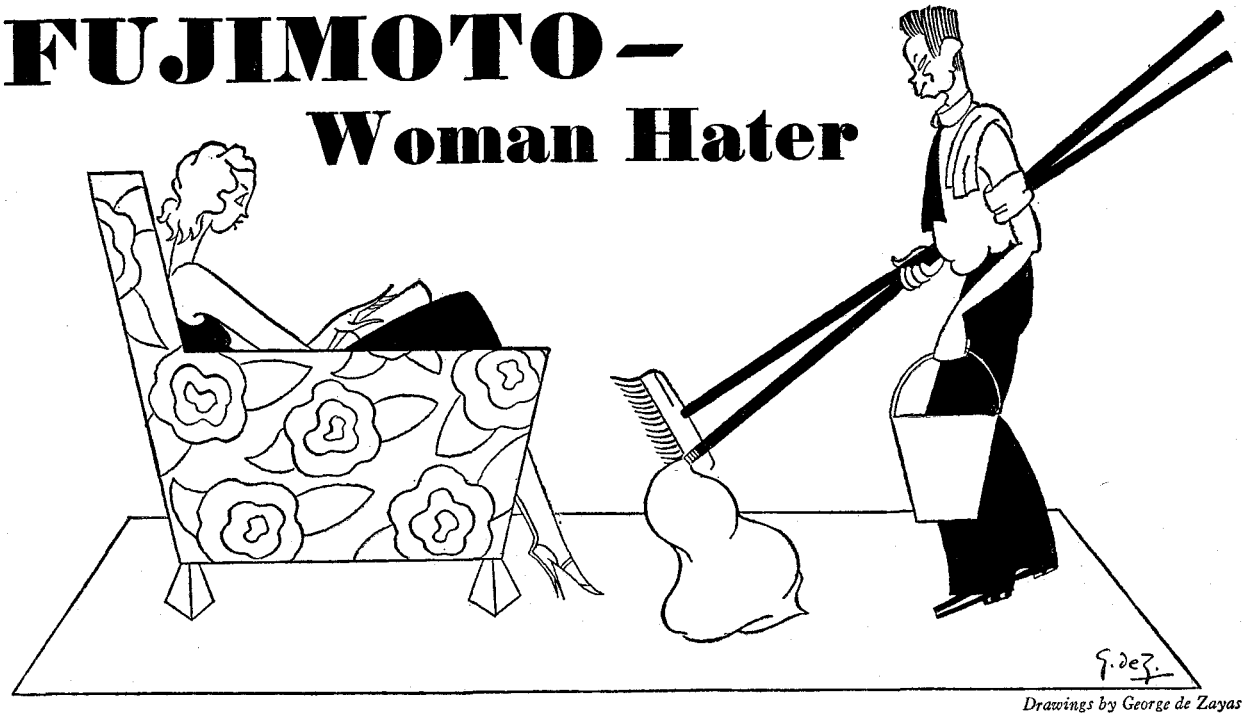
FUJIMOTO—
Woman Hater



Drawings by George de Zayas

by SARAH ADDINGTON

I

FUJI was going to a party. His friend, Seji Mikami, had invited him.

Mrs. Inslee heard from the library the quick staccato of Fuji's Japanese as he answered the telephone and knew he would tell her. He was her servant, but he was also her child, coming to her with every foolish thought, every fear, every joy, every problem. He consulted her about his clothes, he narrated for her the intricate details of every moving picture he saw, he told her the gossip about his friends — every day he turned out the corners of his little mind with utter guilelessness and candor. So she knew he would come now to repeat the telephone conversation.

He came. He bore a pail of soapsuds, a broom, a mop; from his small, black alpaca shoulder depended a rather revoltingly filthy flannel rag. In the middle of her silkiest Kermanshah he set down his horrid pail; against her new chair he propped his broom and mop.

He stood there blinking his sharp black eyes — such a small, yellow, absurd crumb of a man that Martha's heart caught her, as it did a dozen times a day at the sight of him. Fuji long since had entered Martha Inslee's heart to stay. She had had him for a year now. He was irritating, infuriating, he had a whole repertoire of shiftless, careless tricks that maddened her; but she loved him and she always listened to him.

"Well?"

"My fren' calling me. He making leetle party. I go?"

"When?"

"Friday nights."

"Surely. That's fine."

He grinned happily.

"Tonk you. My fren' making leetle deener for celebrating before-king's barthday."

"What?"

"Friday night's before-king's barthday. My fren' making leetle party to celebrating."

"Before-king's birthday?"

"Yez, mam. Not dees king. Before king. While back ago."

"Oh, an Emperor before this one."

"Yez, mam. He king for Roosian Wars. Forty-five years he king. All Jopon peoples rike dese king."

"You must go," said Martha heartily. "I think that's lovely."

"Yez, mam. Tonk you." He picked up his paraphernalia and plodded off.

II

ALL WEEK Martha listened patiently as Fuji, serving lunch, pushing a carpet sweeper, leaning on a broom, discoursed glibly

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and elaborately on the "leetle deener," the "before-king," the whole royal dynasty, the war with Russia, Japanese history in general, Seji Mikami, Seji Mikami's life story, and other unrelated and irrelevant anecdotes as they occurred to his enlivened fancy. Once he re-created for her the siege of Port Arthur; one afternoon she followed the career of Seji Mikami's uncle in a series of disasters in the Tokyo money market. She was not precisely enthralled by these long historical discourses, these intimate, however dramatic, stories of the Mikami genealogy, but the flood was on, Fuji was launched, and she had to listen as respectfully as might be. For when Fuji wished to converse, nothing, no power of man or nature, could stop him.

As usual when a great event came into his life, he soared above sordid details. Twice he forgot to make the beds, once he burned the coffee pot dry. Strange objects began to appear in strange places: the scrubbing pail (over which Joe nearly broke his outraged neck) in the hall, little wet rags on the window sill or bookcase, bottles of furniture polish in the bathroom, odd trifles scattered fancifully wherever Fuji, in his inspiration, cast them down.

Martha ground her teeth and endured. Fuji's humble little servant's life lay so entirely outside the realm of dinners and festivities, he was so happy now — scolding would have been an inhuman cruelty. Besides, it wouldn't have done any good.

On Friday he got out his evening clothes and pressed them so devotedly that he burned Martha's lunch. She ate the blackened omelet grimly, thanking her god that Japanese Emperors do not have birthdays every week. He rubbed up his little black shoes — with a new tea towel. He shaved his yellow jaws lovingly, first putting all the soiled dishes in the stove — no time for dishwashing to-day. Then he went in to find Martha.

"You teenk I needing haircuts?" he asked.

She surveyed his neck. "You certainly do."

A haircut bored him exceedingly, but in honor of the before-king he plodded out and returned, his scrawny neck clipped and clean. He took a magnificent bath with a bar of Joe's English soap, on which he had long had a designing eye. He fussed like a débutante all afternoon.

And then Joe came home with the crowning glory — a frilly, white carnation. "For the before-king's birthday, Fuji." Fuji was bowled over. He had never worn a flower in his buttonhole before.

He always presented himself for inspection on great occasions, so at last he appeared, grinning like a clown. He knew he looked handsome. He could hardly wait to hear the madam and the boss compliment him on his distinguished appearance. They did not disappoint him.

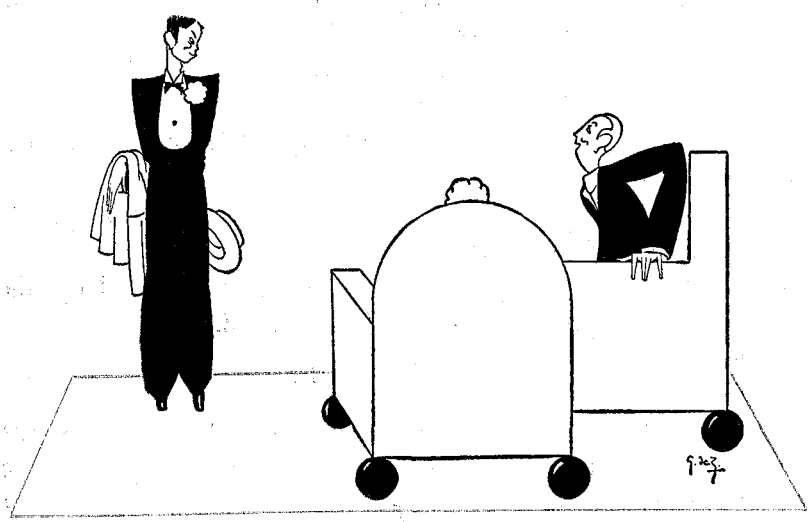
"Fuji, you look wonderful!"

"Wonderful!" echoed Joe heartily.

His foolish smile widened.

III

SEJI MIKAMI'S dinner was no meager, poor man's affair of rice and sake, such as might be expected of humble New York cook-butlers far from their native Japan. It was a brave American dinner of seven courses, with chicken and broccoli and orange salad and ice cream. The guests were a select twenty-four — twelve butlers, cooks, houseworkers, and their ladies.



And Fuji had a perfectly miserable time. Because of the ladies.

He had approached the doors swaggering proudly, his cheeks ballooning in joyful smiles. Then his smile collapsed.

Women! Seji Mikami had invited women!

He had not understood that wives and sisters were to be present. He had supposed that

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this was to be a manly occasion in honor of a man. But no, here were women's faces, women's voices, women in satin dresses and jingling bracelets, women chattering, ogling.

He wanted to run home. All his thrilled expectation was dead. But his host urged him in. The next moment he was bowing to whole dizzy bevies of women, muttering words to them, being paraded from one giggling group to another by Mikami, the indefatigable, cheerful host.

When the introductions were over, he sought out a nice lonely corner where he could sulk and suffer in peace. For Fuji, the bachelor, was also a woman hater. He disliked all women except the madam, but especially he feared and distrusted these strange, liberated, Americanized wives of his friends, these voluble, busy, dressed-up creatures who were neither of the Orient nor the Occident, but a bewildering mixture of both.

He stood there, looking mournfully down his flat little nose, swallowing very hard, his disappointment almost choking him. He shivered as he saw Miss Yuri Kanayaka, sister of Totaro, bearing toward him. Miss Kanayaka was a tea-room girl. She was very bold, very gay, very Americanized. He hated her.

As usual, she bullied him unmercifully, laughing at him as he blinked and squirmed in his corner.

"How solemn is Fujimoto to-night," she said, in Japanese.

He clucked his tongue in disgust.

"What a fine, handsome man, too. And the flower!" Then her voice softened. "We are to sit next to each other at table. I asked Mikami for that boon and he granted it."

He wanted to die. She was making advances to him — to Fujimoto, who hated women. She was horrible — a flirt, a vile creature.

But when the dinner began, there he was, trapped, in a chair beside Miss Kanayaka.

Mrs. Mikami herself, none other, was at his right — very fat and gorgeous in a pink *robe de style* and many bracelets, chains, and rings. Across from him beamed Mrs. Shimada, wife of Hatsutaro, in stylish green ornamented with thousands of beads. Women everywhere, buzzing, glittering, gesticulating.

And a most ungallant dinner companion Miss Kanayaka found him — one who merely grunted when she spoke, one who kept his eyes on his plate and ate methodically. His legs were trembling and his hands were cold. He was scared, he was bitterly unhappy, and he acted like a churl. Until even Miss Kanayaka, the hard-boiled, the heartless, gave him up and turned her attention to Mr. Ita on her left, recently widowed and yearning for consolation. Whereupon Mrs. Mikami began to tell of the exploits of her three children to Fuji, the bachelor. It embarrassed him excruciatingly. Children, like love and marriage, were such a highly dangerous topic.

Then Mrs. Shimada, all archness, provided the final torture. When was Fujimoto going to found *his* house in America? Was there not, perhaps, an "arrangement" between the family of the wistaria flower and some other family with a marriageable daughter back there in Kanagi? Or was there a girl here in New York?

Fuji said, "No!" very loudly, and everybody shouted with amusement.

Seji spoke up, facetiously. Undoubtedly, he said, Fujimoto had plans, but they were private. One must not inquire thus indelicately into such matters.

More shrieks. Fuji bent lower over his plate, drowning.

It was finally over. He shook himself with unutterable relief when he found himself out in the cool, quiet night again. But he could not quite shake off the memory of those horrible hours he had just endured. He kept seeing Yuri Kanayaka's mocking face, he kept hearing those rallying voices.

Tschk, what fools! He began to pity Seji

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Mikami. He began to pity all men caught in the toils of women. He went to bed in his narrow room back of Mrs. Inslee's kitchen. He liked his lonely room, his lonely bed, his free, fine life uncluttered by women.

His sore spirits were reviving. He fell asleep congratulating himself.

IV

But Mrs. Shimada proved herself a prophet, and Fuji had congratulated himself too soon. Two days later he read a letter over his breakfast, read it twice; then, laying his chopsticks down, went in to find Martha.

"You see I getting retter dees morning?"

"Yes, I did. From home, wasn't it?"

"Yez, mam. My seester writing."

"Oh, yes?"

"She writing fonny teeng."

"What?" Martha laid down her newspaper.

He pulled forth a sheaf of thin papers closely packed with fine black characters, handed her a small photograph. It was the picture of a young Japanese girl in flowing kimono. Her tilted eyes looked sweetly from beneath her coiled, wrapped hair. Her narrow hands lay delicately in her silken lap.

"Isn't she lovely?" said Martha. "Who is she?"

Fuji giggled.

"Name Hanako Narita. My seester wanting me marrying him."

"What?"

"My seester, she say me in dees retters: 'You are mans now. You mus' be marrying and make childrens and carry down name of fomilies.'" He laughed aloud. "So fonny teengs. She already speaking with fadders and modders, dees garl."

"You mean they have arranged a marriage for you?"

"Yez, mam. They making decide rike always in Jopon. My seester and her hosban', she going down street and pay veesit to dees peoples and make decide."

"But *Fuji!*"

"She writing me Hanako Narita gentle garl, eighteen years ago now and need hosban'. My seester, she saying Hanako Narita coming America for marrying me." He laughed again — the foolish, pleased laughter with which he always greeted disaster.

"But Fuji!" cried Martha again. "What'll you do? You don't want to marry her, do you!"

"No, mam," replied Fuji. "I nothing marrying him. I nothing marrying nobodys." His gentle gaze went out of the window.

"Then," cried Martha, "she mustn't come! You must write your sister immediately, Fuji. You can't let a young Japanese girl come over here expecting to marry you —"

He shrugged. "She finding some other hosban'. You wanting me press Meester's ponts dees morning?"

"Fuji, listen to me." Martha sat up straight, her gaze implacable upon him. "*You must write to your sister.* You must stop that girl from coming over here."

Fuji snickered. "I teenk fonny." And went back to the kitchen.

That night Joe was greeted with the whole story — nearly every night there was a new Fuji story. As Joe said, there was one thing about Fuji: no home that sheltered him ever suffered a dull moment.

"Well," he commented, "what does Fuji say?"

"Oh, he giggled, of course. Thinks it's a huge joke."

Joe thought so too, chuckled delightedly, then offered a crumb of comfort: no Japanese could come over now except for business reasons. Fuji spiked that, however. Hanaka Narita was to be sent over as a student to enroll in Columbia University. Beyond that, the negotiations had not gone. But that much had been carefully planned.

"There," said Joe admiringly, "is a fine combination of the old East and the new West. The family arranges the marriage, the lady packs her bags and comes after the gent in good feministic style. I call that very neat."

"Yes, and suppose this girl appears on our doorstep. That'll be neat, too, won't it?"

"Oh, she won't bother us."

"Won't she?" said Martha. "Wait and see. Things have been pretty quiet around here lately. It's just about time for a good rousing holocaust, something that will shake us to our roots. That girl will come, mark my words. Then what?"

"Well," said Joe, "if Fuji wants to jilt his bride, he's got a right to, I guess. And it'll serve 'em right back home. Fuji's not in Kanagi, and this isn't the Middle Ages."

"But he ought to write and head her off,"

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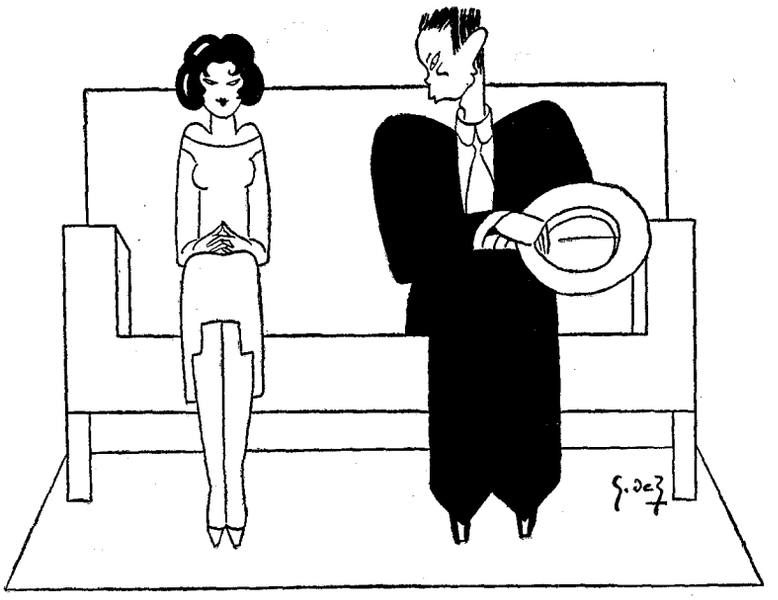

wailed Martha.

It was Joe's happy fancy (and it was only a fancy) that when Martha failed in diplomatic relations with Fuji, he, the head of the house, could step in and with one word of command set the young man straight. So he spoke to Fuji about writing his sister.

"I not rike writing retters," replied Fuji, much amused at Joe's earnestness. "I writing never often."

Joe grew firm, then persuasive, picturing for Fuji the plight of a young girl coming ten thousand miles on a hopeless quest.

But Fuji remained gently indifferent.

"I not bothering," he said.

And he would not, he did not answer his sister's letter. "I nothing interest." That ended it for him.

Anyway, he added one day, quite by way of parenthesis, it was too late. Hanako Narita was on her way. She was to have started a fortnight after the letter was written.

So they waited for Hanako Narita. That is, Joe and Martha waited. Fuji merely went his accustomed way. He was seeing all the latest movies; he was having satisfying, if financially disastrous, nights of poker at Totaro Kanayaka's boarding house. Coney Island, his choicest pleasure ground, was closed for the season, but New York offered these other distractions and he was quite content. The letter and the photograph reposed in his bottom dresser drawer along with his underwear (light blue), his straw slippers, and his few little papers.

V

THE DAY before Thanksgiving he was rudely brought to earth. The office of the Japanese consul telephoned, advising Masao Fujimoto that a friend of his, Hanako Narita, from Kanagi, was in New York and could be found in Whittier Hall, Columbia University.

"She come," he told Martha briefly, and went back to the kitchen.

"Aha!" thought Martha.

In the kitchen, his fingers shook with rage and fear as he prepared the morrow's cranberries. This woman! Coming after him! An outrage! And what could the Japanese consul do? Would he tell the President? Would the President tell that big cop on the corner to arrest him?

Martha trailed him to the kitchen.

"Now Fuji," she began, "the thing for you to do is to go up to Columbia University and straighten this thing out."

He mumbled feebly, "But to-morrow Tonksgeevings. I hov tarkey for feex and clamberries and punkins pie."

"They can wait. Go on. Get it over with."

He shook his head disapprovingly.

"I busy fallows. No times for garls and such and such. Too bod." He clucked angrily. "Shame business."

"Never mind. Run along."

"A' right, I go." He smiled sickly. "I telling her nothing doing! I telling her beat it!"

"Very well. Tell her what you please. But *go!*"

Thus it was that Mr. Masao Fujimoto, hater of women, found himself in a vast woman's dormitory at Columbia University asking for, "please, Japanee rady name of Hanako Narita."

He waited for her in one of the small parlors designed for suitors presumably less reluctant than he. He sat there on a high chair, his little yellow cheeks sagging and wan, his eyes clouded with dread. But he would fix her, this Hanako Narita.

A slight form appeared at the door. He rose, bowed low, his hands pressed against his upper

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legs in the respectful salute of man to woman. The girl bowed in gentle acknowledgment. They both sat down.

Conversation languished. Hana, timid, could find nothing to say. Fuji, unskilled as he was with women, made a bad business of it.

"Please talk English," she had said. "I mus' learn."

So he said, "Yez, larning Eengleesh good teengs," and relapsed into uncomfortable silence.

He wanted to say, "Hanako Narita, I do not wish to marry you. Good-by." But he could not say this. Hana was so quiet, so little, so frightened. He remembered how he had felt when he first came to New York. He remembered how alone he had felt that first night when he had landed off the coaling ship from England; how he had sat in the boarding house in Lexington Avenue, surrounded by all the glib, Americanized Japanese.

Hana smiled uncertainly. How pretty she was, he thought suddenly. Like a bird. He regarded her earnestly, then brightened.

"You rike movies?"

"Movies? Ah!" She smiled, showing her pretty little pointed teeth, and shook her head. "I never seen — saw — movies. I hear about them." She was careful of her English, he noticed. That was because she was educated, smart.

"Movies fine," he said heartily.

"I weesh to see sometime."

"I take you?"

She looked startled. He understood and explained.

"That kind teengs a' right dees country. Mens, womans, go all where wit' each. Not rike Jopon."

"Yess, I know. I have heerd." She spoke so softly, so sweetly. "I wan' learn American ways."

Their fumbling talk went on. Once or twice Fuji braced himself, and then he forgot completely what he had come here to say. Listening to her modest, low voice, watching her drooping eyes, her quiet, narrow hands, he felt soothed and happy.

When he left, they smiled at each other and their eyes lowered.

"Goo'-by," she said.

"Goo'-by. I see you other time, please?"

"Yess," said Hana softly.

VII

"Well?" asked Martha. "Did you get everything straightened out with Hana?"

"Pardon?"

"Did you break the news? Did you tell her nothing doing?"

"I telling nothing. We nothing saying 'bout dees teengs."

There was such a note of dignified finality in his words that Martha for once in her life could pry no further. And as the weeks went by and Hana's name had vanished from all daily conversation, she almost forgot about the girl. Hana had simply gone up in smoke, no doubt; so many of Fuji's most thrilling crises ended abruptly in mere nothingness.

Then one day in December Fuji came into her room bearing a large box.

"Please, you looking," he said. "Leetle present." He brought forth a pink sweater with black stripes, very ugly.

"Leetle Christmas present," he said. "She hoving no hot coat."

"Who?" asked Martha stupidly.

He blushed then, painfully.

"Oh . . . oh, that's beautiful, Fuji. She'll love it. All the college girls have sweaters."

"Yez. She leetle and hoving no hot coat and win' come and making her cold. . . . I getting off to-day afternoon leetle whiles? Taking it up to her?"

"Surely."

So he liked Hana then. But was it more than liking? They decided that it was, she and Joe, as the winter went on. For miracles had been wrought. For one thing, no more poker: Hana did not approve of poker. For another, no more moving pictures, unless occasionally when Hana could go with him. He went to bed early, rose promptly, saved his money, did his work punctiliously, humming sad little croaking tunes all day. In three weeks he had broken only two finger bowls, one salad plate, one goblet, and three teacups — a record.

"Heavens!" said Martha. "This is awful. He'll be ill."

But if the strain of a blameless life was telling on Fuji, he gave no sign of it. He was calm and happy — a model boy.

He was also a fop.

Always neat and careful about his clothes, he had become a complete and perfect dandy.

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His sober little suits were kept pressed to the last degree of crispness. His square little boots dazzled the eye. His laundry bundle grew stout. He burgeoned forth on Thursdays in hysterical ties of red and orange and blue. He smelled violently of hair oil. And he would have had a nice new American gold tooth if Martha hadn't stepped in just in time. He was all ready to have one of his own (perfectly sound) bicuspids extracted and a fine glittering substitute put in. But Martha talked, admonished, scolded, exclaimed, until he gave up the whole project in disgust. He was very disappointed. Gold teeth were so handsome.

Every Thursday he went to see Hana. Sometimes they sat in one of the Whittier Hall cupboard-parlors, sometimes they went to Chinatown for fat Oriental feasts, sometimes he took her to a moving picture, where she sat, quite breathless at the incredible romances of Hollywood, as he explained everything in swift, Japanese whispers. He was an authority on the motion picture. He knew all the stars, their personal and professional histories. He was also a critic: if a picture was funny, it was "no good"; if it was sad, if it made him cry, it was "fine picture." He loved to sit in a vast, dark motion picture house and cry over the sorrows and heartbreaks of beautiful heroines, noble heroes. And one cry was not enough. They often sat through the picture twice so that Fuji might weep again, and his tears were just as fresh and just as satisfying to him the second time as the first.

By some subtle, tacit understanding, they both ignored the subject of the "arrangement." But he had confessed to her that he was a cook — why, he did not quite know, except that he told her everything about himself and she always understood and sympathized. She promised that she would not tell them back home of this guilty secret, and he trusted her as perfectly as he trusted the madam. These two women, out of the whole world of women, had his confidence, his regard. He liked Hana because she was gentle and kind and quiet. Unlike the wives of his friends, she soothed him, made him feel happy and at ease. But she was "smart" too, and Fuji was Westernized enough to admire cleverness in women the while he admired their softer ways.

On Christmas Day they took a walk — two little Orientals clinging to each other on the wide, windy sweep of Riverside Drive. Hana's pink sweater was warm and snug under her coat. She thought it beautiful, too. They talked in Japanese of home. He told her of the strange customs of Americans, who hang their stockings up on this day and believe that a mythical being fills them with gifts from a sleigh drawn by reindeer. They rode on the elevated to a Chinese restaurant on Columbus Avenue, where they ate eels and chicken and rice and kumquat preserves and rice cakes. Fuji laughed at Hana because she had a stubborn notion that the train was dangerous, and screamed when it swooped around a curve. She laughed at him in the restaurant because a cat got in his way and made him stumble ludicrously.

They were friends. They were nearly lovers. Only a certain cool dignity of Hana's kept them from being lovers — that and a small-boy awkwardness of Fuji's that tightened his tongue just on the edge of frightening, love-making words.

Back in Japan, four persons waited patiently for the letter which should say that Fujimoto and Hana were betrothed.

VIII

THEN ONE evening when Fuji called on Hana she was not alone. A tall, bespectacled boy of Japan sat with her. They were talking animatedly.

Fuji paused, turned irresolutely. But Hana had spied him and she and the stranger came forward. They bowed, the little cook-house-worker in his pinched overcoat, the impressive-looking stranger. The stranger — his name was Sadakichi Mitsue — left then, waving a gay Fedora at the door in farewell. Fuji, watching him, suddenly felt small, mean, shabby.

Hana explained that Sadakichi Mitsue was a student. But Fuji knew that. Those spectacles! Those clothes! And of course he was rich. All Japanese students were rich. Except Hana. This Mitsue was rich, and women liked rich men. And he was undoubtedly smart. Women liked smart men, too.

Hana was her usual friendly, gentle self. But Fuji felt pains chasing up and down under his blue-striped shirt, pains such as he sometimes had when he had eaten too many pickled eels.

The next time he saw Hana, she told him she

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had been to a party with Sadakichi Mitsue — a college party at International House where there had been dancing.

"You doncing American doncing?" asked Fuji faintly.

She smiled. "Oh no. But I am going to learn."

The following week she related that she had been to a theater with Mr. Mitsue. Then followed a basket ball game. Then Mr. Mitsue gave a small dinner at the Nippon Club. The Nippon Club! Fuji had never seen the inside of that famous institution where rich New York Japanese dined in splendor.

Hana told him more about Mr. Mitsue. He was a Tokyo banker's son. He had been in America many years. He spoke such English! Was so clever! Knew so much!

Fuji, listening, looked down his nose. Then, raising his eyes, spoke boldly.

"You not my fren' no more? You riking dees awther fallow plenty more?"

She blushed for answer. He swallowed hard, his cheek bones flaming.

In his room that night he studied himself in the mirror. That Sadakichi Mitsue was so tall, so distinguished, his clothes so fine. And he, Fuji, was so little and poor — a cook.

He lay on his back smoking endless cigarettes.

What could he do? Nothing. Hana, the soft, gentle creature, had found a better fellow, a gentleman whose father was a banker with untold yen in Japan. The pains chased up and down again. He undressed and crawled into bed heavily.

Thursdays came and went, and Hana receded inch by inch from his grasp. She was occupied now, full of her studies, her new Japanese student friends, her good times with them. Fuji took her flowers on St. Valentine's Day — the pale white roses he loved so much. She thanked him sweetly. He once grandly conveyed her from Columbia University to the Roxy Theater in a taxicab and tipped the driver fifty cents, to dazzle her. But she was used to taxicabs. He invested in yet another batch of neckties, more sensational than ever. She did not notice.

And Martha knew that something was really wrong when she found him cleaning the kitchen stove of his own volition. For never yet in his entire history had Fuji cleaned any stove except under the finger of scorn.

He was very quiet these days. He poked about his work, his flat little face peaked and worn, his feet dragging. Only his work comforted him — and the movies. He went frequently now again, to weep over screen ladies whose lovers deserted them, whose babies died, whose tottering old fathers were sent (though innocent) to prison. He understood all grief now, all human agony. His tears flowed freely and he forgot for a moment his own sorrow.

VIII

THE FIRST of March was windy, spring-like. He rose early, put up his window (he did not hold with the dangerous American custom of sleeping in cold and wind) and sniffed. It smelled good, this air, smelled of morning and the new season, balmy and soft. He looked down the twelve stories onto Fifth Avenue, saw his friend, the milk horse — the old white, patient nag that usually stood there like a graven image carved out of time immemorial.

But what was the milk horse doing? He was dancing a little jig. He was throwing up his long nose and sniffing, like Fuji himself, then trumpeting, long, joyful snorts. He was flinging his tail around in great wide swishes. It was spring and he was a happy horse.

Fuji, leaning out in his nightshirt, watched, chuckled, and became almost happy too. He had not been happy for so long. But there was something about this morning — the smell, the pearly sky, the gilt of March sunshine awash over the roofs. The milk horse felt it. So did Fuji. Maybe life was all right, after all.

Anyway, this was pay day and the madam and the boss were going out to dinner. He had promised to go to see Hana. But should he perhaps first go to Kanayaka's boarding house, just to see how the place fared? Of course, he would not play poker. Hana thought boys who played poker were foolish, common fellows. But just to go in and have a bowl of rice and watch the game for a while? Wouldn't that be a pleasant diversion? He decided that it would.

He thought about poker all morning. Spring naturally brought poker to the mind of an erstwhile gambler. Spring was gay and rash and reckless and exciting. So was poker. Spring made men want to spend, made the blood run fast, adventurously.

He began to be in a perfect fever to get to

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Kanayaka's. He hurried Martha through her lunch, whisking plates of unfinished food from under her indignant nose. He slammed through his dishwashing. He dressed in a frenzy of haste. Pay check in pocket, he ran to the subway.

IX

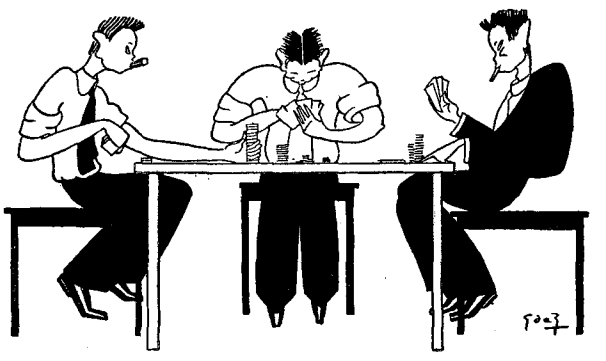
It was two o'clock the next morning when he rose to his feet, groggy from cigarette smoke, dizzy from the jigging red and black spots of the cards. He had lost — strange this was, too, considering his skill at the game — the one hundred and twenty-five dollars of his pay check, he had given his note for the two hundred and sixty-five dollars in his bank account, to these he had added a cheerful I.O.U. for his next month's salary.

But it had been a splendid game — fast, exhilarating, every hand a new, dangerous, thrilling excitement.

At the door of the boarding house he stopped still. Hana! Tschk, he had forgotten all about the girl. Had she waited for him? Was she angry? He chided himself mildly.

But that poker game. He waggled his head delightedly. Once there had been one hundred and fifteen dollars in the pot and he had nearly won. Only Zuki, lucky fellow, had had a straight. He chuckled. He'd get that Zuki next time. He'd win next time. Certainly he would.

He was a little late with breakfast that day, but he didn't listen as the boss scolded. That time when Zuki had a straight! What a moment. The madam was rather cross, too, this morning for some reason. She made such a fuss about little things like unmade beds and unemptied garbage pails. Sometimes there was no pleasing that woman. But it didn't matter. He'd get Zuki to-night. He would have to borrow money from somebody and he couldn't get away until after dinner — but the dishes could be hidden in the oven — but he would win to-night. He felt lucky.



As he rested that afternoon, he tried to remember why he had abstained from poker all these weary, dull months. Oh yes — Hana. He was appalled at himself. Shocked. He had wasted a whole winter. He had let a girl cut him off from the most fascinating pursuit life has to offer. He had let Hana, that simple girl, come between him and poker. He shook his head, aghast at such incredible folly.

He did not see Hana again for a month. He was too busy. The madam was having a lot of dinners, there was much poker to attend to, and every week there were new movies — fine, sad ones. But one rainy day in early April, chivalry prompted him to take the long jaunt up to Columbia University. Poor girl. One felt sorry for her, alone in this strange, big city.

She greeted him with her gentle smile. They talked of sundry topics and he was very bored, until finally she said, "I am going back to Japan, Fujimoto. In June, Sadakichi Mitsue will finish his school. He is going back into his father's bank in Tokyo. If the families permit —" She paused, color flooding her saffron cheeks.

"Thass fine!" he said cheerfully. He itched to be off to Kanayaka's boarding house.

"You have been very kind to me. I wish to thank you," said Hana.

He replied gallantly, "Oh, thass a' right! I feeling sorry for you."

Her color heightened, but she smiled again and said, "I'll tell your sister, Fujimoto, how kind you were. She will be glad of you."

"Yez," said Fuji. "I always treating peoples nize. But I very busy now. I mus' going."

They said their final good-by — Hana very grave and courteous, Fuji businesslike and brisk. He trotted to the subway in extreme haste. The poker game would be on.

That night as he rolled into bed at a late hour, he smiled to think how happy he was. What a fine life he led! No womens. No wives. No silly, stupid nonsenses. Cooking and movies and poker. Good life. Fine life. He went to sleep smiling.

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The Fishermen

Javanese Sketches

by TEN KLOOSTER

Ten Klooster happened to be my neighbor in Veere, Holland, and his dog Max sometimes played with my dog Noodle; so we came to know each other. Otherwise I might never have been able to bring his marvelous woodcuts to America. For Ten Klooster is a quiet, modest man — a painfully modest man. This shyness may be due to his Javanese blood. His Javanese ancestors were civilized people who had developed a high degree of art when his European ancestors were still wild barbarians who painted their faces yellow with mud and ate their chickens raw.

Ten Klooster, I think, feels this. His work, to a certain extent, is a revenge for many of the cruel and stupid things his white half has done unto his handsome Javanese half. For he feels the primitive life which he depicts. He feels the beauty of the naked man who goes forth early in the morning to acquire the day's dinner.

For the rest, let the pictures speak for themselves. There is something in them which you will not find in the work of the hundred-percent European who has visited those distant parts with pictorial intent. But it is so incredibly difficult to present a new and unknown man to our public. The vicious circle says, "No exhibitions without fame;" and how can fame come to a man who lives in the smallest

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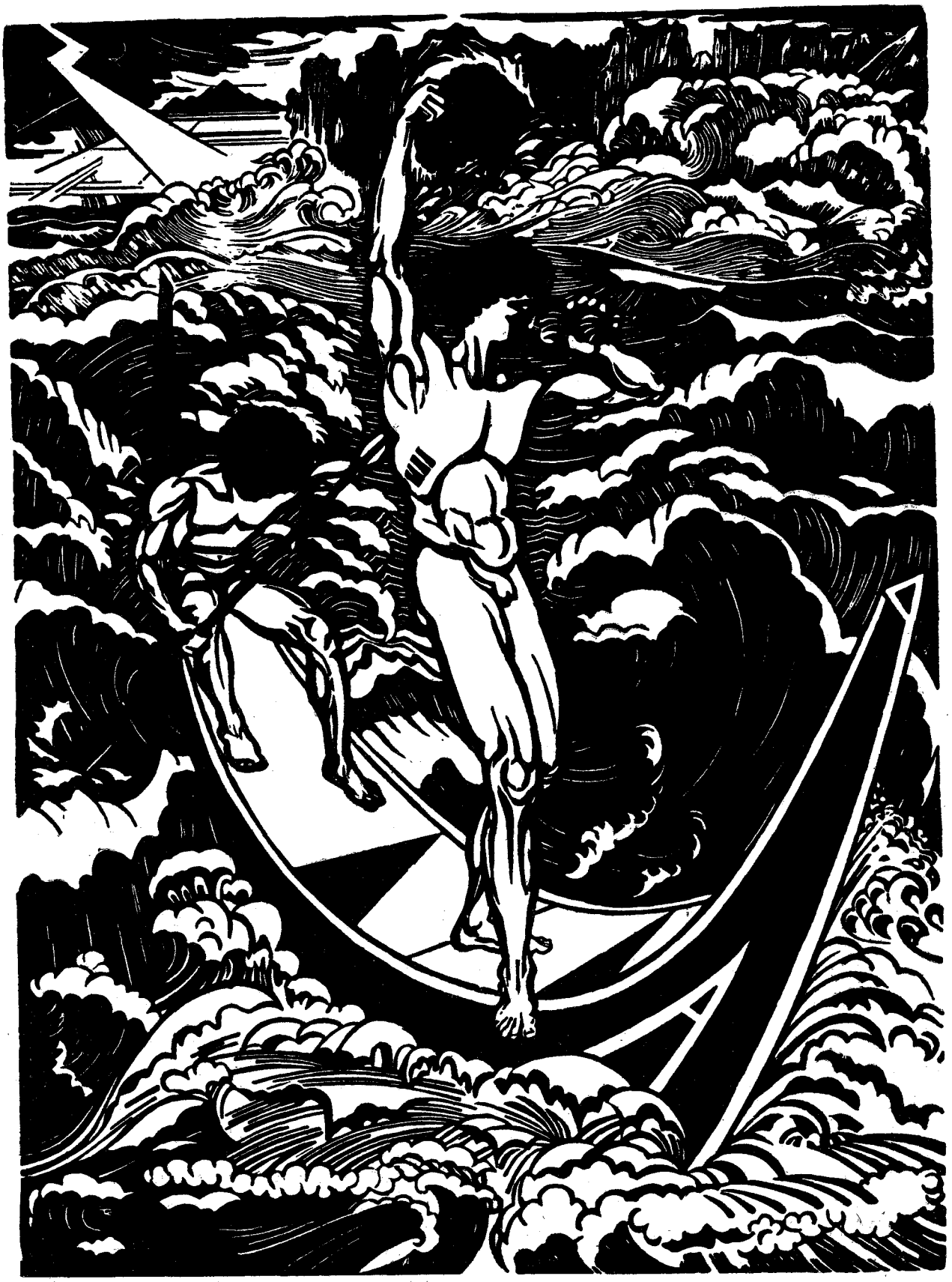

The Conqueror

and remotest village of the Low Countries and who rarely does anything more exciting than beat me at chess? And Heaven knows that is no difficult feat. But here is his work, and with him, certainly, the man *is* his work.

— HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

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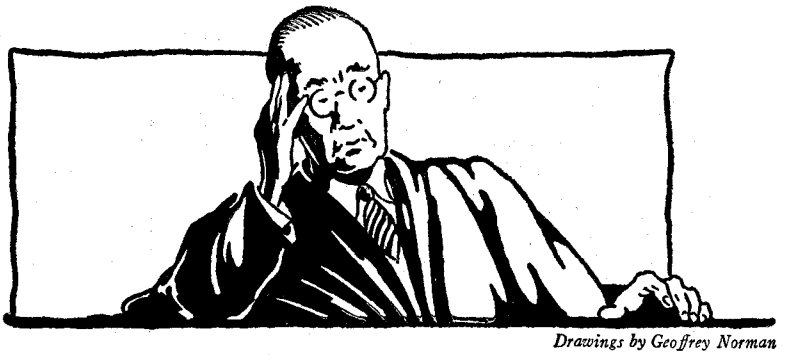
BEFUDDLED Justice



Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

A Survey of the Lower Courts

by THOMAS COMPERE

CHARLES FAWCETT lounged confidently in the prisoner's dock. The irony of the petty proceedings amused him. What did it matter if the evidence being adduced against him was damaging? It was comforting to have something on Arnold Rothstein, who was then at the zenith of his notorious career as master gambler and financier to Manhattan's underworld. Didn't Rothstein take care of his cheap pawns who knew too much, as well as some useful city officials and politicians? Then, too, there was the gossip going the rounds beneath Broadway's criminal scum that the magistrate had secretly accepted a twenty-thousand-dollar loan from Rothstein to use in stock market speculation.

"I saw the defendant in the act of pushing the register drawer closed, with his hands full of money, and he just put that in his pockets as I was looking in," the witness continued.

The hum of whispering in the courtroom ceased. The polyglot gathering of bail bond runners, witnesses, lawyers, morbidly curious loafers, and policemen listened attentively.

"I object to the latter part of the statement." Rothstein's friend and attorney, who was defending Fawcett, was taking no chances.

Magistrate Albert H. Vitale either crossed his fingers at justice or was curiously hard of hearing. He ordered the vital testimony stricken from the record. The arresting officer, who later stated in an affidavit that Fawcett had confessed the robbery to him, was not called to the stand. The case was dismissed. Witnesses to the judicial travesty no doubt stared skeptically at the big American flag that hung as a symbol of justice back of the magistrate.

Fawcett disappeared quickly. Magistrate Vitale completed the brazen cycle three days later, on August 16, 1928, by signing an order which provided that the $79.31 found on Fawcett should be returned to the owner of the invaded shop. Film forms quickly over thin justice in a magistrate's court. The record of the proceedings was buried without comment. It was merely one of the half a million cases which are speeded annually through the lower courts in New York City. Vitale's exposure and punishment came more than eighteen months later as a result of a sequence of amazing events.

THE BIG PARADE

THE FAWCETT case does not stand alone. Damning as it may seem, justice is throttled frequently in a similar manner in city courts throughout the country. The people, for whom the courts are conducted, supposedly hold the reins that regulate the procedure; but the average American citizen cares little about running anything but his business and his automobile. One thing is certain, however. Someone must fiddle for the dance. The politicians have

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obligingly assumed that duty. Punch and Judy shows, making justice in the minor courts a willy-nilly thing — occasionally good, usually half-tempered, and often corrupt — have been the result.

The vast importance of these lesser tribunals is seldom realized. The lower courts, known usually as police or magistrates' courts, form the foundation of our judicial system. Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, has said that upon the minor courts rests the burden of all our legal institutions. Approximately seven million persons are haled annually as defendants into these lower courts of the United States. The most cautious and law-abiding citizen is likely at any time to be summoned before a magistrate or police judge to explain some petty infraction of our complex laws.

The physical machinery of these courts varies slightly in different cities, but the nature of their work and their relation to the higher units of the judiciary is the same everywhere. Virtually all violators of state and city laws are arraigned or tried in these tribunals. Less than ten per cent of such cases ever reach a higher court. The magistrate is judge in most misdemeanor cases and must conduct examinations of felony charges. It is left to his discretion whether or not the defendants accused of serious offenses should be held for the grand jury. In large cities the first stratum of the judiciary is divided into specialized sections, such as district, traffic, family, women's, homicide, and night courts. A single police judge in a small town deals with the many diverse problems which are analyzed in the more specialized courts in larger cities.

The magistrate or police judge in any locality is called on daily to solve a hodgepodge of troubles created by an adolescent civilization. An old woman, warped by excessive labor, appeals to him to make her tippling husband behave. Two girls tell the court that they took pretty things from a department store. (Their jobs pay eighteen dollars a week.) A dozen youths, grinning sheepishly, confess to shooting dice. A Russian Jew babbles incoherently. An interpreter says the foreigner pleads not guilty to cluttering a fire escape with refuse. The immigrant is made a loyal American or a confirmed rebel by the manner in which his case is conducted. The stakes in a city court are frequently higher than the records on the docket indicate.

"Two dollars or two days." "Held for the grand jury." "Discharged." "Case adjourned." The magistrate has the last word. It is all in the routine of the business. The parade of naked human troubles writhes forward.

A college professor is brought before the bench. He was caught smoking in a street car. A stockbroker is next. He spent money that belonged to his clients. Two irate storekeepers occupying the same shop insist that the dividing line in the store be determined by the court. A thug shuffles to the dock. He stabbed a man in a speakeasy brawl. Someone whispers to the magistrate. Trucks roar in the street below. Two women in ermine coats claim the same Pekingese. Each woman swears she has owned the dog since he was a puppy. Spectators titter as the frowzy animal sniffs haughtily at the magistrate. A clerk pounds for order. A publisher is accused of distributing an obscene book. The magistrate pauses to thumb the disputed pages. A contractor is charged with arson.

A hurdy-gurdy of confusion accompanies it all. Clerks shout names of defendants and complainants. Arresting officers sift through the crowd to round up witnesses. Newspaper photographers wrangle for advantageous positions back of the bench. Bail bondsmen whisper to men in the detention pen. Fixers softly offer their services. A baby cries and is carried to the hallway. Lawyers jockey against each other over technicalities. Little time for reflection is afforded the magistrate. The pressure through his judicial clinic is terrific. Back and forth the shuttles move, weaving a dark but fascinating pattern around the robed figure on the bench.

Rough Justice

In no other court does the personal equation operate so freely, from the standpoints of both the magistrate and the accused. It is only natural that the magistrate should judge by the light of his own knowledge, traditions, and beliefs, since he is given great latitude in his decisions. Such freedom is abused frequently, resulting in the magistrates' wielding tyrannical power.

The case of frail Marian Weiss, fifteen years old, and her brother, David, seventeen, illustrates the extent to which a magistrate may give vent to his personal prejudices. The

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youths had been arrested in New York for soliciting funds for Communist strikers. Magistrate Sylvester Sabbatino remanded them to jail, where they were held *incommunicado* for three days. While there the girl, who was small for her age, mingled with hardened women. The law specified that she should have been placed in custody of the Children's Society, since she was not yet sixteen. After it had been found that the boy and girl could not be deported because of their radical beliefs, they were given another hearing before the magistrate.

David was outspoken in his adherence to the Communist creed. Perhaps he was a trifle impudent. Mr. Sabbatino crouched over the bench and retaliated by admonishing the youth as a "mongrel" and "moron," and requested that his mother make liberal use of a cat-o'-nine-tails. The magistrate's lesson in justice to young Weiss included the statement:

"What you need is for me to have you in a two-by-four room. What I wouldn't do for you! I'd blacken both of your eyes and give you some real American spirit. . . . It is too bad that this government has so much red tape that it makes it hard to get rid of people like you. Get out of this courtroom! You are not fit to be here."

The frightened girl cringed over the rail and grasped her mother's hand. Mrs. Weiss frowned at the representative of justice who so scathingly had assailed the personal beliefs of her children. She had moved here from Europe seeking the type of freedom which ostensibly is guaranteed by the Constitution.

Prison records show that a large percentage of the dangerous criminals in the United States are children of immigrants. Their respect for government has been annihilated. The gods of the old world are dead to them, and when by personal experience they find that the American system of justice is shrouded with tyranny, they become social atheists, enemies to all law. Patriotic speeches and flag waving are meaningless to most of them after they have received harsh and unconstitutional treatment in the courts.

Mrs. Helen Browne was the victim of an even more serious type of injustice. She had been summoned to explain why she had not taken her pet dog to the health authorities to be examined. The hubbub in the courtroom was greater than usual. Mrs. Browne became confused and somewhat excited in giving her testimony.

Magistrate David Hirshfield whacked the bar lustily with his gavel, and ordered attendants to remove Mrs. Browne to the psychopathic ward in Kings County Hospital, Brooklyn. A nerve specialist examined her four days later and pronounced her sane. She accused Mr. Hirshfield of abuse of power, and the Brooklyn Bar Association began an investigation of the magistrate's conduct.

Every person in this republic faces the possibility of being made the object of similar mandatory action as long as magistrates and police court judges are permitted to exercise their whims and eccentricities in court at the expense of the defendants. Many magistrates are extremely severe in their treatment of certain types of prisoners. Their denunciations are reminiscent of those once bellowed by the judges in Old Bailey to prisoners they had sentenced to death for stealing calico or pigs. There is no doubt that public respect for the entire judiciary is impaired by such abortive and premature declarations.

Chances in Chancery

Another cause for the loss of confidence in the courts is the obvious difference in decisions by magistrates in similar cases. The existence of that condition places justice in the lower courts on a plane little higher than lottery. The element of chance which the defendant faces in regard to the severity of sentence is demonstrated clearly in the traffic court.

The usual fine for speeding in Manhattan varies from twenty-five to fifty dollars for a first offender who does not have political connections. Without warning, one magistrate sentenced eleven persons to jail in one day for driving their cars at giddy speeds varying from twenty-three to forty miles an hour. They were also fined from twenty-five to one hundred dollars each. The prisoners were handcuffed together and taken to the Tombs. A wealthy candy manufacturer was linked between a machinist and a stock clerk. He was forced to pass two days in jail and pay a fifty dollar fine. Such sporadic flurries of judicial zeal cause one to wonder why it is a greater crime to exceed twenty miles an hour on one day than on another.

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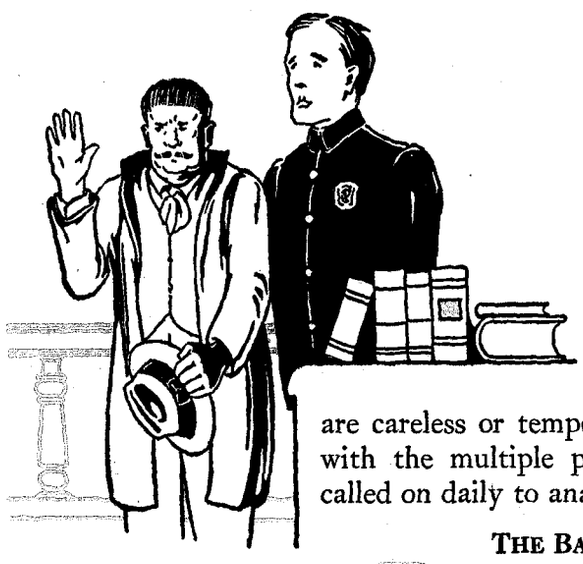
Similar discrepancies in the conduct of parallel cases abound in other cities. The Illinois Crime Survey reported that there "is a distinct fluctuation" in the policies of various judges. One Municipal Court judge in Chicago was said to have held for the criminal court only ten per cent of the felony cases which came before him. Another jurist, presiding in the same tribunal, held forty-eight per cent of the defendants arraigned before him on serious charges. These figures explain in a large measure Chicago's unenviable standing in the crime statistics. The deduction made by the staff which conducted the survey was that "such surprising deviations from the normal suggest that unquestionably certain judges should be excused from the criminal bench entirely."

One magistrate held Louis Nichols, a waiter, and Samuel Barbera, proprietor of a club, for a hearing on charges of disorderly conduct for drinking liquor in public in New York City. By so doing, he ruled that the flexible disorderly conduct ordinance could be stretched to cover the case. The examination was adjourned and came before Magistrate Joseph E. Corrigan. In dismissing the defendants, Mr. Corrigan said:



"Regardless of the arid aspirations of anyone, there is no ground for the charge. The police here have no right to arrest any person taking a drink anywhere he pleases. It is the job of the Federal officers to enforce prohibition."

Thousands of conflicts arise annually in the interpretation of just what constitutes disorderly conduct. Likewise, magistrates differ sharply in regard to the veracity of policemen and detectives as witnesses. Magistrate Corrigan once asserted that the complaining officer in a gambling case that appeared before him should be charged with perjury. He dismissed the twenty-three prisoners and ordered the patrolman to return the dollar he had won on side bets from the defendants in a billiard parlor. The testimony showed that the policeman had taken the money when he won and refused to pay when he lost.

Magistrate George W. Simpson, a veteran member of the judiciary in New York City, asserted that "in my years of experience on the bench, I never have known a patrolman or detective to tell an untruth on the witness stand." The opinion given by Mr. Simpson is the one that is held by most magistrates and police judges. The word of a policeman is taken almost invariably in preference to that of a layman, regardless of his reputation in the community.

The records in all lower courts are cluttered with contradictory opinions and decisions by judicial officials. They show conclusively that the ideal of uniform justice in the minor courts is a myth, and will remain so as long as some police court judges and magistrates continue to distort their judgments with personal bias. Many magistrates are unfit for the bench because of weakness of character or lack of training and ability. Others are careless or temperamentally unfit to deal with the multiple problems which they are called on daily to analyze.

The Bar Sinister

Ruth St. Clair, titian-haired shoplifter, was the beneficiary of flagrant judicial carelessness when she was arraigned before Magistrate Mark Rudich. Mrs. St. Clair was at her best as she walked before the bar. Her luxurious hair fell in folds about her pallid face. A dose of morphine had temporarily erased the sharp lines that usually curved from the corners of her hazel eyes. The woman's record of ten arrests and numerous convictions was appended to the complaint. The magistrate fingered the papers in an absent-minded way. The prisoner appeared indifferent while witnesses testified that they had caught her attempting to take a dress from a Brooklyn shop. Mr. Rudich cut the testimony short and dismissed the complaint.

A peep into the curious aspects of the case was afforded the public when the complainant

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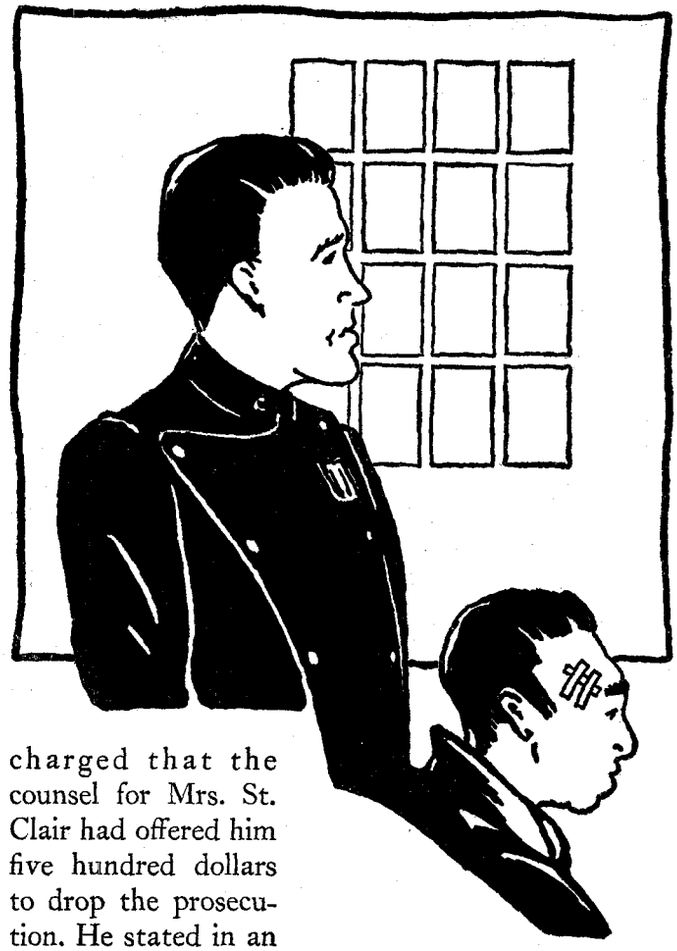

charged that the counsel for Mrs. St. Clair had offered him five hundred dollars to drop the prosecution. He stated in an affidavit that he was told before the disposition of the shop-lifting charges that he should have taken the money, because "it had been fixed" anyway.

Mr. Rudich's term expired two months after the St. Clair hearing. John H. McCooey, Tammany boss of Brooklyn, and other politicians came to his aid. The Brooklyn Bar Association exonerated him of corruption, but reprimanded him for indiscretions and errors. Meanwhile Mrs. St. Clair was arrested for another theft. About the time Mr. Rudich was reappointed by Mayor Walker for a ten-year term at an annual salary of twelve thousand dollars, she was sentenced to life imprisonment under the Baumes Laws as a fourth offender.

Guilty defendants who plainly are anti-social and menaces to society, as was Mrs. St. Clair, are dismissed daily in almost every American city. The New York State Crime Commission reported that more than sixty per cent of the felony cases in New York City are dismissed annually in the magistrates' courts. A slightly lower ratio exists in Chicago, Cleveland, and other cities where surveys have been made.

One of the major reasons for this defective dispensation of justice is the speed with which nearly all of these city courts operate. Federal Judge William S. Kenyon, a member of President Hoover's National Commission on Law Enforcement and Observance, timed one of the lower courts in the District of Columbia and found that twenty-seven cases were disposed of in one hour. He asserted that the time allotted to each case was not sufficient to safeguard the rights of all parties concerned. As many as sixty felony and misdemeanor cases have been rushed through a district court in New York City in a single hour.

The practice in many of the inferior tribunals is to try cases collectively, especially for traffic violations and gambling. An example of this was the case of John Fullan and twelve other young men who were arraigned in a New York City court on charges of shooting dice. The defendants were herded from the bull pen to the bar. Sixty seconds later they were pronounced guilty and sentences suspended. Not one of them spoke and no effort was made to find out whether some of the youths were innocent, or if they were habitual offenders.

Comedies of Error

The magistrate is frequently required to stem the crush of cases before him long enough to determine the solution to a social riddle. The happiness of a family or the future usefulness of a youth may depend on his decision. The magistrate must understand more than law. He must possess a penetrating understanding of human nature. Some magistrates temper their nerve-wracking tasks with kindness.

Magistrate Maurice H. Gotlieb is in charge of a large fund which he expends to aid poor families of criminals whom he sentences to jail. A man was brought before him and adjudged insane by physicians. The defendant's wife pleaded that her children were without food and sufficient clothing. Magistrate Gotlieb declared a recess in Tombs Court, gave the woman money, and made arrangements to purchase clothing for her children. Her husband was removed to the psychopathic ward in Bellevue Hospital for treatment.

A Negro admitted to a police court judge

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in Memphis that he had stolen a ham on Christmas Day. The judge achieved an unusual result — he satisfied all parties concerned. The Negro was told that it was bad taste to steal food on Christmas. The judge then paid the complainant for the purloined meat, and told the Negro he would send him to the rock pile for a month if he did not hurry home and enjoy the feast.

Russell Rodgers, fifteen years old and sophisticated, stood before the bar in a Chicago court. The charge was drunkenness. Judge Lupe looked at the lad and said there must be some mistake. A well-dressed woman arose from the first tier of seats.

"No," she said. "He is my boy. He came home drunk. Russell told me all the boys at the high school get drunk."

The boy's sentence was not to drink again until he was twenty-one. Russell promised solemnly and left the courtroom holding his mother's arm. The system of informality in the city courts often gives rise to impromptu little dramas from life. They range from tragedy to slapstick.

A lower court judge in a small Texas city set a mark for the unusual that would be difficult for even a magistrate of the old school to top. The ancient courtroom was crowded with impatient people when he took the bench late one Monday. His eyes were bloodshot, his jowls puffed. The clerk had hardly concluded calling the court to order when the judge swayed to his feet and gruffly called his own name as the first case. The charge was intoxication. He staggered to the dock. The bewildered spectators, sensing that history was being made, reverently maintained silence. An attendant aided the honest but groggy jurist back to the bench. The verdict was guilty. An astonished clerk accepted a fine of five dollars and the next case was called.

A belligerent and impulsive defendant was brought into Jamaica Court, Long Island. He had been arrested three times for assault. The order of the court was to "go fight Gene Tunney" next time.

A man was accused in a Brooklyn court of fastening a guy rope about a sapling while helping to hoist a piano to an upper story window. The magistrate recited a quotation from Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," and dismissed the charge.

Such unusual treatment of cases relieves the tension in magistrates' courts, and, occasionally, may serve the purposes of justice; but on the whole it is not conducive to fostering respect for the judiciary. Also, the physical environment of most of the lower courtrooms does not tend to reinforce impressions of the sanctity of justice. A majority of the district courts in New York City are housed in antiquated, poorly ventilated old buildings. Few of them are fireproof. The most crowded court in the city, and perhaps the busiest tribunal in the country, Manhattan Traffic Court, is obviously a fire trap. Similar conditions prevail in nearly all city courts. The low estate of some of these courtrooms can be vizualized from the following description of one of the Municipal Courts in Chicago as given by the Illinois Crime Survey:

"It is housed inadequately, considering the amount of business that it must dispose of. When the court is in session in the morning, the room is crowded almost to suffocation. The noise is very great. On one side of the room is a runway fenced in by wire which, in a very inadequate way, separates the prisoners coming from their cells from the people in the room. There is no reason why communication cannot be carried on between prisoners and visitors and articles passed through from the latter to the former. The section before the bench is jammed with policemen, lawyers, bondsmen, reporters, detectives, visitors, curious and genuinely interested — men, women and children, young and old, rich and poor, vicious and innocent. . . . The smoke is always thick. There is much loud talking, whispering and expectorating. . . . It is probable that many cases are dismissed for want of prosecution because the complaining witness fails to hear the case called."

Occasionally some person in the audience takes advantage of the confusion to filch a pocketbook or an article of clothing. Nathaniel Feinstein, wearing a two hundred and fifty dollar raccoon coat, went into a district court in New York City to defend a Negro longshoreman on a charge of disorderly conduct. Feinstein won the case. When he returned to his chair, his coat was missing. With such irregular conditions as these prevailing, it is only natural that the courts should continue to lose caste.

A malignant liaison between some judges

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and politicians, which sometimes extends to the underworld, has contributed largely to the breakdown of efficiency in the minor courts. Political leaders, who obtain the appointment or election of magistrates and police court judges, look to the judicial officials for favors. It means the purchase of votes and power by the simple process of placing justice on the auction block.

The Vitale Affair

Some judges are so active politically that their records are dragged into the slime in municipal election campaigns. It was under such circumstances that the Rothstein-Vitale loan was made public in September, 1929, when Vitale was campaigning in the Bronx for Tammany Hall. The transaction was linked with the Fawcett case after bandits staged what police called a "fake robbery" at a dinner given for the magistrate on December 7th last, by an Italian Democratic Club.

Vitale's associates had gathered at the dinner to honor him for his success as a political boss. The tables had been cleared and the wine poured. Vitale arose to speak. Seven young men with leveled pistols interrupted him. They escaped leisurely with nearly five thousand dollars in cash and jewelry. The magistrate's six-hundred-dollar diamond ring was overlooked, and his watch was spurned by the thieves. Several hours after the robbery, Magistrate Vitale returned a revolver taken by the bandits from Detective Arthur C. Johnson, one of the guests. The magistrate declined at that time to explain how he came into possession of the pistol. Police Commissioner Grover A. Whalen said that seven men with police records had dined in the room with the magistrate, and that some of the stolen jewelry was returned by the thieves.

Police executives then made the stunning charge that the robbery had been a frame-up planned by Ciro Terranova, gang leader of Harlem, to regain possession of an agreement he was said to have signed with Chicago gunmen, calling for the payment of twenty thousand dollars for the killing of Frank Uale, alias Frankie Yale, former Brooklyn underworld leader, and Frank Marlow, Broadway racketeer. The Chicago agent was said to have been invited to the dinner, and the incriminating document taken from him during the robbery.

The attention of the public was aroused by the startling accusations. Vitale's record was scrutinized and the Fawcett case uncovered. A petition charging him with corruption was filed by the Association of the Bar of the City of New York before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. Vitale was removed from office by the high court — the first New York City magistrate to receive such punishment in thirty years.

Many judges are said to reach the lower court benches by paying politicians large sums of money. Magistrate Andrew Macrery's term expired in August, 1929. Six days after his reappointment, he died suddenly. It was asserted in a political speech that because he had declined to pay thirty thousand dollars for his reappointment, he had been beaten so badly that his death resulted.

Widespread credence has been given to such allegations because of the structure of the minor court system. It is founded on partisan politics, regardless of whether the magistrates and judges are appointed or elected. Data from many sections of the country indicate that such conditions flourish in every large city, and to a lesser degree in small towns. Dr. Raymond Moley of Columbia University, who has conducted official inquiries into the city courts of Chicago, Cleveland, and other cities, said that a "non-partisan judge would be such a novelty that he would be looked upon with suspicion and even anger."

Indicted on Ten Counts

One of the fundamental causes for the spread of lawlessness is the faulty dispensation of justice in the lower courts. That branch of the judiciary is of vital importance because a majority of citizens derive their only personal contacts with the agencies of government in the inferior courts and from policemen. A detailed analysis of the procedure followed in these tribunals has made clear several general facts, which apply especially to cases where defendants without criminal records are charged with minor offenses. They are the following:

1. Decisions rendered are frequently founded on personal prejudices. This is true especially in New York City in cases of radicals, and in

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the Southern states when Negroes are involved.

2. The cases are speeded so rapidly through the courts that it is difficult to obtain a fair hearing.

3. Many of the magistrates and judges are temperamentally unfit for their work. Others play politics and are corrupt.

4. The process of Americanization of many foreigners is retarded by the unfair treatment meted out to them in the courts.

5. The informal procedure followed gives rise to much buffoonery, and often to the perpetration of injustices.

6. The prisoner with money has a better chance of obtaining a fair verdict than a poor defendant, and an educated person has an advantage over an illiterate one in the courts.

7. Magistrates differ greatly in their decisions in similar cases.

8. A person with political connections, or strong backing from any such organization as a powerful newspaper, has a much greater opportunity to obtain a dismissal of charges than a defendant without similar aid.

9. The prisoners are usually at the mercy of corrupt bail bondsmen, lawyers, court attendants, and policemen, who work in collusion in their graft.

10. The physical environment of nearly all of the minor courts is unwholesome.

From these sweeping indictments, which apply to the lower courts in nearly all American cities, it is obvious that John Citizen draws a long-shot ticket when he goes into an inferior court seeking justice. However, the picture is not all in charcoal. Some magistrates and judges are honest, intelligent, and have a deep insight into the problems of society. These judges render a remarkable number of just verdicts, and occasionally flavor the sordid proceedings with an original proverb or a squib of intelligent humor. Anything may happen in a magistrate's court.

Joseph Dunninger, vaudeville mind reader, was summoned into Manhattan Traffic Court on a charge of improperly parking his car.

"Can you tell me what is on my mind now?" asked the magistrate.

Dunninger assumed his professional pose, made gestures, and stared searchingly at the man on the bench.

"You're thinking," he replied, "'Don't park your car near theaters in the rush hour. Five dollars or two days.'"

"Correct," whispered the magistrate.

"You see, your honor," Dunninger parried, "I should have studied hypnotism."

That bit of stage play in traffic court was not altogether unfitting. Daily there are innumerable depressing events in that busy tribunal, where as many as 1750 persons have been judged in a single day. Confusion prevails. Occasionally women faint. Motorists are lined up like cattle and fined wholesale. Many innocent defendants plead guilty rather than stay in the dank atmosphere long enough to obtain a hearing.

The traffic court problem becomes more vital every day, since every driver of an automobile is likely at any time to be summoned to explain a traffic violation. It is an issue of national importance, the solution of which will add materially to the happiness and security of nearly every citizen. This complex subject will receive separate and comprehensive treatment in a subsequent article.

Next month Mr. Compere will submit a vivid report on the Traffic Courts.

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Woodcuts by A. I. Kravchenko

Bourgeois Days

The PROFESSOR

These Russians III

by WILLIAM C. WHITE

I

"He is in charge of a large laboratory and teaches physics at the university," said a friend in Paris. "He likes foreigners and he helped me very much when I was there."

"Anti-Soviet?"

"I don't think so. His work absorbs him and he doesn't care much for politics. He was wealthy before the revolution, and a Socialist. But when I saw him last, in 1925, he said nothing that would label him. His wife, of course. . . . By the way, will you carry some coffee to him? That will be better than a letter of introduction. He writes that he can't get it there."

So I went to his apartment the first afternoon in Moscow. It was July, 1927. A woman across the hall told me that the professor and his family were at their summer cottage, ten miles from the city.

Eventually I found it, standing amid pine woods, near the Moskva River. A group of women sat on the porch around a steaming samovar. One of them greeted me in perfect English.

"We expected you. You have the coffee? Thank you. Will you please go now? Vladimir Alexeitch has been 'sitting' (in jail) for two months and only came out yesterday. He will notify you later if he can see you."

Two months later he wrote inviting me to his lectures. "I should have come to your house before, but I did not want to," he said. "My family is opposed to my seeing you. The government is very suspicious about our contacts with foreigners; I 'sat' two months, a little while ago, when the Communists broke with England, just because I knew an Englishman connected with their mission." He invited me to come Sunday to tea.

II

His study was lined with books. There were more books and boxes, trunks and mattresses in the dark, narrow corridor. He

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apologized. "In America your professors do not live like this? I have been very lucky to keep half of my former apartment. Chiefly because of my books. The Government Library wants them, but they have no place as yet to put them. Of course, we are a bit crowded. We have most of the furniture for the whole apartment in these four rooms. Then my wife is here; also her sister and a cousin of mine and his wife. And friends sometimes stay with us when they have nowhere else to go."

Tea was very formal, even a trifle stilted, as if the relatives considered this new foreigner only as a potential source of danger for Vladimir Alexeitch. It was I who was questioned. They asked a great deal about America —how high was the "Vollvort" Building, how many cars did Ford make a day? (His autobiography was then selling by thousands in Russia.) And how much do things cost in America — rooms, silk stockings? And finally, "And how do you like Russia by this time?"

"I think it is very interesting," I answered carelessly. There was a painful halt in the conversation.

As I was leaving, Vladimir Alexeitch took me into his study. "I should like to see you frequently — I must have contacts abroad. But you must be very careful here. No — not for yourself; the government is too eager to keep a good reputation in America — it will harm none of you. But you must be careful whom you see — for *their* sake. Communists, workers, and peasants you can see as much as you like. Among the intelligentsia, however, there is great fear of the consequences of contact with foreigners. It is too bad, but it is so. We are not against the proletariat, but because we are not of it the Communists regard us always as potential enemies." He smiled bitterly.

"The government is suspicious of all close contacts except those for business — and the GPU (the secret police) is everywhere. Yet I must keep in touch with more than merely the scientific developments in the world outside. Have you any magazines or new books?"

III

THE REVOLUTION came early to the universities. Some of the professors went abroad. Those who remained were divided into two classes: those whose subjects could have no possible political bearing, and those whose subjects — history, politics, economics — had to be taught on the basis of the new class philosophy. The first group continued teaching; the most famous of the second group were pensioned, the others dismissed, and a new school of professors arose — the "Red professors." These were chiefly younger men, members of the Party or in sympathy with its philosophy.

At the same time "class consciousness" was applied in admitting students. Entrance examinations were continued, but equally important was the examination into the student's social origin. Was he the son of proletarian or peasant parents, or from the bourgeoisie? For the latter there were and are no places in the higher schools. Some creep in through various subterfuges, but there is an annual "cleanout" to detect those with bourgeois backgrounds parading under proletarian colors. Further, Communist Party committees (or, more usually in the universities, Young Communist League committees) were given a large share in the management of the university — no less than the faculty.

"Every year," said Vladimir Alexeitch, "our work becomes more difficult. Every year the Communist Party reaches out for greater control. There was a time when the professors who help determine entrance qualifications could make mental attainment the basis for admittance to the university; now a Communist Party committee meets with the professors, and it has more power than we have. Of course a good Communist — 'his father from the plow, his mother from the loom' — even if dumb as a cork, is preferred to the bright son of a former bourgeois. The bourgeois are all evil; the proletariat are the children about to be shown the light. . . .

"Have you seen *Faust* here? They even get their class philosophy into that. In the third act Faust sings an aria about the power of evil in this world. The libretto at the Moscow Opera reads, "Now Faust sings — about the power of Capitalism in this world.'"

He questioned me about the professors I had met. Most of them, teaching politics and law, were, of course, Red professors.

"Loud-speakers for the Communists — that's their profession. They have no claim to scholarship — their idea is to cull anthologies

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from Lenin and Marx, to rewrite each other's books and theories, to issue needless pot-boilers. It all pays pretty well — books like *The Peasant on the Way to Socialism*, *Lenin on Disarmament*, Lenin on practically everything. They say some medical student wanted to offer as a thesis, 'Lenin on Appendicitis.' . . .

"The title 'professor' used to mean here what it still means in Germany; it does yet, to some extent, in science and medicine. But in other fields those of us who aren't Reds are watched closely for any 'counter-revolutionary' manifestations. They haven't troubled me; I have my teaching and the government is helping me build a laboratory. With its limited means the government does its best for science. Besides, it is pretty difficult to be counter-revolutionary in physics. . . .

"Yet one colleague got into trouble not long ago when he said that history shows everything to be transient, and that it is impossible to say that one form of social structure or one set of institutions is any better than any other. 'What of the dictatorship of the proletariat?' a student asked. 'Pff!' was the answer that got him into hot water. . . .

"You can even offend the powers that be in art. A year ago a professor was invited to contribute to a symposium in honor of one of our great artists, planned and published by some Russian émigrés in Berlin. He sent an article. The Soviet papers demanded his trial for this 'contact with the enemy.' He nearly lost his position and had to promise never to do it again."

"But do such instances occur frequently?" I asked.

"No, not frequently. But they always *can* occur. We must always be careful."

IV

"Some of my colleagues have done great research — all the greater if you consider the atmosphere we work in. And we work loyally, those of us whom they allow to work. After all, we believe Communism is a passing phase. Russia will find herself. They need us here — we are few. We have our work. Thankful for having that, we ask no more. Oh yes, we *must* work; it is the one firm rock left for us. I sometimes put in fifteen hours a day at the new laboratory. It would be easier if we had more money, but we are very poor. Our wages — two hundred and twenty-five rubles a month (one hundred and twelve dollars). By writing I can earn three hundred more."

"Yes, and what happens to a lot of it?" asked Natalya Ivanovna, his wife, as she brought in the tea. "You must contribute to state funds — for homeless children, for class-war prisoners. And then bonds!"

"Your American universities don't make their professors buy state bonds each year, do they? Here the state issues a new loan. Every institution has a drive, conducted by the Communists in that institution. Names are posted of those who have not subscribed, so you subscribe 'voluntarily.' The goal is to have everyone subscribe one month's income."

"But can't you sell the bonds back?"

"Usually, but a new loan is being announced now in which we can't. Selling bonds at will is called a 'bourgeois custom.' . . .

"But the biggest difficulty is with *valuta* (foreign currency). The bank used to let me exchange fifty rubles each month for dollars and send them to my sister in Geneva. A lot of us have to support relatives abroad. Now they are short of foreign money and refuse to exchange anything, except five dollars a month for books and magazines. Of course, my laboratory has an account and we get many foreign scientific periodicals. But what books and newspapers can I buy for five dollars a month? Do you receive any foreign newspapers? Here we see only foreign Communist papers. And the Moscow papers. . . ."

"I haven't read a Russian paper since 1918," said Natalya Ivanovna. "They were right who said, 'In *The News* there is no truth and in *The Truth* there is no news.'" She changed the subject abruptly — "You can go to church in America as you wish, can't you?"

"My wife is very religious," Vladimir Alexeitch explained, without expression.

"What else is there to hold to? If you like church music, you should go to the church at Nikitsky Gate. The opera singers are in the choir there. No Chaliapin, of course. He's getting rich in America, isn't he?"

"Tell about last Easter, Nalya."

"Oh yes. The Communists tried their usual anti-Easter campaign. To keep the choir from getting to the midnight service on Saturday, they scheduled *Boris Goudinov*, which plays from seven-thirty till half past twelve. Yet,

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when the service began, the choir was in its place. They had taken the opera at presto tempo, cut all the intermissions — and finished at eleven sharp. The Communists cannot destroy the church, no matter what foolish things they do, any more than they can destroy Russia. The Russian soul is religious."

"You are wrong, Nalya. There is no such thing as 'the Russian soul.' That is the invention of foreigners, who created it to explain what they could not understand."

"*Hospodi!* With all this propaganda against the church? Who opposes the church? Who runs the Atheists' Society? Jews, Jews, Jews. Always the Jews. They are in everything. . . ."

"Is there anti-Semitism in America, too? Here they tell the story of two Jews who met. One asked the other, 'Abram, who are the members of the Soviet in your village?' 'Well, there is Goldman, Cohen, Levy, Bernstein, and Ivanov.' 'Ivanov? A Russian?' 'Yes, a Russian.' 'Oi,' said the second, 'God knows how these Russians crawl in everywhere.'"

Barricades

Natalya Ivanovna did not laugh. Rather it seemed as if she shuddered. "To think that Russia should be fought for between a Jew (Trotsky) and a Georgian (Stalin)! That's what we have now come to."

"Well, you know what they say — 'One Jew is a *Nepman* (a private merchant). Two Jews are a trust. Three Jews are an opposition. One Georgian is a bootblack (as are most of Moscow's bootblacks). Two Georgians are a Caucasian restaurant (with which Moscow abounds). Three Georgians are a *Politburo* (controlling body of the Party).'"

"And one Russian?" I asked.

"Oh, one Russian is one fool. Two Russians are two fools. Three Russians are three fools."

"They are all fools! Will you have more tea? Fools! . . ." Natalya Ivanovna's eyes flashed.

"But what would you have us do, *milaya?*"

"We've delayed too long to do anything positive. But Russia still stands and Christianity still stands. Wait, wait. There will be a pogrom."

"Do you dream of it, Nalya?"

"When this damned system breaks, there will be a pogrom. You will be able to row on Jewish blood from Arbat Gate to Red Square."

"You see, Vasil Vasilitch, before the revolution there were very few Jews in Moscow, and those only by permission. They were a terribly persecuted people. There was a special district for them and there they had to remain. Many times we helped them — Jewish students, intelligentsia, you know. We pitied them."

"And what have we got for it? Now they are everywhere, running everything. It is all Jewish."

"Comrade Stalin isn't, my dear."

"What difference is there between a Georgian and a Jew? Wait, *amerikanyetz*, until trouble begins. The Jews are everywhere — a family in each apartment. And each apartment will have its own little pogrom. That will be the start."

"My dear, the great Russian fault has always been blaming things on the Jews. They are our great national excuse."

"But now everything is the fault of the Communists, and they are all Jews."

"My dear, not ten per cent are Jews."

"But the Jews control the whole system," she said triumphantly.

"*Golubchik*, you are like the sign in the kosher butcher shop. It was the anniversary of Lenin's death and the patriotic butcher hung the official banner in his window. It read, 'Lenin Is Dead but His Work Goes on.' It fell down and partly covered another sign already there. From the street, the sign in the window of that kosher store read, 'Lenin Is Dead but

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His Work Goes on . . . Under the Supervision of Rabbi Cohen.' Dear, please get us some more tea." Natalya Ivanovna nodded approval and left the room.

Vladimir Alexeitch began to pace the floor.

"It must be hard for you foreigners to understand us. We have each suffered differently from the revolution. And you must evaluate the whole mass of Russians to find out what is present-day Russia. Even then many of them would lie. My wife feels the social effects of the revolution. She belongs to the *bivshii lyudi* (the former people) or, in the new popular phrase, 'the decomposing elements.' Her father was a nobleman — bankrupt, of course, but a nobleman. She was educated as a nobleman's daughter: in music, foreign languages — she speaks good English, doesn't she? — and the social graces. Our marriage was looked upon as a step down for her, for my family had produced only scholars for four generations. All that is gone. Her friends are scattered and dead and the Communist evaluation of the social graces is less than zero. . . .

Sowing

"The one thing that was left was the church, and she clung to it. Many of her friends did not. Those of us who had little faith have lost that; those who had much have become fanatics. We have prayed long for deliverance — and what is the use? But for my wife it is everything."

"It is hard to make her views on pogroms coincide with her religion."

"But why not? She would not take personal part in the slaughter. I think she is right about the pogrom. It will come to herald the passing of this system. Go into the villages. There you will hear anti-Semitic remarks far more fiercely expressed than here. I spent a month in Ukraine some time ago. 'Are there many Jews in Moscow?' one peasant asked. 'Well,' he then replied, 'why don't you kill them when you've got them so neatly collected where they can't run?' . . .

"What is your delightful American phrase — 'bury the hatchet'? Well, in Russia it is hidden in the closet. The Communists know it — they are not always foolish. Why do they put up posters: 'Anti-Semitism Is a Bourgeois Prejudice. Anti-Semitism Is Counter-Revolutionary'? That is why a man who cried, '*Bay zhidov!*' (beat the Jews) in a street would be shot by morning, even if he were drunk. For a pogrom is the first form that a violent demonstration against the Communists will assume. . . .

"Yet, although the education of my wife may have been insufficient from the Communist point of view, there is one thing magnificent about it. Never once has she wanted to emigrate — not even in the worst days of 1919 and 1921. In those days the cities were starving, but there was food in the villages. With a bag and some trinkets, a watch, some petty jewelry, I would go perhaps five hundred miles from Moscow, trying to find some peasant who would take the watch in exchange for potatoes. Money, of course, was valueless. Sometimes I would be gone two weeks. Then, if I did find a bagful, I had to get a place on a train — on the roof, in the corridors, anywhere — and sit up to guard it. One time I managed to buy a side of a hog. While riding to Moscow on the roof of a carriage, a pair of lads smelled the pork. When no one was looking, they rolled me off the roof and stole the meat. Thank God the train was moving slowly. But the loss of that pork meant more to me than a broken arm and a cut face. . . .

"Some of your liberal professors would welcome a revolution, wouldn't they? Let them travel five hundred miles for potatoes. . . . Yet, through it all, Natalya Ivanovna never murmured about going abroad. Most of her friends had gone to Paris or Prague. We could have sneaked out somehow. Yet when I asked her, she said, 'No, anywhere else we would be strangers, foreigners. We shall stay here.'"

"And you?"

"Why should I leave? My work is here, and

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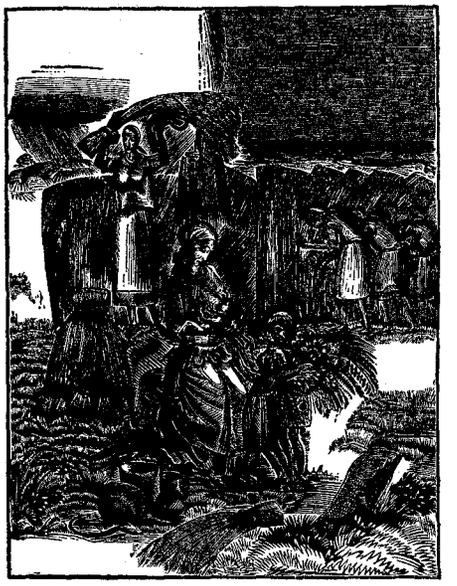
during those days we were thankful for our work. We worked harder than ever. It was our one surety. Here is my laboratory. I am terribly busy directing it. What could I do abroad? Without my work I should go out of my mind. I have not sold myself — I am not working for the Communists; I work for science. Communism is a phase. It will pass. Science continues. . . .

"All those Russians abroad are terribly homesick. They would give much just to hear the crackling voice of a Russian peasant once more. For a long time I thought Natalya Ivanovna despised the émigrés more than the Jews. 'Generals and Russian nobles!' She would say. 'Foreigners must think that pre-revolutionary Russia was peopled only with generals, princes, grand dukes, and Jewish fur merchants. Let them stay in Russia that bore them to suffer the pain that comes to nobles and generals — just as, before the revolution, they enjoyed the privileges.'"

He sighed very deeply. "Have you heard of the two men who met for the first time since 1917? 'Hello,' said one, 'how are you? By the way, how old are you now?' 'I'm thirty,' said the friend. 'Thirty? Why, you were thirty when the revolution began.' 'I know,' the friend said bitterly, 'but you don't count the ten years since the revolution as life, do you?'"

"But, Vladimir Alexeitch, wouldn't you like to go abroad for a visit?"

"I should — very much. The government sends some of us each summer. It is difficult, for there is little money and foreign travel requires foreign currency. There is work being done abroad that I should like to see. I was abroad each year till 1914. But now, now I am afraid to go. The effect of the contact, you know — your peaceful life. . . . No, it is better for me to stay here. I have my work. I must not think of going abroad. A friend of mine went abroad last year and stayed only a week. The difference between life there. . . . No, my work is here."



Harvest

V

I CALLED one evening, unexpected. Vladimir Alexeitch was not at home. His wife was entertaining three women. "Vladimir Alexeitch is very busy these days," she said. "He may be home at any minute." I was well known by now, so they continued their conversation, speaking in French. "The servants won't understand," she explained.

" . . . So they dumped all the furniture out into the courtyard, and where was she to go with her daughter?" one friend concluded.

"We are talking about *lishentsi* (the deprived)," said Natalya Ivanovna. "A school friend of ours has been deprived of her right to vote because her father owned an estate. You know, that means that she is branded as belonging to the 'undesirable element,' and has her food card taken from her. She loses her job too, and her rent goes up to a figure she can't pay. She lived in the smallest room of her former apartment, but the House Committee ordered her out, and also her daughter. And they dumped all their furniture and belongings out in the courtyard."

"But what will she do?"

"Her friends. . . . She will live here for a while, and her daughter will go to other friends. It is very hard. . . ."

"How long can this absurdity last! It is twelve years now," sighed one of the women.

"They say that Stalin is very sick with the 'Lenin disease' . . ."

"They say the GPU has arrested seven hundred this week. . . ."

"They say the Communists have taken down the Chudov Monastery in the Kremlin to give more room for their army. . . ."

"I heard they wanted the space so that they could land an airplane inside the Kremlin in case they had to flee. . . ."

"They say the bread ration will be decreased next month. . . ."

"I stood in line three hours yesterday for

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three meters of cotton cloth, and such trash! 'Is it any good?' I asked the clerk. 'Well, it's Soviet,' he said."

Vladimir Alexeitch came in. He spoke to his wife aside for several minutes, then excused himself. The women left soon after.

"Vladimir Alexeitch is much worried — you can see it, can't you?" said Natalya Ivanovna. "He is not a typical professor. He works loyally, as they all do; but when things displease him, he says what he thinks. If he were world-famous he could do that — he would be too valuable to touch. But there are other professors of physics. I am always afraid for him — for what he says, for the contacts he makes. *Akh*, this life of ours! How I envy you in America where all is quiet and peaceful! Tell me, how does it seem to you — will there be an end to this?"

I was noncommittal.

"But surely you've been here long enough to see that it isn't 'interesting,' as you described it the first time you came. Vivisection may interest the doctor, but not the dog. Their Five-Year Plan, their world revolution — all

(*Continued on page 64*)

What I Believe

Living Philosophies X

Drawings by Edgar Parin

***by* JULIA PETERKIN**

I

IT IS NOT EASY to discover within myself my credo, much less to put into words exactly what I believe concerning nature, or man, or the universe — for the simple reason that my old hopes and many of those pleasant faiths which became a part of my childhood persistently interfere whenever I try to make them stand aside or give place to my naked beliefs. And since my beliefs seem bent on hiding their starkness behind these gentler and more comforting things, it is no easy task to seize them and drag them out into the open. My reason has to make the utmost effort to force them to stand up calmly before me long enough to be seen and then to be adequately expressed.

My span of years up to now has been divided into two distinct halves so far as my beliefs are concerned. During the first half I was taught many most interesting things from the lips of those in whom I had complete trust. Along with the proprieties I was taught to believe that for me to become cultured and cultivated was the end and aim of my life, provided I could be good enough to merit eternal happiness in the life to come. My welfare in the next world was presented to me as a thing of enormous importance. I was convinced that even though I should succeed in gaining this whole world and yet lived so that I lost my soul in the next world, my whole existence would be far worse than futile. I was taught not only to pray but to believe that my prayers could avail much for me, and never to doubt that my happiness on earth and my eternal happiness beyond life depended chiefly on my accepting a multitude of things which I could in no way understand.

I dared not question the things which experts in beliefs and faiths had decided upon.

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I knew I had many blessings. I was protected from discomfort and ugliness and fear. My days were pleasant. I had no reason to complain of the scheme of which I was a living part, yet I knew that the members of my family who were doctors of medicine were far more interested in combating ills of the body than in the salvation of souls. Discussions which concerned health and disease often took place in my home, yet these discussions were always hushed when I began to listen, for I was a girl child, and girl children were thought to be better off when kept ignorant of certain matters which men — certainly men who were doctors — must inevitably know. I was encouraged to turn my attention toward more graceful interests, such as music or pictures or literature. Ignorance concerning the fundamental facts of life was believed to be better for me than knowledge.

XIX

WHEN my brother became a doctor, he often worked in the laboratory with a microscope and glass slides which held him entranced for hours. He was patient with my interruptions and generous enough to show me the difference between the rods and crescents which were patterns of malaria, and the delicate silken threads which were those of tuberculosis, until finally to recognize germs became for me a fascinating game. I shall never forget my thrill of excitement when I gazed through that microscope at a section of a cat's tongue which was cancerous. To me the word *cancer* was surely the most terrible word in the world — a word which was even more mysterious and deadly than *hell*.

One day a friend was extremely ill, and in my distress I followed my brother to the laboratory to ask what he thought about the probable outcome of that illness. He was busy with glass slides and the microscope and did not notice me until with an exclamation he said: "Here they are. Would you like to see them?" I looked and saw on the glass slide pairs of tiny black specks not very different from fly-specks. They were pneumonia germs, and before many days passed the relatives of those germs destroyed the life of my friend. Medical skill could not save him. Prayers did no good. Tears helped nothing. He was dead.

Then a faint suspicion rose in my heart that to the Creator those pneumonia germs were of as much account as the life of the human creature who had perished, and that he as an individual was gone forever, the same as the germs on that glass slide. My whole structure of faiths and beliefs crashed into a confused heap. Those specks which my eyes had seen through a microscope swept away all that I had been taught of theology. Even when a minister stood over the open grave into which all that was left of my friend was lowered and read the beautiful and solemn words, "Oh, death where is thy sting? Oh, grave where is thy victory?" they failed to drive from my mind certain cold, hard facts which stood clearly before me.

I resolved to find out as much of truth as I could, and, if possible, to be strong enough not to be crushed by it. My values had shifted and the second half of my life began.

When I came to this plantation to live, my whole physical world changed completely. My home was no longer in a town made up of paved streets and comfortable houses in neat rows, but was among wide fields which had for years been cleared from the forests. Here everyone was black except the few members of my own household. The current speech was different, the conventions were new and strange. Few of my old rules of living applied.

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But although life here was utterly different from the life I had known, I soon discovered that its current was just as strong and that it took no pains to conceal the facts of birth or love or death. People who could not read or write, who were utterly unacquainted with books, whose only use for newspapers was to paste them over the cracks in the cabin walls to hinder the wind as it whistled through, seemed to live quite happily in spite of what I regarded as their ignorance and immorality. They had never heard of germs, and many of them prayed to the sun.

III

HESTER is an old black woman who has been very kind to me, and one afternoon when I found her facing the west and going through the ceremony of her evening prayer to the setting sun, I watched and listened. I went into her cabin, but she did not pause, for the mistress of the plantation was to her as nothing before the sun — the master of the whole world.

I asked her many questions and she gave me very simple answers. She said that if the sun were to hide his face for the span of one short moon's shining, the whole world would grow cold and dark and the life upon it would die; yet perhaps if all the life in the whole world were dead and the sun should shine out again, its warmth and light could make life stir, so that trees and grass and beasts and birds and even men themselves might be born. That was why she prayed to the sun and thanked him every day for life. It sounded reasonable, and to this day I believe with Hester that the sun is the source of life in the world. I differ with her in the matter of praying to him, for I prefer to seek his sunshine instead.

In the matter of free will I also agree with Hester, although it humbles me greatly to think that I cannot make my own choices and have some little power over my own destiny. Hester laughs and points to the smoke which rises out of her cabin chimney and says that if the smoke could talk and I asked it why it climbs always upward and not downward, it would say, "I choose to climb upward and that is why I go up out of the chimney."

Hester says that smoke is born to be smoke and no praying or fasting or trying could ever make it become anything but smoke. In the same way men are men, trees are trees, all things are what they are. And they may as well be willing to stay what they are.

Hester knows the importance of heredity and she carefully saves the seed of her strongest plants for new planting and keeps the eggs of her best fowls for hatching. Since, like Hester, I believe that heredity is a law, I cannot think that strong children are born from weak parents, or good children from bad parents, any more than I can think that fields planted with seed from frail plants will yield good crops. Good bird dogs do not result from the breeding of poor-nosed or gun-shy sires and dams. Nor do children born of feeble, foolish, unhealthy parents become changed into strong, wise, sound children by medical means, education, moral training, or environment. No power has so far been found that can put brains into empty heads or that can make natural weakness into strength.

Men are born to be what they are as surely as automobiles are modeled into different types. If a car is a Rolls-Royce to start with, it must stay a Rolls-Royce for the rest of its existence. It may suffer from lack of proper

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care, lack of lubrication, be covered with mud, be broken and battered by misfortunes, but it remains a Rolls-Royce. If a car is made a Whippet, then a Whippet it is for the rest of its span of years. No amount of polishing or repainting or oiling can ever change it into a Rolls-Royce, although certainly it may prove a far more useful machine than an ill-cared-for, battered Rolls-Royce could ever be.

I do not believe that the care and pity given by the strong to the weak have helped civilization. If democracy gives morons and defectives an equal economic, political, social, and biological opportunity with better human beings, this fact alone is bound to make democracy destructive sooner or later, for heredity counts in men just as it counts in animals and trees and grass.

Men who succeed usually attribute their success to some special cause, such as hard work — some peculiar necessity or inspiration. They fail to mention where they came by that energy which drives them on, that will to power which they have inherited. Ancestor worship is not an ill-placed religion. Men are what they are by the law that controls the cells of germ reproduction, and not by weight of prayer or education.

And so heredity is a law of life, whether it deals with Presidents or asparagus, setter dogs or princes, and the chromosomes in those germ cells, which in time become adult human beings, inevitably behave according to a law which is as fixed as the law which governs the precision of solar systems; a law which can be influenced no more by hope, or sentiment, or prayer than by the charm worn on a string around the neck of a Gullah Negro.

IV

I HAVE no convictions whatever concerning the origin of the physical universe, and no idea at all how these stable, persistent, law-abiding cells which compose me and other living creatures became endowed with their burden of life. The whole process of creation, the entire creation of the inanimate and animate world, may be merely the outcome of mechanical force and action. I do not know. There is no way for me to find out. It does not seem to matter. It must be none of my affair or I'd be less helpless about my ignorance of the matter. At present my mind is certainly not disturbed over my ignorance. There are too many other interesting things about which I can satisfy my curiosity in some measure, and my days are too full of them to waste one minute over what the wisest of men have not yet discovered. But whatever the source of the universe is, I am sure it has come about through fixed laws.

I have no objection to the notion that matter is the parent of life and mind, or to the theory that electrons and electricity, life and mind, are all manifestations of one universal energy with its origin in the sun.

I cannot think that the beginning of life was an accident or a fortuitous event which occurred some millions of years ago. It is a phenomenon that repeats itself every day. Life creates. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end, amen. And life does not represent the entrance of a new form of energy into the universe, or a new series of laws, but is a step in the same old evolutionary process resulting from an energy which is limitless and ordered.

Many names have been given to this energy — God, Allah, Zeus, Jupiter, Jehovah, according to the group which has applied the name. None of these names offends me. It is enough to know that I am alive, and that my life, which has already lasted for a good span of years, has existed in an unbroken line from the uttermost depths of the eternity which is behind me. To know that generation after generation the force which animates me has been passed on and on, its form influenced

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and shifted and changed by every environment it has touched and by countless other causes I can never know or understand.

I feel quite satisfied simply to possess within my individual body this curious spark which has come to me through so many experiences, to accept it and the inheritance which it has accumulated from every forbear behind me. I firmly believe that my only obligation to myself and to society, and to the Great First Cause, whatever that may be, is to be myself as fully and completely and perfectly as I possibly can manage to be. I do feel a certain dignity in the fact that I am alive, while myriads of forms, less able to meet and adapt themselves to circumstances than my ancestors and I have been, have perished from the earth; for my being alive proves that I came from stock with a strong will to live and the hardiness to persist in living and in reproducing its kind. This is no mean inheritance, and even if my forbears made only a poor, groping, uncertain struggle to preserve the life within them, they succeeded, all of them, for a time. So here I am along with the rest of their progeny, and all other progeny; for what is true of me is also true of every living creature.

I regret that the strange urge which takes the form of ambition thwarts so many intelligent men, so many great nations; that legislators and rulers become pitifully confused and enact such a multitude of laws to be kept that no normal person can ever become acquainted with them, much less understand and heed them, instead of turning their talents and energies to discovering those laws which have existed since the beginning. Yet such faith have I in the adaptability of all things which have life that I believe a sheer will to live and to possess certain qualities can, by a patient and persistent determination, fill needs, as the eyeless creatures have developed organs of sight, the legless become runners, and the wingless fliers. All necessary qualities and traits will be achieved as life sees they are needed.

I rejoice that we have achieved in some measure a certain amount of freedom in speech and expression of thought and that the power of ignoramuses, who would like to throttle us for putting our convictions and beliefs into words, grows less and less. We surely must realize the importance of our right to say what seems to us to be the truth without fear of molestation. Not because what we say matters to anyone but ourselves, but because when we fail to speak what we do believe is true — or substitute for what we think is true, words which we think are not true — then inevitably we lose whatever perception of truth we may have achieved. And surely a persistent will to discover the truth is our only means of ever finding out any particle of what it is.

V

My most comforting faith is that everything in the universe exists under law. Inanimate things, the same as we who try to reason, have their rules of being and abide by them faithfully. Stars and dew, birds and blades of grass, men and clods of earth have to fulfill their destinies.

The drops of water in the slimiest mud puddle know when the temperature reaches the freezing point; and without the slightest hesitancy, but with the most powerful insistence, they step up into ice crystals which are as lovely and perfect as the purest flakes of snow.

Hester is right. All things in the universe are under marching orders. Law is, and we must abide by it. Certainly it is not possible for me to guess why the sun became what it is, or how it cast the earth off from itself, or how the first spark of that energy which we call *life* contrived to clothe itself with a body. I do not know how life came under that necessity which keeps it creating and recreating, adapting itself to environments, passing on old traits, multiplying into new forms. It is enough for me to believe that life does all this and to feel that the time allotted me for walking in the sunshine is a great experience.

I rejoice that I am under the same laws that regulate my neighbors — Hester, as well as those other neighbors, the worms and the gnats, and the mules which plow the fields. It comforts me to know that nothing is too small or humble to be left outside the charmed circle, and to believe that the smoke rings which float casually out from a burning cigarette are as much a part of the great universe as the rings of Saturn.

Next month H. G. Wells will explain his creed.

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REWARD

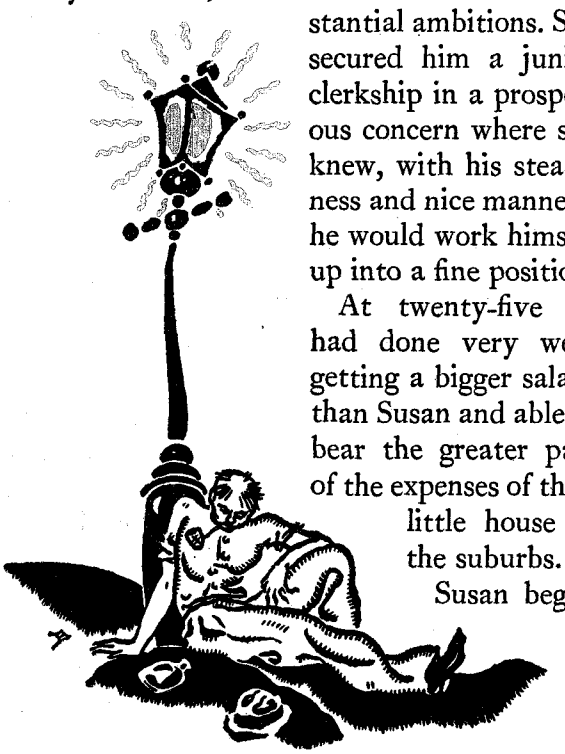
by **DIANA STORM***

Drawings by Weldon Bailey

SUSAN was a good sister. Whatever else the neighbors said, they invariably added that. They repeated it often and solemnly in Edward's presence, with such sobering effect that Susan herself, unless she was extra tired, had little need to remind him of his obligations.

When they had been left orphans, Susan had stubbornly refused to let a distant relative take little Edward. He was hers. She clung to him as to her stake in the future. She could manage for both with her job — as indeed she did, and even contrived to send Edward through high school.

He was a very superior, refined sort of boy — good, too. People said he'd make a lovely minister, but Susan had more substantial ambitions. She secured him a junior clerkship in a prosperous concern where she knew, with his steadiness and nice manners, he would work himself up into a fine position.



At twenty-five he had done very well, getting a bigger salary than Susan and able to bear the greater part of the expenses of their little house in the suburbs.

Susan began to indulge in daydreams — of modest luxuries and, above all, leisure. She had never been much enamored of work, although circumstances had kept her relentlessly at it for twenty years. She'd started as cash girl in the local department store and had risen to saleswoman, at which eminence opportunity apparently ceased. Selling cheap lingerie, of which she disapproved, to the local belles, whom she despised, took every bit of her energy and initiative.

Her father had cured her of any desire for marriage — even had opportunity offered — having clearly demonstrated how husbands could be more hindrance than help. His passion was whisky, and the only exertion she had ever known him to make was wheedling or sneaking money from his discouraged drudge of a wife. He had a tendency to sleep in incongruous places, and his career was brought to an abrupt and not unseemly ending by a liquor truck.

Susan loved her little home, and she loved Edward, both in much the same possessive way. She had worked for them — earned them. Now she began to look forward to leaving her job much as a prisoner on the chain gang must look toward release.

When Edward got his next raise would be the time. They would be able to manage then without her salary. He always brought her his pay envelope intact, just as he had done that first proud week, and out of it she gave him spending money.

She began to prepare the way for the great emancipation. Murmurs of vague pains, half-checked sighs of weariness, more frequent

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occasions for staying in bed instead of going to work, but always accompanied with the same brave smile and the assurance that it was nothing. Edward was sympathetic and very understanding. It could not be long before he'd respond and insist on her retiring, and after a decent amount of protest she would consent.

Already she had told her great friend, Daisy Potter, how Edward hated the idea of his sister's working.

"What's the matter with him? Work don't hurt anyone."

"No, but he's very proud, and in his position — "

"Well, what can he do about it?"

"Now that he's getting on so nicely — "

"You don't mean you'd give up your job! What if he should want to marry?"

"Edward will never marry." There was a nice adjustment of regret and assurance in the tone.

Daisy chuckled.

"I've heard those tales before."

It occurred to Daisy that Susan was extremely homely, and now that she was getting fat. . . .

II

THEN one night Edward brought a girl home to meet his sister. Susan was all unprepared. She received the girl blankly and stared at her most of the evening as if she carried high explosives.

The girl left early. Edward was hurt and bewildered.

"I thought you'd like her. We're sort of engaged, but of course I wanted you to see her first."

Susan had never seen him so nervous and upset. She pulled herself together and catechized him very gently. She ascertained that Polly was the sweetest, noblest, and most beautiful woman in the world, and that she worked at a soda fountain, from which fate it was the ambition of Edward's life to rescue her.

He talked of nothing else for days. Susan listened with patience — if not with resignation. Of course, he said, Susan was to live with them. Polly would be great company for her. They'd be so jolly and happy together.

"The more you know her, the more you'll love her. That's the way it was with me."

"I see," said Susan absently. What she saw was all her dreams of luxuries and ladylike leisure rapidly receding. There would be the choice of living in one room or remaining on sufferance in the little house she had struggled so hard to keep going. There would be children — mussy and making endless work. She'd be expected to help with them when she got home at night. She'd have to give up the best bedroom. . . . Had she strived all these years to build up his career, make herself necessary, only to be supplanted by this little bit of nothing? He was her investment; she'd put all her youth and years of work into him.

Meeting no active opposition, Edward continued to bring Polly to the house. He was pathetically grateful when Susan began to unbend, and elated when she kindly invited Polly to come and have a cozy chat with her one of the nights Edward had to attend choir practice.

It was not the cozy talk Polly had expected. She found Susan jumpy and altogether strange.

"Aren't you feeling good, Miss Wells? You look awful white."

"It's what I've got to tell you." Susan was clasping and unclasping her hands.

It was a long time before she was persuaded to tell it, but finally, after swearing Polly to secrecy, she made her communication. It was something she had never breathed to a living soul and it broke her heart to have to do it now. . . .

Polly kissed Susan and said her secret would be safe with her and left in tears without waiting for Edward to see her home.

A few days later, Edward told Susan with some sternness that he found he had been mistaken in Polly. She was nothing but a flirt and everything was over between them.

III

EDWARD was known as a "good boy." He had always attended church regularly and had never kissed any girl except Polly. But she had stirred him irrevocably, filled him with new hungers. He grew restless and discontented. Susan gave him all the things he liked best to eat and kept him busy about the house with little painting jobs and the like. But he was still fretful.

It was not long before he brought another girl to the cottage. He had met her in the choir. Susan received her very sweetly. Edward

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said wistfully that she was not so beautiful as Polly, but she was a much finer character. He was eager for Susan's approval. Susan hoped that it would turn out all right, but she was sorry to say that girls — even the best of them — seemed very flighty these days. And she warned Edward not to put too much trust in them.

But Edward was an affectionate fellow, and the affair moved on.

Susan and the new girl, Alice, became very good friends. Edward was happy and complacent until one day Alice told him she could never marry him, but she hoped that they would always be friends. Edward got very angry. He lost his head and said dreadful things about women, so that they couldn't even be friends.

For a long time women were cast rigidly from his life. His attitude was one of elaborate indifference, verging on scorn. But he was not unattractive, and this new attitude vastly enhanced his appeal, so that it was not long before another young woman appeared for Susan's approval. There were no less than three in the course of four years. They were nice, good girls too, mostly met under the auspices of the church. But in each case, just as everything seemed to be running smoothly and wedding bells were indicated, the girl would change her mind. The worst of it was, she never gave him any reason — only seemed dreadfully sorry for him as well as herself.

He grew moody and morose. He hated women with a violence that was all out of keeping with his mild disposition. He was rude at times — all but spat at them. The only woman he ever spoke to besides Susan was her friend, Daisy Potter, whom he'd known since he was a child, so she scarcely counted, being — as Susan would say, laughing at her kittenish ways whenever Edward was around — old enough to be his mother.

Still, Daisy was plump and comfortable, and Edward's susceptibilities, despite his heroics, were not entirely defunct. He found Daisy's warm admiration and cooing sympathy a salve to his battered pride. After all, older women were best — more sensible and satisfying. Girls never knew their own minds. There was no fear of Daisy's letting him down: no one else seemed to want her. A man likes to feel that his wife is his own and will stay so.

Susan turned very red when they announced their engagement, looked indeed for the moment as if she might have a fit. But she quickly recovered and said it was a great surprise, and chafed them about keeping it so quiet. She was unusually gay during the evening, but once or twice Daisy found her eyes fixed on her in a curious stare which gave her goose flesh all over.

Susan called on Daisy the next day, on her way home from work. Daisy was ready for her. She anticipated all possible objections — except one.

"I know you don't approve of me marrying Eddie, and I'm sorry, but we love each other, and where it's love like ours —"

Susan shook her head tragically.

"Oh, my poor Daisy! If I'd only told you! But I never thought that you or he — "

Daisy's face, round and red, became flabby and sallow.

"You're fixing to prevent our marriage."

Susan laughed.

"If only you or some good woman *would* marry him. God knows it's been a temptation to me to keep quiet — but no, I've got to carry my own burdens."

"I don't know what you're talking about. But if it's anything to part me and Eddie, you won't succeed."

"If only I could believe that! It might be the saving of him. After all, he *is* the only chance you've got. Maybe —"

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"You'd better tell what's on your mind," said Daisy coldly.

Having made her solemnly swear to secrecy, with her hand on the Bible, Susan whispered energetically for some minutes into Daisy's ear.

After that they wept in each other's arms.

When Edward heard that there was to be no marriage, he made a noise between a screech and a sob and danced out of the house.

Susan and Daisy looked at each other furtively.

He seemed all right when he returned, and Susan petted and fed him. He was still gloomy at times, but always sweet and docile with her, clinging to her more and more. He enjoyed his food and got rather fat.

IV

ONE DAY the parson called on Susan, and, after hemming and hawing for an hour, finally suggested that she keep her brother from the church in the future. It appeared that his peculiarities were scaring away all the women of the congregation.

Susan laughed incredulously and made some caustic comments on the women, and averred that she was just as well pleased Edward should not be exposed to such a notorious, husband-hunting lot of old maids.

Thenceforth life went along smoothly and comfortably. Edward had duly taken his cue and suggested that, as soon as he got his raise at Christmas, Susan quit her job and just keep house for him. She of course demurred, but Edward assured her that if he worked for her the rest of his life, it wouldn't make up for all the years she'd devoted to him.

"You're the one woman in the world that isn't a lying bitch," he wound up.

The unusual epithet on Edward's lips made Susan jump, but she forgot it quickly in the excitement of making her plans. She had planned all sorts of embellishments and labor-saving devices for the little house. She had her eye on a new armchair, and had already laid in a stock of nice novels that were being sold off cheap at the drug store. She told Daisy that she had always had literary tastes and that at last she was going to have time to improve her mind.

"Well, I must say," said Daisy lugubriously, "if anyone deserves a little rest and pleasure, it's certainly you."

"Oh well —" murmured Susan modestly. And they both sighed.

Susan began to count the days till she should quit work forever. One day, about a week before her release from bondage, Edward did not appear for supper. Susan was worried; for three years he had not been late a minute. He always came straight from the office, and while Susan got the supper he read her the paper.

She started her meal without him, but before she was half through a messenger was sent to say that her brother was sick and in the local hospital. Susan feared an accident; Edward had never been sick in his life. The messenger knew nothing.

She was allowed to see him — under guard. He was in a strait-jacket and didn't know her. He had been seized with homicidal mania and had run amuck in a crowd of women; one girl was badly hurt and several others seriously frightened. As they had no accommodations for such cases, they were taking him to the state asylum.

Susan asked to have her resignation

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from the store canceled, but she was told that they had already arranged for a younger woman to take her place. She had to start looking for another job in her spare time.

In a few days she was summoned to the state hospital. Edward was quiet and fairly docile, so long as he didn't see any of the female attendants. The mere whisk of a skirt was always a signal for profanity and violence. He stubbornly refused to eat. Everything had been tried, but without avail.

He knew Susan, and when she coaxed him, he took his food as obediently as a child.

She was taken to interview the head physician, who questioned her keenly and exhaustively as to her brother's mode of life. At length he nodded.

"Just what I thought. Too much repression. Nature avenging herself."

"He'll get better?"

The doctor shrugged reluctantly.

"Impossible to say. The trouble goes deep, and at his age. . . . However," he resumed his professional cheerfulness, "we never give up hope. He is in good physical condition and that's the great thing. By the way, it will be advisable for you to live near the hospital in order that you can be here to feed him night and morning."

"Me?" stammered Susan.

"Yes. We have had such cases before, and the safest plan is to humor them."

"But how long?"

"That also is impossible to say. So long as your brother is well fed, he may live indefinitely, and that apparently is in your hands. As to his mental state — we shall do what we can."

Susan managed to secure a job near the state hospital. It was harder work and less money, but she was in no position to choose. The first thing in the morning and after work at night she dragged herself up to the hospital to feed her brother with a spoon.

The neighbors wagged their heads and smacked their lips. There never was a better sister.

Daisy came often to see her, never tired of hearing details of Edward's madness. Also she was very grateful.

"When I think how easy it would have been for you to have passed your burden right on to me — just kept quiet about his father dying in an insane asylum and him inheriting his madness. . . . Well, the Bible says 'not the smallest sparrow.' And you take it from me, not the smallest deed, good or bad, goes unrewarded."

Invocation

She who took to bed the Host
Rose herself a whitened ghost.
He who grappled with a star
Drank for water, vinegar;
And who finds his heart's desire
Is devoured in its fire.

Never stay your golden knees
For all my importunities.
Never lend your honeyed mouth
To the slaking of this drouth
Lest a death's-head slowly rise
In the mirror of your eyes.

— **Robert McBlair**

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The Critical Circus

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

ADD Journalism as a career: The late Charles P. Taft, publisher of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, left an estate appraised at $6,367,374.63.
— F. P. A. in the New York *World*

Add Journalism as a career: the New York *World's* recent overnight blanket discharge of thirty or forty employees, most of them old men without a cent, who had been devoted servers of the *World* since their youth.

TO BE a good student is one of the greatest accomplishments a person can possess. A good student is one who knows how to study effectively. Study is the medium by means of which the learner acquires his knowledge. It is the foundation of every art and every achievement. Any normal person can, through effective study, add very greatly to his appreciation and understanding of things.
— FRANCIS ROY COPPER in *Education*

The next issue of *Education* will doubtless be devoted to proving that one plus one equals two. Order your copy early and get in on the inside.

MUSIC is the only universal language there is. If one desires to read Goethe or Tolstoy or Ibsen in the original, one must learn German, Russian or Norwegian. But Beethoven and Tschaikovsky and Grieg wrote their masterpieces in the same tongue!
— WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

So far as the universal language of music goes, I suggest to Prof. Phelps the spectacle of a German audience listening to Chinese music and of a Chinese audience listening to Richard Strauss.

IT WAS after skirts became shorter that the "toddle" came in, that jerky way of dancing that has no dignity whatever.
— LOUIS H. CHALIF
in the *Outlook and Independent*

The idea that dancing should possess dignity is nonsense. Dancing is, in the aggregate, simply a form of physiological whoopee. It is fun expressed in terms of absurd movements of the human body — that is, in all but its religious or pseudo-classical forms. Why try to be dignified about it? As well demand dignity in a chowder party, a game of one-old-cat, or a circus sideshow.

I STAYED in the United States too long — fully four months too long because intuition works instantaneously, and a protracted experience does not improve its processes. I took great care to read as little as possible about that continent before I went. During my travels about the country I guarded myself with almost old-maidish precaution against information. I looked at none of the obvious sights if I could help it; I asked few questions. . . . I went out little; I read hardly any papers; I did everything in my power to keep my conscience clear from accidental impressions.
— COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING
in *America Set Free*

The ostrich school of socio-economic-political biography.

LET ANY American come to London for a month and write his impression of the literary world there and we'd be grateful for it. Why doesn't someone come over and be a visiting critic to us? We have our points: for example, that interesting old perennial question as to whether English critics neglect American books — it would be instructive to hear about that!
— HUGH WALPOLE in *Books*

Dear Hugh: You've been hearing about it from us for the last five years. So far as being grateful for it, most of your literary countrymen have proved themselves in print to be approximately as gratified as an elephant who has been fed a lighted cigar butt. When Sinclair Lewis visited you and spoke his mind, one of you wrote that, unless he were immediately recalled, there would be war between England and the United States. Sincerely yours, George.

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AFTER ALL, what has the grave-diggers' scene to do with the character of Hamlet?

— GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
in an interview on *The Apple Cart*

Is it possible that Shaw has become as poor a dramatic critic as a dramatist? That the grave-diggers' scene has its share in the creation of Hamlet's character should be obvious to him. It points Hamlet's undercurrent of sentimentality and of tender regard for the traditions in his line: "Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?" It points Hamlet's combined cynicism, fatalism, and derisory humor in the speeches over the skulls. It points Hamlet's gift of sarcasm in the line: "I think it (the grave) be thine, indeed, for thou liest in it." It points his contempt for democracy in his sneering speech, "The age has grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe." And so on.

FASHION follows the figure as trade follows the flag.

— JACQUES WORTH

The eminent *couturier* and critic of modes here reveals himself a veritable Brillat-Savarin of boloney. Fashion does not follow the figure, but figure the fashion. A million dieting women humorously and sufficiently refute M. Worth's logic.

MR. TOMLINSON is a pipe-smoking author, and therefore apt to be calm, reflective, impersonal, and tiresome. The glowing briar seems to create a mood of philosophic abstraction which is not always as gratifying to the reader as it is to the writer. However, when Mr. Tomlinson's pipe goes out, and serves only as something on which to clamp his teeth, his detachment vanishes and the liquid fire of compassionate anger flows through his pen.

— ROBERT E. SHERWOOD in *Scribner's*

Mr. Sherwood has fallen for an item in the American Credo: that pipe-smoking induces a mood of detached calm and reflection, whereas cigar or cigarette-smoking induces one of relative nervousness and impatience. Where and how the legend started is difficult to make out. The Irish, a race of clay-pipe puffers, are the most bellicose living. The farmer, given to the corncob pipe, is the loudest arguer around the stove in the corner grocery store. It is the cigar smoker who is generally found to be the calm, cool, and reflective fellow. Few good poker players smoke pipes.

I CHALLENGE Count Keyserling to mention one great man who, if he was an invalid, . . . was not obviously hampered by this invalidism.

— STRUTHERS BURT
in the *Saturday Evening Post*

Acting as the challenged Count Keyserling's second, I mention the following more or less great men who were not obviously hampered by their invalidism: Schumann, Rubens, Beethoven, Wagner, Heine, Molière, Strindberg, Ibsen, Swinburne, Rousseau, Chopin, Mozart, Swift, Cervantes, Bach, von Weber, Händel, Paganini, Samuel Johnson, Verlaine, Tschaikovsky, Joshua Reynolds, Alfred de Musset, Homer, John Milton, De Quincey, William Cowper, Nietzsche, Sardou, Lafcadio Hearn, Mark Twain, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE ELEMENT that has been lacking in the practice of Christianity since the Middle Ages has obviously been that of beauty. The Bible itself does not supply it. Fine poetry as it is, Edna St. Vincent Millay is better.

— RALPH BARTON in *Life*

Recommended without reservation for the year's critical Pulitzer Prize.

LET ANY man in a city group quarrel with his wife at the breakfast table, and before luncheon every other member of the group will have heard about it. By evening it will be understood by psychoanalysts and by midnight the behaviorists will have learned of it. I return to the small town and breathe deeply of the open air. Here, at least, interests are not confined to personalities.

— ROSE WILDER LANE
in the *Pictorial Review*

What we engage here is the yokel's characteristic view of the city and characteristic lack of insight into the small town. In the city the interest in personalities is reduced to a minimum; it is mass life that interests the city man. Personalities and the gossip attached to them are the marked interest of the villager and small-towner. It is a platitude that in the city one hardly knows one's neighbor's name. In the small towns, the inhabitant not only knows his neighbor's name, but what he eats, how much money he has in the bank, how he treats his mother-in-law, when his wife's next baby is due, and how long he wears his socks without changing them.

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The CURIES—Radium

Human Crucibles III

Drawings by Johan Bull

by **BERNARD JAFFE**

INTO a desolate region of southern Colorado, in the latter part of 1920, came a small army of men to dig for ore. Every acre of America had been searched for a certain rare mineral. Twenty years before it could have been imported from Austria, but now the Austrian Government had placed an embargo upon its exportation. So Joseph M. Flannery — the leader of this band of men — had to be satisfied with the peculiar sand of barren Colorado. This sand is called carnotite, and Flannery's gang of three hundred men worked feverishly collecting tons of it.

They threw the canary-yellow ore into wagons and sure-footed burros hauled it over eighteen miles of roadless wasteland to the nearest water supply, where Flannery had set up a concentration mill. Here five hundred tons of carnotite were chemically treated until only one hundred tons were left. This dirt was crushed into powder, packed into hundred-pound sacks, and carted sixty-five miles to the railroad at Placerville. Then they were loaded into freight cars and shipped twenty-five hundred miles to Canonsburg, Pennsylvania.

At Canonsburg two hundred men were set to work to reduce these tons of powder to but a few hundred pounds. Workers skilled in the handling of chemicals used immense quantities of water, coal, and acids to extract an invaluable treasure from the ore. Not a grain of the precious stuff was lost in innumerable boilings, filterings, and crystallizations. Months passed, and at last all that remained of the Colorado sand was sent under special guard to the research laboratories of the Standard Chemical Company in Pittsburgh.

Here the final task was a careful and painstaking procedure of separation, and when this was finished, a full year had been consumed in all these operations and of the five hundred tons of dust there remained only a few crystals of salt. It was the most precious substance in all the world — a hundred thousand times more valuable than gold. To obtain it five hundred men had struggled with a mountain of ore and one hundred thousand dollars had been spent. These tiny crystals were put in ten small tubes, and these were placed in a steel box lined with thick walls of lead, which in turn was enclosed in a casket of polished mahogany. The precious casket was then locked and guarded in the company's safe to await the arrival of a visitor from France.

On May 20, 1921, the President of the United States stood in the reception room of the White House. Around him were grouped the French Ambassador, the Polish Minister, Cabinet members, judges, scientists. Before him stood a frail woman dressed in black. The President began to speak: "It has been your fortune to accomplish an immortal work for humanity. I have been commissioned to present to you this little phial of radium. To you we owe knowledge and possession of it, and so to you we give it, confident that in your possession it will be the means to increase the field of useful knowledge to alleviate suffering among the children of man."

The Polish Girl

TO-DAY, in the chief laboratory of the Radium Institute of the University of Paris, this woman, now past sixty, works silently with her test tubes and flasks while all the world waits eagerly for another miracle. The years have not completely broken her, for her shoulders are still broad and bear witness to her unusual native strength. Her splendidly arched brow is crowned with a mass of wavy gray hair, once blond. Her expressive, light blue eyes are full of sadness.

Marie Curie was born in Poland on November 7, 1867. She lost her mother when she was still an infant. Her father was Professor Sklodowska, teacher of mathematics and physics in the high school at Warsaw. Every Saturday evening he would sit before the lamp and read masterpieces of Polish prose and poetry. Marie would learn long passages by heart and recite them to him. Her father was to her one of the three great minds of history — Karl Gauss, mathematician and astronomer, and Sir Isaac Newton were the other two. When she confided this thought to her father, he remarked: "My child, you have forgotten the other great mind — Aristotle." And little Marie accepted his amendment in all seriousness.

In those days Poland was part of Russia. The czarist government imposed severe restrictions upon the subject population. The Polish language was forbidden in the newspapers, churches, and schools, and the Russian secret service kept jealous watch over the activities of the people. While Marie was still in her teens, some of her father's students formed secret associations to plot for the overthrow of the foreign oppressor. They met at night to teach in the Polish language, and Marie joined one of these groups. She even wrote for a revolutionary sheet.

At last the Russian police rounded up some of the young rebels. Marie escaped the net, but to avoid bearing witness against her unfortunate friends she had to leave Warsaw. So in the winter of 1891, at the age of twenty-four, she went to Paris. She rented a small room in a garret. It was bitterly cold in winter and stiflingly hot in summer. Up five flights

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of steps she was forced to carry water and the coal for the little stove that gave her warmth. She was so poor that she dared not let her daily expenses exceed half a franc. Often her meals consisted of nothing but bread and chocolate. On the rare occasions when she allowed herself the luxury of meat and wine, she had to acquire a new taste for these foods. But Marie did not mind these privations. She had come to Paris to study, and had matriculated at the Sorbonne. To help meet expenses she had to wash bottles and take care of the furnace in the laboratory.

It was in 1894 that she met Pierre Curie at the home of a friend. Pierre was working in the laboratory of Paul Schutzenberger, founder and director of the Municipal School of Physics and Chemistry in Paris. He had graduated from the Sorbonne and was now doing research work with his brother Jacques on electrical condensers. Marie and Pierre began to talk about scientific matters. Then they discussed "certain social and humanitarian subjects." Marie was happy, for "there was between his conceptions and mine, despite the difference between our native countries, a surprising kinship." Pierre was amazed at the learning of this girl, and when he admitted his astonishment, Marie twitted him with, "I wonder, Monsieur, where you can have imbibed your strange notions of a woman's limitations."

At twenty-two Pierre had written, "Women of genius are rare, and the average woman is a positive hindrance to a serious-minded scientist." He was now thirty-five and his contact with life had not changed his ideas. But as his acquaintance with Marie ripened into close friendship, he experienced a radical reversal of his opinions. Marie, too, was captivated by the dreamer in Pierre, and before long she asked and secured permission from Professor Schutzenberger to come and work beside him.

Married to Science

THEIR courtship was short and happy. They were married in July, 1895. The problem of furnishing a home was not a very serious one for two beings who cared nothing for convention. They rented three rooms overlooking a garden and bought a little furniture — just the barest necessities. Pierre was made Professor of Physics at the École Municipale. He was now earning six thousand francs a year, and Marie continued with her studies. They allowed themselves no luxuries except the purchase of two bicycles for short week-end trips.

Just about this time, William Conrad Roentgen discovered the X-ray. And hardly had the news of these rays, which could penetrate solid objects and reveal the bony framework of man, reached the world when an accident of great importance happened in the dark-room of Professor Henri Becquerel's modest laboratory in Paris. It was not the sort of accident to reach the front pages of the newspapers, although its results were world-shaking. From it came a

train of events which culminated in the triumphal work of Madame Curie.

It was known that phosphorescent substances, after exposure to sunlight, became luminous in the dark. Becquerel was trying to find out whether such substances gave off rays like those which Roentgen had discovered. Quite by accident he laid a piece of uranium ore upon a sensitized photographic plate lying on a table in his dark-room. Later, when he picked up the plate, he noticed that it had been affected on the very spot where the ore had rested. He could not understand it and suspected that someone had been playing a prank upon him. So he deliberately tried the experiment and produced the same result. The photographic plate had been affected without any visible light, and only under the uranium ore. He repeated the experiment with other ores containing uranium, and each time a spot was left on the plate. He analyzed the ores and saw at once that the intensity of effect was directly proportional to the amount of uranium present in each ore.

Becquerel was ready to draw a definite conclusion. He announced that the uranium salt was *alone* responsible for the strange effect produced on the photographic plate. But he did not cling very long to this belief. He tested the chief ore of uranium, pitchblende — a mineral which came from northern Bohemia — and instead of getting the effect he expected, the result was much greater than the uranium content of the ore could account for. Becquerel now made the simplest inference: "There must be another element with power to affect a photographic plate many times greater than uranium itself."

Becquerel knew Marie Curie. He had watched her at work in the laboratory and had observed in her the dexterity of a trained and gifted experimenter. He told her of his problem and asked her to undertake the research to discover the unknown element. She talked it over with Pierre and her enthusiasm captivated him. Pierre was studying crystals and she the magnetic properties of metals in solution. Both dropped their work to join in the great adventure of tracking down the unknown cause of the great power of pitchblende.

The Curies had no money to undertake the search, so they borrowed some. Neither had they any idea how much time it would take. They wrote to the Austrian Government, and the officials replied that they were willing to help. A ton of pitchblende was sent to Paris from the mines of Joachimsthal. Its arrival ushered in hectic days for the Curies. They worked incessantly. They boiled and cooked the great mound of dirt, filtering and separating the impurities. When the poison gases threatened to stifle them in their improvised laboratory, Marie helped Pierre carry the large vats of liquid to the adjoining yard. For hours at a time she stood beside the boiling pots, stirring their contents with an iron rod almost as large as herself.

"We lived in a preoccupation as complete as that of a dream," Marie said years later. When the cold was so in-

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tense that they could not continue their work, she would brew some tea and draw closer to the cast-iron stove. The bitter winter of 1896 found the mad couple still laboring in their hangar. Marie contracted pneumonia, and it was three months before she was strong enough to return to her boiling caldrons. Pierre, too, was broken with fatigue at the end of each day's work; but the search went on.

The following September a daughter was born to the Curies. The mother, as she lay helpless, kept thinking of her job under the shed. When the child was a week old, Marie returned to the workshop to test out something that had occurred to her as she lay in bed. It became a serious difficulty for her to take care of baby Irene and continue her scientific work. But a way out was soon found. Pierre's mother had just died, and his father, a retired physician, came to live with them. Grandpa watched over the little girl while Pierre and Marie labored with their mountain of sand.

In due course the ton of pitchblende was reduced to a hundred pounds. Often, in the midst of some chemical operation which could not be suspended, Pierre would work for hours at a stretch, while Marie prepared hasty meals which they ate as they continued their task. Another year of heroic work followed. Again Marie was ill. Pierre was ready to give up, but Marie was courageous. In spite of all their sufferings she said that "it was in that miserable shed that we passed the best and happiest years of our life."

Radium!

After more than two years of constant work they had extracted a small amount of bismuth salts which showed the presence of a very active element. It appeared to be three hundred times as potent as uranium. Marie isolated from it a substance which resembled nickel. After subjecting it to every known test, in July, 1898, she announced the discovery of a hitherto unknown element, which she named "polonium" in honor of her beloved country. The reality of this new element was at first questioned, but its existence was soon confirmed.

Others might have been satisfied with this discovery, but not the Curies. They kept working with what was left of that ton of pitchblende, now boiled down to amounts small enough to be put into test tubes. This residue appeared to possess properties much stronger than even polonium. At this stage of the experiment they had to be unusually careful not to lose a particle of the precious stuff they had isolated with such superhuman labor. Marie examined every drop of the solution that came trickling through the filter. She tested every grain of solid that clung to the apparatus.

At night, when they went to their shed, they were filled with awe. Years ago it had been a dissecting room; it was now an even spookier place. Instead of cadavers laid out for dissection, they "saw on all sides the feebly luminous

silhouettes of the bottles and capsules containing their product. They were like earthly stars — these glowing tubes in that poor, rough shack." They knew that they were nearing their goal. At last, when the final separations were completed, it was Marie who first gazed upon a few crystals of salt and realized that she had discovered another new element. It was radium, and it was destined to cause a greater overturning of chemical theories than any other element that had ever been isolated.

Pierre was made Professor of Physics at the Sorbonne, and Marie was put in charge of the physics lectures at the Higher Normal School for Girls at Sèvres, near Paris. She taught, studied, worked in her laboratory, and helped take care of Irene. As a teacher she needed the degree, Doctor of Science, and after five years of research she presented her thesis. In it she set forth her complete work on radioactivity. The eminent scientists who made up the examining committee were astounded by the mass of original information brought out by this woman. Before her, they seemed mere schoolboys and hardly knew what questions to ask. It was unanimously admitted that this thesis was the greatest single contribution made by any doctor's thesis in the history of science.

The news was made public. A strange element had been discovered by a woman. Its salts were self-luminous; they shone in the dark like tiny electric bulbs. They were continuously emitting heat in appreciable quantities. It was calculated that a ton of radium would boil one thousand tons of water for a whole year. The new element was also the most potent poison known to mankind — even acting from a distance. If a tube containing a grain the size of a pinhead were placed over the spinal column of a mouse, the animal would be paralyzed in three hours. Radium next to the skin produced painful sores. Pierre's fingers were almost paralyzed from its effects. Becquerel had said to Marie, "I love it, but I owe it a grudge." He had received a nasty burn on his stomach from carrying a minute amount of radium in a tube in his vest pocket. Its presence sterilized seeds, healed surface cancer, and killed microbes. It colored diamonds and the glass tubes in which it was kept. It electrified the air around it and it penetrated solids.

Triumph — and Tragedy

Overnight the Curies became world-famous. Tourists invaded Marie's lecture rooms. Journalists and photographers pursued them relentlessly. All sorts of stories were told of this strange couple — Pierre the reticent, dreamy, publicity-hating philosopher, and Marie the sad-faced mother who sewed and cooked and watched over her dark little girl. Newsmongers invaded the privacy of her home and went to such ridiculous extremes as to report the conversations between Irene and her little friends, and to describe the black and white cat that lived with them. Pierre and Marie complained that they wanted to be left

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alone, but it was of no avail. Letters, invitations, telegrams, visitors bothered and distracted them. Lord Kelvin invited them to come to London to receive the Davy Medal of the Royal Society. This was only the beginning of still greater honors, many of which they refused. When Pierre was offered the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, he replied that he would rather have laboratories than decorations.

Within a few months the Nobel Prize was awarded them, to be shared with Becquerel, the man who had started Marie on her triumphant researches. The money from this prize was soon spent to pay the debts they had incurred to keep their experiments going. They could easily have capitalized their discoveries, but they had not labored for profit. Theirs was a work of pure science, their sole object was to serve humanity, and they refused emphatically to patent their discoveries. Every crystal of radium salt which they wrenched from mountains of rock and sand they turned over to hospitals without charge.

At this time Marie's joy seemed complete. Irene was now a lovely child of seven. Pierre had lost some of his sadness. Things were becoming a little easier for them. Another baby daughter came — Eve Denise. Their cup of happiness was filled to the brim.

Then, in the afternoon of April 19, 1906, a messenger of bad tidings knocked at the door of their home. He told Marie that a few minutes before, Pierre had been speaking to Professor Perrin at a meeting of the Faculty of Sciences. They had talked about atoms and molecules and the disintegration of matter. Pierre was on his way home. As he crossed the Rue Dauphine, a cab knocked him down, and as he fell, the wheels of a heavy van coming from the opposite direction passed over his head. He died instantly.

Marie listened to the story. There was no tearing of hair or wringing of hands. Not even tears. She kept repeating in a daze, "Pierre is dead, Pierre is dead." The blow almost struck her down. For a time it seemed that she would never be able to resume her work. Within a few weeks, however, she was back in her laboratory, more silent than ever.

Then France made a wonderful gesture. Marie was asked to occupy the chair of physics at the Sorbonne which had been vacated by the death of her husband. This was contrary to all precedent. No woman had ever held a professorship at the Sorbonne. When the appointment was announced, there was muffled whispering in the halls of the University of Paris. Long-bearded professors shook their heads over such a blunder. Some believed that the success of her work on polonium and radium had been due to the fact that she had been working under the guidance and inspiration of a profoundly imaginative man, and one whom she loved devotedly. That, they whispered, explained her creative work in the past. "Wait a few years more," they said, "and Marie will have disappeared from the stage like a shadow."

Marie Carries On

Then it was announced that Madame Curie was to lecture in the great amphitheater of the Sorbonne. Men and women distinguished in every field came to Paris to hear her — members of the Academy, the Faculty of Sciences, statesmen, titled ladies. The President of France was there, and King Carlos of Portugal, to do honor to this self-effacing woman. "On the stroke of three an insignificant little black-robed woman stepped in through a side door. . . . The next moment a roar of applause burst forth. The timid little woman was visibly distressed and raised a trembling hand in mute appeal. Then you could have heard a pin drop."

She began speaking in a low, clear voice. Her listeners were spellbound. Not a word of her great tragedy. She continued Pierre's last lecture on polonium at almost the exact point where he had left off. When she finished, there was a burst of applause that rang even in the ears of the hundreds who remained outside unable to gain admittance. After this there were a few who still whispered about tradition. They still doubted the individual greatness of Marie Curie. She heard the rumors but said nothing. She was as silent as a sarcophagus.

The element, radium, still had to be isolated — free and uncombined with any other element. This was the task which she now set for herself. It was a very difficult undertaking, for there was very little of the salt to work with. Numerous methods of separation were tried unsuccessfully. Marie lived in the laboratory. She never took time for the theater or the opera. She refused all social engagements. France hardly saw her. Finally, in 1910, she passed an electric current through molten radium chloride. At the negative mercury electrode she noticed a chemical change. An amalgam was being formed. She gathered up this alloy and heated it in a silica tube filled with nitrogen under reduced pressure. The mercury boiled off as a vapor, and before her eyes lay brilliant white globules that tarnished in the air. At last she had cornered the elusive radium!

This was her crowning achievement. She had not only been the first to isolate radium salts, but she was also the first to gaze upon the free element itself. Here was a piece of brilliant work performed by Marie without Pierre beside her. The whispers were stilled forever. For this epochal work Marie was awarded the Nobel Prize for the second time — the only scientist ever so signally honored.

She was now persuaded to become a candidate for membership in the Academy of Sciences, of which Pierre had been a member. The taboo of sex was again raised in the circle of distinguished scientists. No woman had ever been elected to that body. There was "an immutable tradition against the election of women, which it seemed eminently wise to respect." Level-headed scientists suddenly became excited. There was much heated discussion. Marie, of course, remained in the background. When the vote was taken, on January 23, 1911, Madame Curie failed of election by but two votes, and France has not yet lived down this episode of bigotry.

More than twenty-five years have passed since Presidents and Kings first went to the Sorbonne to honor this woman. Her slow, noiseless step is still heard there. And as one watches her indomitable spirit at work, one wonders which is greater — her epoch-making scientific conquests or the nobility of her self-effacing life.

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The PROFESSOR

Continued from page 48

bluff to hide their cruelty. Who lives happily in Russia? No one, not even the Communists. They are afraid themselves, else why do they use terror and the GPU? Praise God I have no children to live under it! Especially no daughter — to marry and raise atheistic brats."

Vladimir Alexeitch called me into his study. He seemed depressed and very nervous. "Did my wife tell you? They are trying to throw me out of my laboratory. They want to put a Communist in my place and let me be his assistant. They say that I am getting too old. They mean it is too important a position for one as reactionary as myself. Perhaps I have expressed myself too freely. Science should be apart from politics. When I object to some of the things that are done, to the kind of students admitted, some jealous Jew 'Red professor' reports me to the Party committee. I can lecture, but can no longer direct my laboratory. To pass Moscow University over to Party committees! Once it belonged to scholars. Now scholarship must be of a certain color."

VII

I MET him some time later on the street. He asked me to call.

"I am finished," he said. "I have been 'cleaned out' from my laboratory, but I may continue to lecture. That's it. I may continue to lecture, for they have no one else. They are trying to train their own teachers and professors, but meanwhile they must use us. Science belongs to the workers — have you seen that sign over the university? Am I to blame if God gave brains to other classes as well? Social origin, social origin — that determines everything. It determines whether you have the right to vote, and therefore all rights. . . .

"The thought always haunts me: if anything happens to me, what of my wife? She can earn nothing. None of us has any insurance, as in your country. I have saved nothing. . . .

"This system — espionage, GPU, executions, midnight arrests — in short, Communism! What place is left for us? Before the revolution I was a radical, as were many in the university. Radicalism appeals to the intellectual. It is essentially individualistic — so is he. Who would not have opposed the Tsar, the stupidity, the brutality, the selfishness? Now we have gone back to the same things, but we have a million Tsars where before there was but one. I was a Socialist. There were many features of capitalism I abhorred. But Communism! I am competent to pass on that. No, it was not *our* revolution. And the intellectuals are left without a place; they cannot stomach Communism. Look at those who are now in exile — some of them worked just as hard against the Tsar as ever Stalin did. Where are the intellectuals who were once in the Communist Party? There is no middle ground for us. We cannot revolt — we are simply to be used until that rare species, the Communist Intelligentsia, ripens. . . .

"I am amazed at some of your professors who come over here. They are shown some small change for the better — perhaps a few schools of a new type — and they thereupon approve the whole system. But they have passports and can leave. Most of them can't even speak Russian. What right have they to judge? Little they know! . . .

"Yet why are they so blind? Would they like a similar proletarian dictatorship in their own country? That might bring them the few new schools about which they are so wildly enthusiastic here. But at what a cost! Can't they see that they, too, would lose their middle ground and their illusions, and that their individualism would get in trouble with the American GPU? For no dictatorship can stand without secret police. I heard that some Americans here this summer said, 'America owes a debt of gratitude to Russia for trying this tremendous experiment.' Bah!" With his hand he brushed the world aside. "Let *me* speak — as one of those experimented upon. . . .

"The revolution has put our faith in everything to the test and we have all failed. There is nothing left in which we can believe. We are the Great Disillusioned — and many of the Communists are too, I think. So we live, and the GPU is always ready if we speak too loudly about it. They have had me once. They will have me again whenever they think I need a reminder that the proletariat is still dictating. I am afraid of them only for my wife. For myself — I have even lost the illusion of danger."

He reached for a book. "Russia is best summed up as an Englishman, Powys, once summed up Africa: 'Africa, like one of her blackmaned lions, laps up the lifeblood of all the delicate illusions which have too long danced before the eyes of men and made them happy. Truth alone is left alive. What was suspected in Europe is made plain here — *at the bottom of the well of life there is no hope.*' That the revolution has taught me. You will never know it in America, for you have too much sense to stage a revolution. . . .

"Well, good night. Come and see me at my summer cottage sometime."

VIII

LATE SPRING turned into summer. One Sunday afternoon in August I went out to the cottage where, two years before, I had gone with the coffee. I found only a servant. She said the family had returned unexpectedly to town.

I went to their apartment. Natalya Ivanovna was crying, and about the place there was the general air of a funeral. Four women sat with her.

"Vasil Vasilitch! — Vladimir Alexeitch has been arrested by the GPU! You know how he stays in town during the week and only comes out to the cottage on Saturdays. Well, Wednesday night, at midnight, two GPU agents came to the apartment. They searched his room for three hours. Look!" Through the open door I could see the great disorder in his study. "And they took him off. He left this note."

I read the scribbling: "I have been arrested by the GPU."

"We didn't know it until he failed to come to the cottage last night."

"But why?"

"The devil knows. He has done nothing. But the loss of his laboratory made him bitter. He may have said something. The scoundrels! They must come at midnight, they must be dramatic." She broke down in tears.

Two months later I met a friend and asked about Vladimir Alexeitch.

"He was in Butirka Prison for a while, but now he has been moved somewhere else. Perhaps to a prison in Moscow. Two years ago, when he was arrested, he walked home one morning, freed, without any previous notice. Perhaps this time he will get 'minus three' or 'minus six' — that is, he will not be allowed to live in the three or six largest cities in Russia. Or perhaps it will be exile to the prison camps at Solovetski or Narim. He has a bad heart and life up there, in the far north, would kill him."

"But how will you know?"

"If he doesn't walk home pretty soon, then some day his wife will get a post card from him saying: 'Here I am — in Narim or Solovetski. Please send me some warm clothes.'"

Next month the other side of the picture will be presented in "The Student in Communist Russia."

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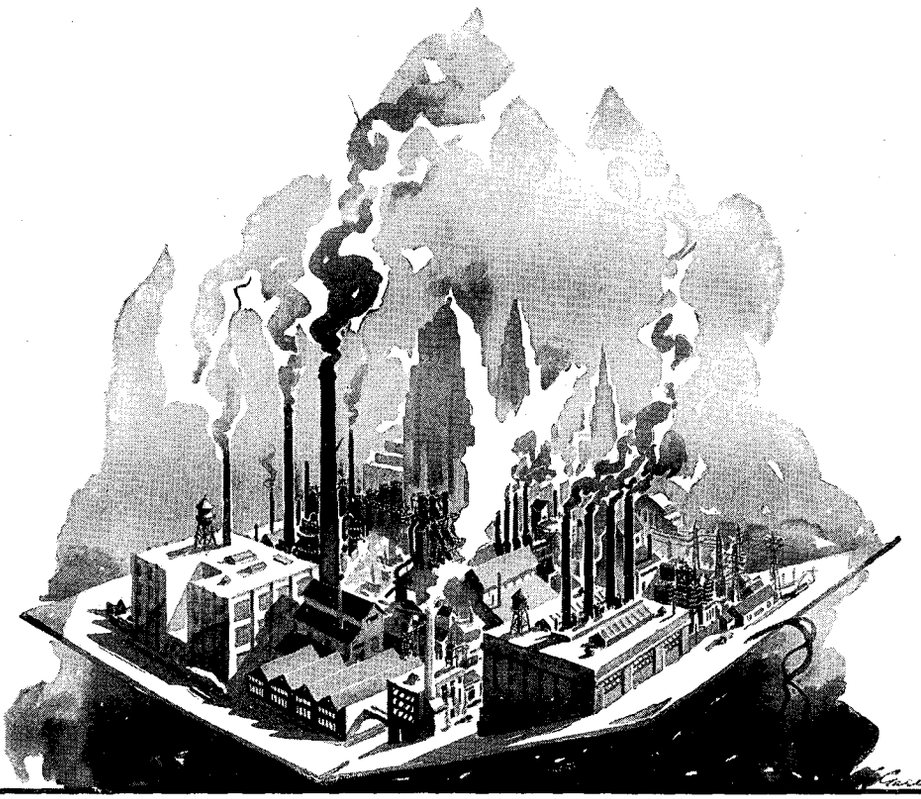

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TRAVEL

The Saint Bernard Pass

by **MARIE WIDMER**

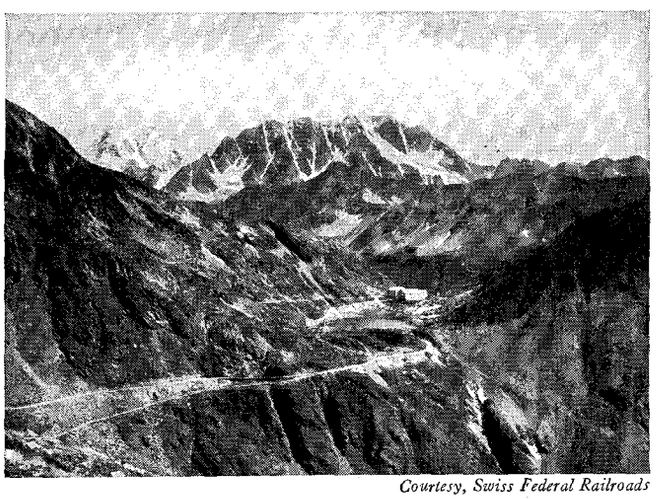
Few Swiss Alpine passes have a more interesting history than the Saint Bernard Pass, which forms the connecting link between Martigny and Aosta in Italy. It is known to have been crossed by the Romans as early as 105 B.C., and it is an established fact that it was in general use long before the present hospice was founded by Bernard de Menthon, about the middle of the tenth century.

To the Romans the Pass was known as Mons Jovis, the Mountain of Jupiter, and excavations have shown that a Temple of Jupiter stood not far from the summit. In connection with this place of worship the Romans also built a shelter for the benefit of imperial messengers and soldiers. Christian rulers later transformed it into a regular hospice, but it was destroyed in the ninth century. A barbaric tribe then began to invade that part of the country. It robbed and killed all travelers who journeyed over the mountain and the way became well nigh impassable.

At this point legend begins to creep in. We are told that Bernard de Menthon, a wise and saintly priest of Aosta, on the Italian side of the Pass, resolved to visit the land of the robbers after some French pilgrims had informed him that they had been held up and every tenth member of their party taken captive. Accompanied by a few brave men, and chanting Christian songs, Bernard de Menthon set out on his perilous venture, choosing for himself the ill-fated tenth place.

When they reached the summit of the mountain they were faced by a giant who seemed to be the very embodiment of evil, but the courageous priest from Aosta never faltered. His crucifix worked a miracle, for it broke the power of the monster and spread terror among the robbers. In wild confusion they dispersed in all directions and were never heard of again.

Bernard de Menthon decided to erect a new hospice on the top of the mountain, near a sombre little lake. The new foundation grew rapidly under the special protection of powerful princes and prelates. The Pope gave it his personal patronage, and even to-day many of the privileges bestowed upon the institution in its early days are jealously preserved.



Courtesy, Swiss Federal Railroads

The Pass

Even Napoleon Bonaparte took a keen interest in the work of this institution, and he decided that the brethren of the Great Saint Bernard should have a monopoly of hospitality in the Alps. The abbey of Saint Maurice was consequently annexed.

In spite of this powerful protection the Hospice of Saint Bernard has had to endure a great many hardships. Fire and storm nearly ruined it on several occasions, and the greater part of the pres-

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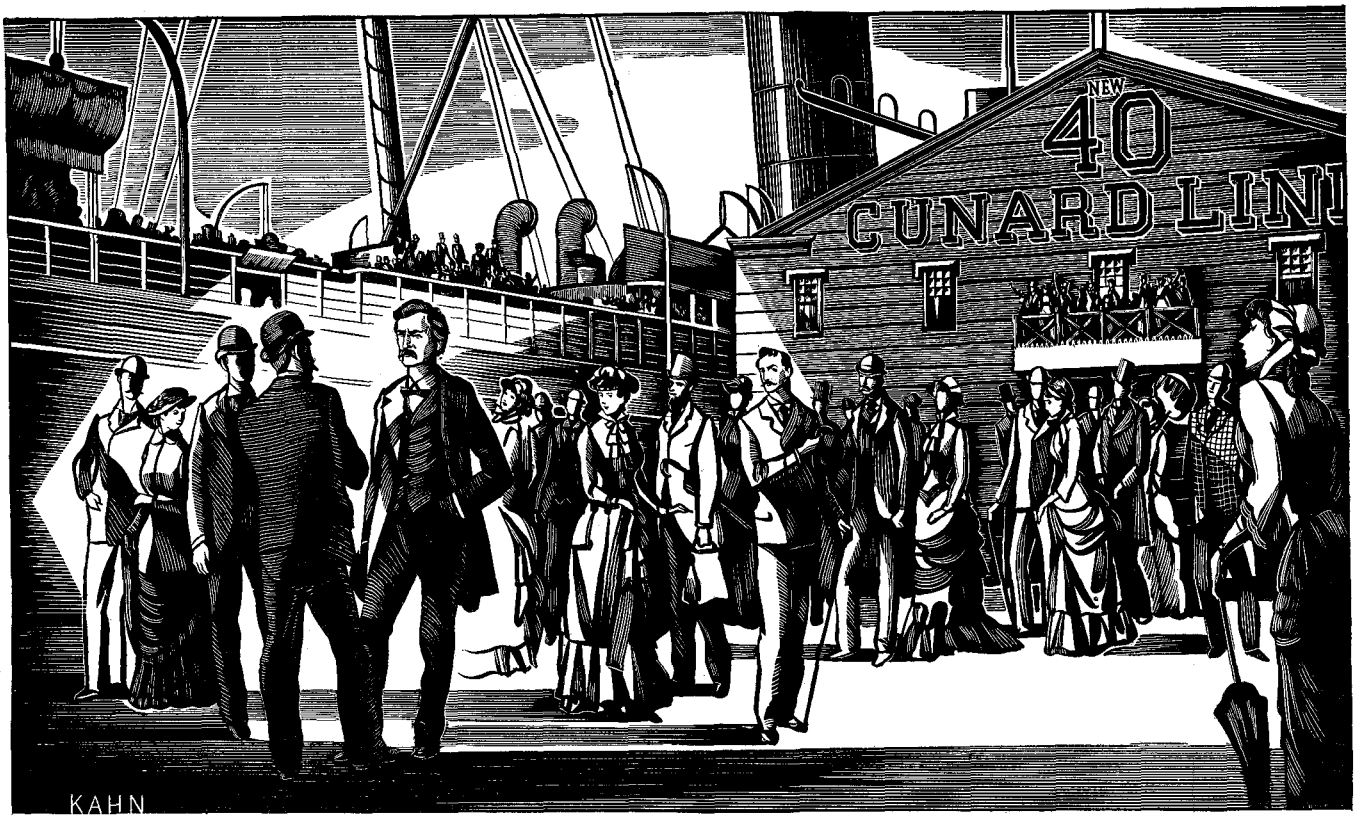
THE CUNARDER "GALLIA" 1879



When a Great Ship Brought Home a Great Man

SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1879 . . . and much excitement this day, in New York Harbour, for up steams the Cunarder Gallia . . . and a favorite son is home again. On they climb . . . the newspaper boys . . . "*here he is*" they shout, and a momentous interview begins. "Tell us, Mr. Clemens, all about it" . . . (On the passenger list, "Mr. Clemens" . . . to all America, dear, jolly "Mark Twain".) And particularly well pleased was he with this steamer. Said Mark Twain:

"I don't like some of these vessels, some of them keep a man hungry all the time, unless he has a good appetite for boiled rice. I know some steamers where they have the same bill of fare they used to have when the company ran sailing packets;—beans on Tuesday and Friday; stewed prunes on Thursday; boiled rice on Wednesday—all very healthy, but not attractive. We are fed like princes aboard here and have made a comfortable voyage. We have been in some seas that would have made the old Quaker City turn somersaults, but this ship kept steady through it all."

These words of Mark Twain uttered in 1879 . . . and the similar praise of another famous passenger before him . . . one Charles Dickens who crossed on the good ship Britannia in 1843 . . . have been greatly cherished by Cunard; the high standards that merited them, remain unchanged.

The coming of the Britannia in 1840 to the Port of Boston—initiating the first mail and passenger service between the Old World and the new—was publicly celebrated by the citizens of Boston. Ezra Gannett in his special sermon in Old Federal Street Meeting House said: "Connected with our system of rail-roads, the introduction of this mode of intercourse with the Old World will give an impulse, and probably a permanent support to our industry. We shall all be reached by it."

And now after 90 YEARS

Cunard ships continue to serve the people of America—carrying last year nearly 300,000 passengers. The ideals and traditions upon which the House of Cunard was founded remain unchanged.

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CUNARD

Facsimile copy of the sermon, Ezra Gannett preached in old Federal Street Meeting House in Boston upon "The Coming of the Britannia," as originally printed in 1840, will be sent free upon request. Write for it.

1840 . NINETY . YEARS . OF . SERVICE . 1930

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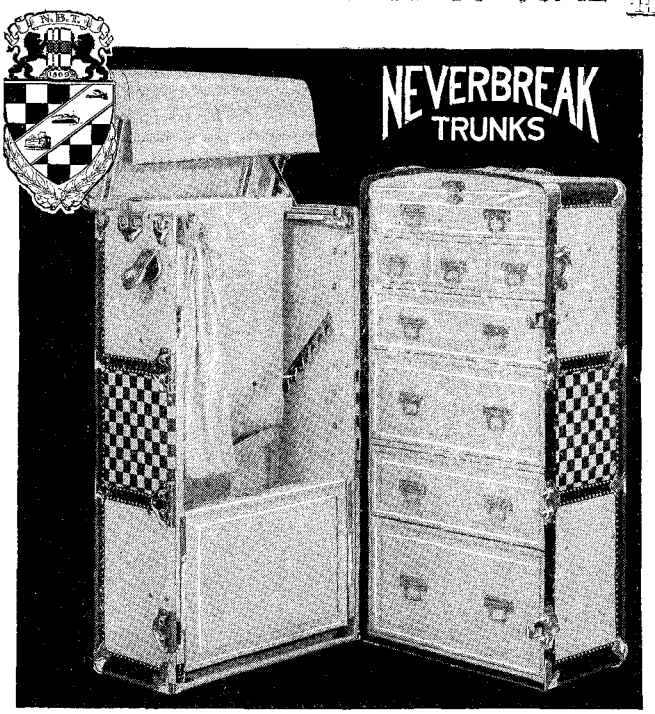

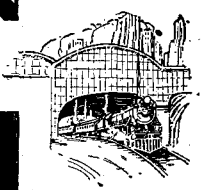

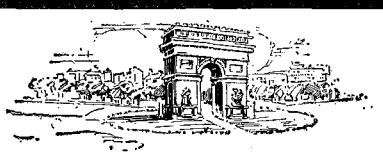

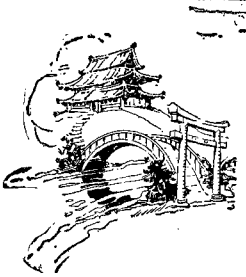

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STANDARD for SIXTY-ONE YEARS

Travel

ent buildings date from the sixteenth century. A large new wing was added as recently as 1901.

A huge cross bearing a lantern holds out a friendly welcome to arrivals in the evening and directs the traveler to this haven of safety during the winter storms. Nearby rises an imposing bronze statue of Bernard de Menthon. The buildings of the Hospice are plain gray structures with small windows and massive walls which have been reinforced to withstand the furious storms common in this region.

In the days of slow transportation visitors to the Hospice numbered annually about thirty thousand; to-day the traffic has almost tripled. In view of this, the brethren have been obliged to make a change in the method of dispensing hospitality. Hospitality is no longer offered gratuitously to sight-seers, for their charity has been found to fall far below the expense of keeping them. Therefore a part of the Hospice has now been converted into a hotel under the management of a hotel-keeper of Martigny. The brethren, however, still extend the time-honored hospitality of the institution to all pedestrians and poor wayfarers.

The monks who are in charge of the Hospice belong to the Order of Saint Augustine. Splendid specimens of manhood, most of them are, but the inclement climate of this region is a terrible strain on them. Eight or nine months of winter in a completely isolated country, at an altitude of over 8100 feet above sea level, together with the perilous rescue work confronting them when blizzards suddenly sweep these heights, gradually exhaust these brave men. Consequently they have to be relieved at regular intervals. There is a constant interchange between the Hospice and the headquarters of the Order at Martigny.

THE FAMOUS dogs of Saint Bernard are a very pure and aristocratic breed. It is said they are descended, without a single drop of mixed blood, from the race of mighty dogs of war which were effectively used in the Germany of early days against the Roman legions of Varus, reputedly invincible. Their origin is supposed to be at Leonberg, in Würtemburg. To-day these animals represent the highest possible combination of canine sagacity and strength.

Some twenty dogs, trained for rescue work, are always kept at the Hospice. It usually takes two years of training before a dog can be sent out alone as a seeker and guide, and even then training does not stop. When the puppies are considered old enough for preparatory work, the kennel-master takes them out with an experienced dog acting as leader. Wherever this big dog goes the plucky little puppies follow, no matter over how many

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steep slopes they have to roll. The leader seems to take delight in initiating them. Gradually they are taught how to search for wayfarers lost or buried in the snow, and are instructed to bark when they have discovered someone and to wake up those whom they find asleep. If the person thus discovered is able to walk, the dog conducts him to the Hospice, but if he is not equal to the exertion the animal is able to drag him for a certain distance, and his barking will summon assistance.

The most famous of the St. Bernard dogs is undoubtedly the well-known Barry. "He saved forty persons and was killed by the forty-first," says the inscription on the monument erected in his memory. The forty-first was a soldier who had been dug out of the snow by Barry. Awakened by the dog, the half-dazed man thought he was being attacked and killed the faithful animal with a knife.

Another story relates how Barry once found a ten-year-old girl half buried in the deep snow, asleep from exhaustion. He warmed the small body with his breast and licked it and shook it until it woke up again. He then crouched down and succeeded in getting the child to sit on his strong back. In this position he carried the little girl to the Hospice. Barry's monument immortalizes this touching episode.

But the monks speak also of many splendid deeds performed by other dogs. They describe how the dogs are absent for two or three days, bravely facing hunger in order to follow up some trace of a man they have discovered in the snow.

DURING the winter the temperature is generally far below zero, and the snow is piled up as high as twelve or fifteen feet. Every familiar trace of the landscape vanishes and there are no landmarks left to guide the wanderers, mostly pilgrims and poor workmen, who are compelled to cross the Pass, irrespective of the weather.

In recent decades conditions have become less dangerous. The buildings have been equipped with electricity, steam heat, and telephones, and an amateur radio installation affords further contact with the world. From both ends of the Pass the brethren are now informed in advance how many travelers are bound for the Hospice, so that dogs may be dispatched as guides, if necessary.

However, there is always an element of danger from avalanches. On December 8, 1926, three of a party of ten brethren were killed while making a round on skis to ascertain whether any travelers were in difficulty. Five of the party escaped, two were finally rescued; but the remaining three were martyrs of their sublime vocation.

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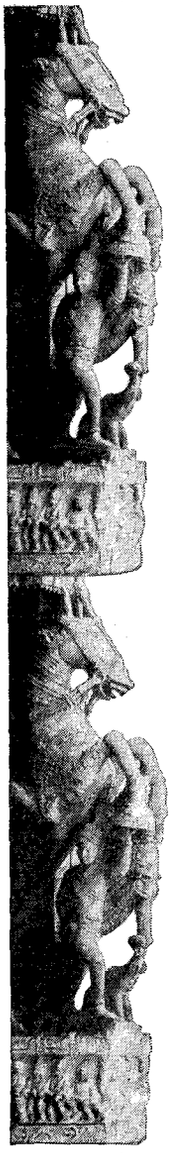

The Mylapore Temple car, Madras

India

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Calm and Cool and Quiet

High and cool, ivory and crystal . . . the Main Dining Room of Hotel Cleveland offers easy-to-reach relief from business cares and tiresome routine.

Music by the Little Symphony Orchestra and service that is deft and quiet and intelligent, help to soothe and relax nerves worn by travel.

And the food is always a delight! Even simple salads have a manner, a freshness that revives appetites. Then, for adventures in deliciousness, there are canapes, sea foods, wondrous entrees, desserts of rare fashioning that are a treat even to epicures.

Come, alone or with guests, on your next trip to Cleveland. You'll enjoy all the pleasures and delights of a trip to some far-famed French cafe, plus all the conveniences of a modern metropolitan hotel.

HOTEL CLEVELAND

PUBLIC SQUARE · CLEVELAND

1000 ROOMS, 150 OF THEM AT $3

The new Union Passenger Station is directly connected to Hotel Cleveland by enclosed passageway. A Red Cap will take your baggage the few easy steps to the Hotel desk.

Travel News

SEIGNIORY

A NEW magnet for lovers of scenic beauty and historic association is Lucerne-in-Quebec, a recently established eighty-thousand-acre playground for pleasure seekers in Canada. For centuries this domain was held in seignioral tenure, available only to the few whose privileges were a heritage directly traceable to King Louis XIII of France. To-day it is open to the public, and the famous Chateau Papineau, for many decades the manor house of the old Seigneurie de la Petite Nation, has been restored to its former grandeur and made to serve as a palatial social center. The Chateau has been renamed the Lucerne-in-Quebec Seigniory Club. Facilities for outdoor sports have been introduced, but these have not been permitted to mar the traditional beauty of the estate. Many miles remain unchanged — an immense hunting and fishing preserve. Lucerne-in-Quebec fronts on the Ottawa River and extends for several miles back into the Laurentian mountain and lake region. Its center is the town of Montebello, seventy-five miles west of Montreal.

CHAMPIONSHIP

THE WAR Memorial Natatorium, on Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, will be the scene of an international intercollegiate swimming meet during the three days beginning July seventeenth. Teams from Yale, Meji University in Japan, the University of Southern California, and the University of Hawaii will participate. It is believed that a large number of contestants from the National Outdoor Swimming Meet, which takes place at Long Beach, California, earlier in the month, will come on to Hawaii. The pool in which the events will be run off is said to be the finest outdoor swimming stadium in the world. It was here that the Men's National Outdoor Championships were held in 1927 and also the Women's Nationals last summer. Anyone inclined to go over for the university meet need have no fear that Honolulu in summer will be hot. Its citizens boast of its cool Julys.

PERU

IT IS convenient to remember during our dog days that these summer months constitute Peru's winter season, a season of cool weather during which the gayety and charm of the ancient capital city of Lima are at their height. The Grace line, whose sailing port is New York, is offering a tour of Peru — three hundred and ninety-five dollars for twenty-one days, including all expenses. The City of Kings, as Lima is often called, has always been a goal for travelers, but the

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definite emergence of its historic places as objectives of regularly organized and administered seasonal tours is, perhaps, due in large measure to the inauguration of this new nine-day passenger service between New York and Lima. Tourists are beginning to include the South, as well as the East and the West, as fields for holiday travel, and the fact that service between the two Americas is constantly improving strengthens this tendency.

AIR EXPRESS

ALTHOUGH flying across the English Channel is becoming more or less the conventional method of transportation, comparatively few tourists have taken full advantage of the other air routes now in operation all over the Continent. One reason for this hesitation is the fact that Americans are likely to be unfamiliar with the fares charged and also with the time required to reach the various European cities. The following prices, supplied by the German Air Traffic Company, are quoted in dollars and therefore may differ slightly, owing to the fluctuations in exchange, from the actual rates. London to Berlin (seven and a half hours) $45.24; London to Marseille (seven hours) $63.10; Berlin to Vienna (three and a half hours) $25.00; Paris to Berlin (six and three-quarters hours) $36.90; Berlin to Copenhagen (three hours) $19.05; Geneva to Barcelona (six and one-quarter hours) $40.95; Berlin to Moscow (four hours) $20.24. These figures include free transportation of thirty pounds of baggage — twenty pounds is the limit for trips within the confines of Germany. Each passenger traveling in a Luft Hansa airplane is insured, at the company's expense, for six thousand dollars.

ISLAND FORTNIGHT

LAST MONTH we made note of an itinerary whereby even Easterners can manage a journey to California for their two week vacations, and now another and similar schedule, this time covering Nassau, Havana, and Miami, comes to our attention. This particular tour, which is offered by the Munson Steamship Lines, lasts for twelve days, which allows extra time for those living outside New York to reach the sailing point. The price, $140.00 minimum, includes all necessary expenses (passengers make their headquarters on the boat during their stay in port) and also provides two sight-seeing excursions at Havana. Two days are spent at Nassau, two and a half at Havana, and one at Miami. If one prefers, one may remain at Nassau the whole week, putting up at one of the hotels, for the same amount of money. Either plan should result in an ideal late spring or early summer vacation. Bermuda, it should be remembered, is the place where automobiles are forbidden. This fact gives it an edge over most vacation resorts.

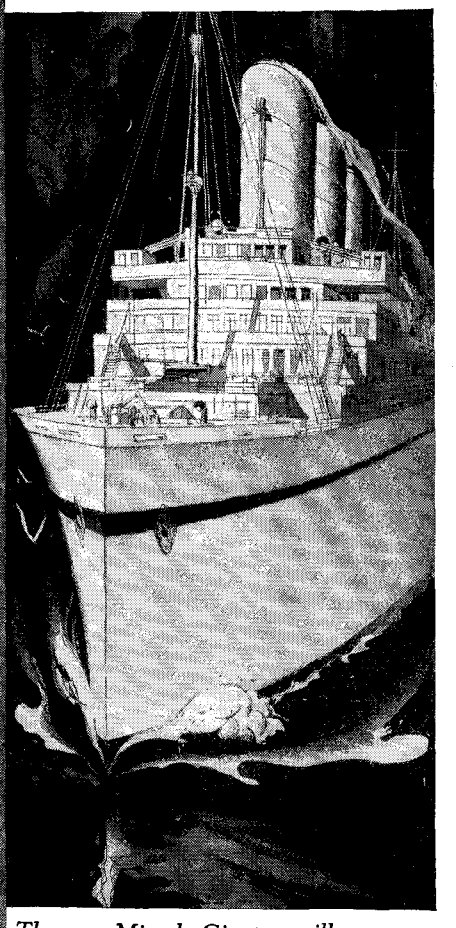
Soon . . . the new

"Miracle" Giantess

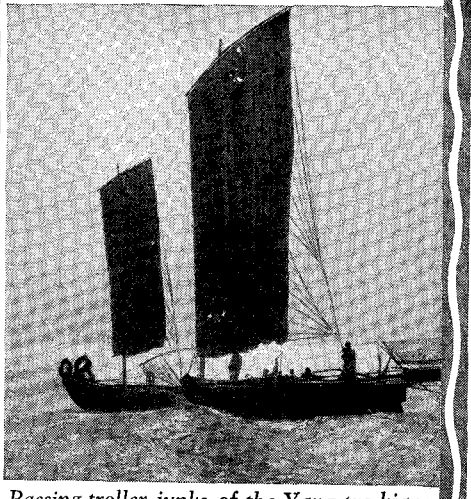
● On Sept. 4, the largest and fastest ship on the Pacific will steam from Vancouver to Hawaii, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila. She is the huge new Empress of Japan, 39,000 tons displacement, 21 knots speed. She will lead Canadian Pacific's great white Empress fleet...Empresses of Canada, Russia and Asia . . . largest, fastest liners between America and the Far East.

These Giantesses of the "Pacific miracle" are turning Far East into Near West. They make Hawaii a casual trip ...Yokohama a luxurious 10-day voyage ...3 days later, they anchor at Shanghai, gay portal of the East . . . 5 days beyond, Manila.

The Empress of Japan outdoes even her sister Empresses in seagoing luxuries. Her large swimming pool is tiled in green and black marble. Her regal bedroom-drawing-room-bath suites open on private verandahs. Her expansive sports deck has its adjacent cafe. Lifts, telephones, pier-glass mirrors, inlaid teakwood floors, club-like lounges and children's play-cottage...all make her a perfectly-equipped holiday resort with service and cuisine in the New York-Paris manner . . . with extra-comfortable second-class accommodations.



The new Miracle Giantess will lead the great white Empress fleet



Passing troller-junks of the Yang-tze-kiang

Speed to the Orient either via Hawaii, the paradise route, or direct across to Yokohama from Victoria and Vancouver. Ask about reduced first-class round trip Summer Fares to the Orient. Also about All-Expense Escorted House Party Tours to the Orient, $715 up.

Information, reservations and freight inquiries from your own agent or any Canadian Pacific office: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Montreal, and 29 other cities in the United States and Canada.

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Canadian Pacific

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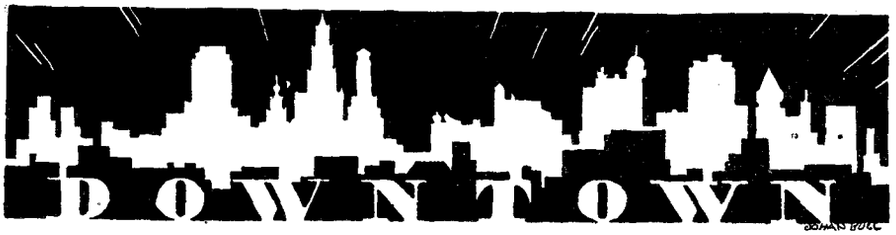

Dividends and Stock Prices

***by* DONALD REA HANSON**

TEN YEARS AGO, or thereabouts, an investor who had $7500 to invest in a typical industrial stock like United States Steel common would have received an immediate dividend return of about $500 per annum. During the late summer of 1929 an investor who desired a $500 annual income from Steel would have had to pay about $17,800 for his stock. The investor who could purchase an annual income of $600 from a high grade railroad investment like Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fe common for $7500 a decade ago had to pay $16,800 for the same privilege last year. The man who bought $700 of dividend income from a typical high grade public utility stock like Consolidated Gas of New York, paid but $7500 for a privilege a decade ago which last year would have cost him about $45,500. Now these instances are not extreme cases, nor do they represent the minimum prices which were quoted ten years ago, nor the maximum prices that were quoted for these stocks last year.

It has been evident to most observers of security market trends that the fundamental difference between the markets to-day and those a decade ago is that then an actual shortage of capital existed, where to-day capital is accumulating faster than it can readily find an outlet for safe employment. During the World War one nation after another was plunging into the capital market up to the hilt. Since the war these debts have been reduced by the whittling process of installment payments. The interest bearing debt of the United States Government jumped from less than $2,000,000,000 before the war to approximately $26,500,000,000 at the high point in 1919. Since then it has been liquidated to about $16,000,000,000.

During the war, accordingly, there was a terrific demand for capital. Twenty million people in this country invested their savings in amounts ranging from a single $50 Liberty bond up to many thousands of dollars. Others who had property that was readily liquidable or who had idle funds at their disposal bought bonds in amounts ranging from thousands into the millions. Still others followed the urgent plea of the four-minute speech makers who were enlisted in the Liberty Bond campaign drives and went into debt to buy Government bonds; indirectly, therefore, diverting large quantities of liquid bank credit into permanent investment.

To-day this process is in reverse. In any calculation of the forces which have been at work which tended to give rise to a superabundance of capital in the past decade full weight should be given to the rapid redemption of the United States Government debt. When you redeem $10,000,000,000 of Government bonds the people who receive cash in exchange for their certificates usually put that money to work. Doubtless to many small investors it means spending the money for goods: an automobile, an equity in a home, or what not. But the bulk of this money finds its way back into the security markets. It creates a demand for securities and prices respond by rising. The interest and dividend yields tend to diminish. That is one of the reasons why it took $17,800 to buy $500 of annual income from Steel common in 1929, where $7500 would have done the same thing in 1921.

ABUNDANCE OF CAPITAL

SCORES of other factors contributed to the same trend. The high degree of prosperity in this country since the war has enabled the American people to buy $72,000,000,000 of new securities in the past decade. High wages that were established during the war were maintained on a comparatively high scale long after the cost of living had come down, measuring that factor by the common indices of living costs. That promoted thrifty habits. Savings bank deposits have expanded. Corporations have encouraged their employees to save by offering at an attractive price stock in the company for which they work. Dividends are reinvested and the people have gradually become stock conscious. Concurrent ease in money rates led to the employment of vast sums in speculation, with the result that loans on securities as collateral expanded to more than $13,000,000,000 last September, against less than $4,000,000,000 in 1920. And most of that $4,000,000,000 represented borrowings by professionals rather than borrowing by small stockholders, which is a much more common thing to-day.

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An investor in Railroad Securities

IN 1929 there were transported by the railroads of the United States 2,427,000,000 tons of revenue freight and 780,000,000 passengers. A total of over $25,000,000,000 has been invested in the properties of these carriers. They employ some 1,700,000 persons who receive yearly wages of nearly three billion dollars.

Since 1916 American railroads have increased their gross earnings 75%, their capital only 13% and their outstanding common stocks only 4%. They have expended billions of dollars from earnings and capital to increase property accounts and operating efficiency.

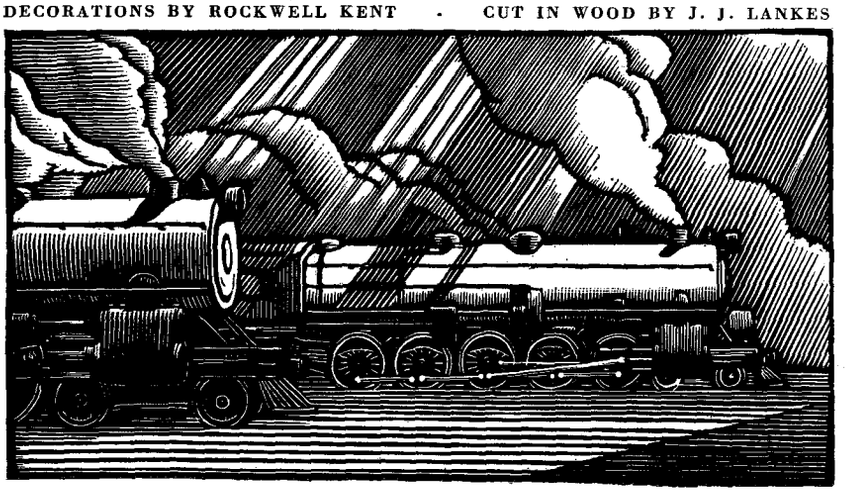
United Founders Corporation and subsidiaries own diversified railroad securities, representing substantial investments but no control of properties. At present these investments are in railways of leading American systems operating over 60% of the Class I mileage in the United States.

With its railroad holdings, United Founders combines investments in other basic fields. It has important investments in leading systems in the electric power and light industry in addition to its interests in investment companies, banks and insurance companies.

Through control of American Founders Corporation, United Founders is interested in a group of investment companies which have operated successfully over a number of years. This interest provides United Founders also with extensive economic, analytical and research service.

The operations of United Founders Corporation are directed to obtain the cumulative and substantial results which accrue from long-pull, managed investing.

DECORATIONS BY ROCKWELL KENT . CUT IN WOOD BY J. J. LANKES



UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION

This advertisement is the third of a series outlining the investment activities of United Founders Corporation

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B A N K.

IT appearing to be the diſpoſition of the Gentlemen in this City, to eſtabliſh a BANK on liberal principles, the ſtock to conſiſt of ſpecie only; they are therefore hereby invited to meet To-Morrow Evening at Six o'Clock, at the Merchant's Coffee-Houſe; where a plan will be ſubmitted to their conſideration.

The REGUI···ON of the PRACTICE of ance to So-

Alexander Hamilton

The independent character of this bank dates back to its founding in 1784 when Alexander Hamilton wrote its constitution.

One hundred and forty-six years ago this small Notice appeared on an inside page of the New York Packet and American Advertiser. In such *modest terms* was announced the Meeting which, held the following day, led to the establishment of the Bank of New York—the *first* Bank in the City and now the *oldest* in the Country.

★ SINCE ITS INCEPTION THE BANK OF NEW YORK and TRUST COMPANY has adhered *consistently to the purpose of its Founders*—to provide Facilities in keeping with the Times. Each forward Step has coincided with the Development of new Requirements on the part of Industry, Commerce or Individuals for banking Service.

ITS ORGANIZATION today, free from extraneous growth and with the *experience of years supporting the work of each department*, presents an exceptional Equipment for the discharge of all true banking Functions.

BANK *of* NEW YORK
and TRUST COMPANY

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS $20,000,000

NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE MEMBERSHIP NUMBER ONE

48 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

Uptown Office: Madison Avenue at 63rd Street

Downtown

Now this abundance of capital released forces which have had a profound effect upon the national attitude toward business, toward investments, and in speculative psychology. As E. H. H. Simmons, president of the New York Stock Exchange stated in his valedictory report last May, "Some students, bewildered by these changes in business, declared that we were living in a new era. It is obvious that Utopia is still far away, and that the laws of arithmetic and the principles of economics have not as yet been abolished." Now it is precisely with these laws of arithmetic, if not principles of economics, that we propose to deal in this article.

One of the most painstaking and, we believe, accurate analyses of the broad trend of the relationship between business and finance in recent years has just been compiled under the sponsorship of one of the greatest banks of the country, the Continental Illinois Bank & Trust Co. of Chicago. Directing particular attention to the seven-year period from 1923 to 1929 inclusive, this bank found that industrial production increased at an average rate of 2.4 per cent annually. At the same time the profits of corporations increased more than three times as fast, or at an average rate of 8.9 per cent per annum. In the meantime dividends increased at an average annual rate of 17.2 per cent, or more than seven times as rapidly as production and nearly twice as fast as profits. Commenting on this performance, the bankers remark, "Small wonder, then, that there was talk of a 'new era.'"

DIVIDENDS AND STOCK PRICES

NOW TO CARRY this remarkable contrast in the divergent trends between industrial production, profits, and dividends to the next logical place let us see what has happened to stock prices meanwhile. Quite by coincidence, and working independently, Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Co. of Cleveland, Ohio, has prepared an exhaustive statistical study of the relationship between dividends paid upon stocks and the prices of those stocks. This study extends over the period ranging from 1900 to 1929 inclusive and is based upon the yields of all the dividend-paying common stocks regularly traded in on the New York Stock Exchange.

Surely no broader or more comprehensive basis could be selected for determining the true relationship as a whole between dividends and stock prices. Let us bring the results of this study in line with the seven-year period covered by the above trend of industrial production profits and dividends. According to Colonel Ayres stock prices in 1923 were approximately thirteen and one half times the amoun

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A view of Ponca City refinery of Empire Oil and Refining Company

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paid in dividends per annum per share. At the peak of the bull market last year stock prices were almost exactly double this ratio. That is to say, stocks were then selling at prices equivalent to twenty-seven times the annual earnings per share.

Now to complete the picture suggested by the study of production, profits, and dividends: we have a situation something like this. Profits have increased three times as fast as production. Dividends have increased twice as fast as profits and seven times as fast as production. And stock market prices have increased twice as fast as dividends, about six times as fast as profits, and about fourteen times as fast as production.

WHERE ARE WE HEADED?

To a certain extent a great deal of this expansion can be justified. But even after this justification we believe that most people will concede that stocks have discounted a great deal more than is warranted. And if we project this tendency into the future we may well ask: where in the world are we going, at this rate?

To begin with, the average increase in production is conservative enough. The Continental Illinois Bank & Trust Co. comments to the effect that "we see no reason to expect the trend of production to exceed the 1923–29 trend in the next five years." Considering the steady annual increase in population, the never ending increase in human wants, and the tendency always to satisfy the desire for more goods, it seems conservative enough to assume that industrial production will continue to increase at an average rate of 2¼ per cent per annum.

But this increase is not likely to be constant. The chances are that the total production for 1930 will be much less than in 1929. Automobile output in the early months of this year was 31 per cent less than in the same period of 1929. Steel production was much less and the railroads moved about 12 per cent less freight than they did a year ago. This in itself is a good index of the amount of goods that were being produced. That this will affect profits adversely is already indicated by the drop of about 20 per cent in the net profits of 200 industrial corporations whose earnings for the first quarter of 1930 were made publicly available.

What is likely to be the trend of profits? Doubtless the major reason why profits tended to increase three times as fast as production was because of new inventions, increased efficiency in industrial plants, the introduction of quantity production methods, and so on. Unquestionably we will continue to see further progress in this direction in years to come, but the progress in this direction in the seven years just ended has been marvellous, probably abnormal, and unlikely to continue indefinitely at the same rate. Moreover, during these seven years commodity prices have been remarkably stable. Events this year, such as the weakness in copper, steel, and wheat prices, and the lowest prices on record for sugar, coffee, rubber, and other staples, suggest that perhaps the profit margin in many industries will be much smaller in the next few years than it has been in the past.

MORE GENEROUS DIVIDENDS

As for dividends, the fact that dividends in the seven-year period increased twice as fast as profits can be partly explained by the stronger financial positions of corporations in general. The Steel Corporation has liquidated most of its funded debt. Hundreds of other companies have gotten completely out of debt in recent years. Many of them took advantage of high stock market levels to issue new stock and enrich their treasuries to a point where their financial position is impregnable. Under such conditions it is to be expected that directors will declare more liberal dividends than otherwise.

Ten years ago many companies followed the practice of setting aside a dollar for dividends out of every two dollars of profits. To-day such companies are not weakening their position in the slightest in paying out a dollar for dividends out of every $1.25 or $1.50 per share of earnings. But when we look to the future can we reasonably expect this trend to continue at the rate it has in the past seven years? If maintained it might mean that eventually the point would be reached where all the earnings would be paid in dividends and nothing left for surplus and various inevitable contingencies against which every well managed company must provide.

We concede that we are dealing with business and financial trends as a whole and that there will be hosts of companies to which these generalities will not apply. New industries, such as natural gas, dry ice, electric refrigeration, aviation, and so on may open up remarkable earning possibilities as they are developed. Old industries may individually discover new processes which are large profit makers or effective in reducing expenses. Speculators will continue to search these out and make the most of them. But as far as general trends are concerned, it would seem altogether reasonable to believe that in the next seven years profits in industry as a whole will not increase three times as fast as production, nor dividends twice as fast as profits, nor stock prices twice as fast as dividends, as seems to have been the case in the past seven years of plenty.

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the downward trend

of business in general, the 43% *profits gain* recorded by Bickford's Inc. in the first quarter of 1930 continues the decidedly upward course of earnings in past years.

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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

A Statement of Capitalization, Earnings and Dividends of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., will be mailed upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad Street, New York City.

Class A Stock. A new illustrated twelve-page booklet describing this investment stock and including photographs of the properties, map of their location, analysis of territories served, and charts of growth in earnings, assets and number of customers. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

The Life Insurance Trust. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

Convertible Securities. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

Investment Suggestions. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cities Service Common as a Permanent Investment. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

Investment Trust Report. Annual report of the United Founders Corporation showing assets, business and types of investments, together with earning statement. United Founders Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

Continued on next page

TRI-UTILITIES CORPORATION

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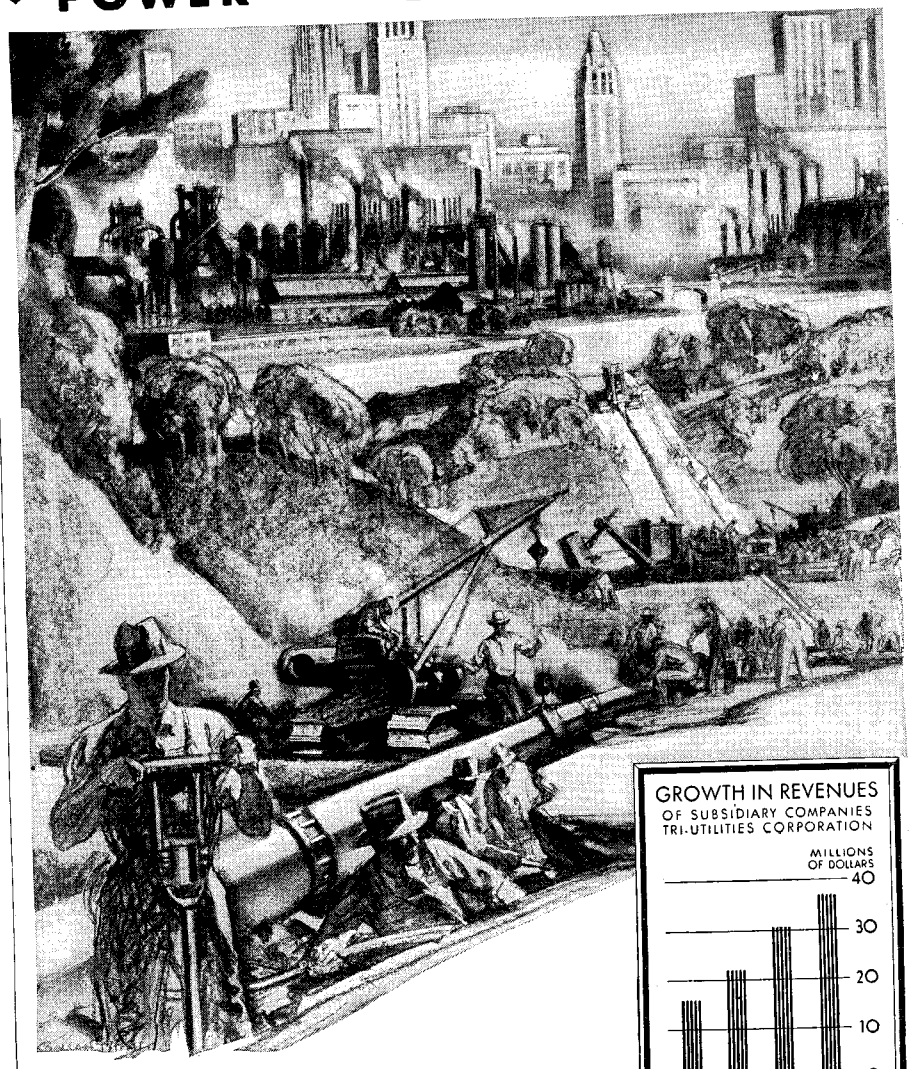

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● Investors in the securities of Tri-Utilities Corporation, which controls Southern Natural Gas Corporation, are assured of a very substantial growth in earnings as a result of this important utility development. Latest interesting facts sent upon request.

The above record of growth in earnings is impressive to far-seeing investors. In addition to these steadily mounting earnings, the corporation will derive substantial revenues from its ownership of controlling interest in the common stock of Southern Natural Gas Corporation—no revenues from which are included in the above chart.

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Dec. 31	Annual Earnings Gross	*Net	Sales K. W. H.	Number of Customers Electric	Gas, Water, etc.
1920	$ 49,410,687	$14,449,787	1,020,912,328	342,373	344,651
1921	53,301,038	17,195,389	985,365,167	381,238	353,871
1922	56,828,970	20,663,844	1,143,467,323	444,233	369,660
1923	63,638,228	24,325,142	1,348,986,857	513,007	381,288
1924	67,417,018	26,733,159	1,400,942,454	590,692	398,527
1925	73,977,348	31,531,123	1,579,150,849	665,366	416,896
1926	81,646,959	35,652,028	1,854,708,852	736,451	437,490
1927	88,113,621	40,148,195	1,921,527,571	782,887	454,228
1928	93,624,445	43,196,594	2,110,949,196	845,551	465,487
1929	103,556,864	50,282,036	2,372,274,311	896,630	472,231

*Before depreciation.

To make an Associated System investment write for circular G-6

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Mr. Donald Rea Hanson, Editor of *"Downtown,"* will be glad to give *Forum* readers his opinion regarding matters of investment. No advice regarding speculative operations will be given. Postage for reply should be enclosed.

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Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

THE ESSENTIALS OF A SOUND INVESTMENT POLICY. This booklet presents seven cardinal principles of safe investment. Both experienced investors and beginners will find it worth reading. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

THE FASCINATING STORY OF WALL STREET'S GREATEST SKYSCRAPER. An illustrated booklet describing the erection of the new 70-story Manhattan Company Building, New York; and Starrett Securities which share in the ownership and profits of this building. Also contains a brief history of New York's skyscrapers from the earliest days. G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Copy upon request. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT. A booklet outlining the advantages of life insurance as against other forms of investment for the regular and systematic saver. Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, 46th & Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

PRUDENCE-BONDS FOR PRUDENT PEOPLE. A brief description of how Prudence-Bonds are secured by conservative first mortgages on income producing properties and guaranteed by over $16,500,000 of the Prudence Company's capital, surplus and reserves. Copy upon request. The Prudence Company, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

Financial Department

FORUM MAGAZINE

441 Lexington Avenue NEW YORK

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WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU

Helen M. Bramble, Director

The following suggestions for papers, together with brief bibliographies suitable for the preparation of each, are designed to meet the needs of women's clubs. Each month we will present such programs, varying in subject matter. Additional references, if necessary, can also be secured upon application to the Bureau. If any club or any member of a club desires advice in forming programs other than these given, in finding sources for material, in securing speakers, or in raising funds, we shall gladly coöperate without expense to the club. May we suggest that you give as much information as possible regarding your club, i.e. type of program usually used, number in club, length of meeting, etc.

"SHALL we scrap our homes?" asks Maude Dutton Lynch in this issue of THE FORUM. The following references may help to answer her question. Marriage and divorce are considered from the moral, the social, and the economic standpoint, and the general outlook — in spite of pessimists and statisticians — is healthy. Because of the mass of material on these subjects, more references than usual are given, and the discussions on each topic should cover at least forty-five minutes.

A. MODERN MARRIAGE

A Home-cure for Boredom — Maude Dutton Lynch — FORUM, July 1930

Does Marriage Still Come First? — F. L. Collins — *Woman's Home Companion*, February 1930

The Protestant Church View of Sex, Love, and Marriage — *Current History*, February 1929

Should We Leave Romance Out of Marriage? — R. C. and F. W. Binkley — FORUM, February 1930

Monogamy and the Motor Car — A. R. Erskine — *North American Review*, August 1929

Modern Marriage — J. M. Murry and J. C. Young — FORUM, January 1929

Making a Go of Marriage — *Woman's Home Companion*, June 1929

The Right Age to Marry — V. L. Connolly — *Delineator*, April 1929

B. THE PROBLEM OF DIVORCE

The Effect of Increasing Divorce on Family Life — C. W. Hoffman — *Current History*, August 1929

New Divorce Courts for Old — C. T. Marshall — *Scribner's*, September 1929

Divorce and After — *Nation*, February 12, February 19, March 5, April 2, May 22, 1930

The Growing Divorce Rate — *Literary Digest*, January 12, 1929

In Reno Where They Take the Cure — G. Parkhurst — *Pictorial Review*, February 1929

Great Necessity: Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law — G. Parkhurst — *Pictorial Review*, February 1930

WITH THE publication of Julia Peterkin's credo in this issue of THE FORUM, and with what others have written about her, a comprehensive study may be made of one of the foremost women writers in America. *Scarlet Sister Mary* won the Pulitzer Prize in 1929.

A. THE MISTRESS OF LANG SYNE

What I Believe — Julia Peterkin — FORUM, July 1930

Lang Syne's Miss — Isadora Bennett — *Bookman*, June 1929

B. REVIEWS OF NOVELS

Green Thursday — *Alfred A. Knopf* — $2.50

Black April — *Bobbs-Merrill* — $2.50

Scarlet Sister Mary — *Bobbs-Merrill* — $2.50

C. RECENT SHORT STORIES

Santy Claw — *Ladies Home Journal*, December 1929

The Greasy Spoon — *Ladies Home Journal*, October 1929

ONE OF THE last fields of endeavor into which women ventured was that of science. Their success is attested by the achievements of two outstanding women: Marie Curie in France and Florence Rena Sabin in America. To the story of the Curies in this issue other references are appended.

A. THE ROMANCE OF RADIUM

The Curies — Radium — B. Jaffe — FORUM, July 1930

Producers Censured for High Cost of Radium — *Scientific American*, November 1929

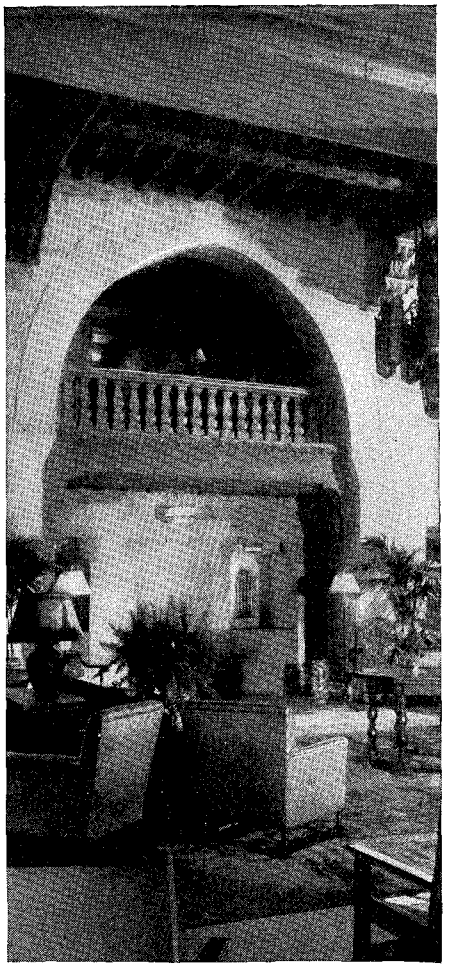
Radium to Reduce Fire Risk — *Science*, March 15, 1929

B. DR. SABIN, SCIENTIST

A Woman Crusader of Science — A. E. Wiggam — *Herald Tribune Magazine*, December 1, 1929

Dr. Sabin, Scientist — G. Parkhurst — *Pictorial Review*, January 1930

Health at a Fair Price — A. M. Downes — *Delineator*, April 1930



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TOASTS

As a writer of daily articles on business, syndicated throughout the whole United States, John T. Flynn has helped to dispel much of the false glamour which invests Big Business. Insisting that he is not a business man, Mr. Flynn claims to be only an impartial observer viewing the situation from the point of view of a newspaper man.

Maude Dutton Lynch has spent the last twenty years creating such a home as she describes in her article in this issue. With five active children — the oldest is nineteen and the youngest fourteen — she would seem to have plenty to occupy her time, but in odd moments she has managed to write a number of articles and books for children. She is intensely interested in progressive education and psychology, particularly the system developed by Alfred Adler.

Sarah Addington

George Eastman was born in Waterville, New York, in 1854. As an amateur photographer and experimenter he perfected a process for making dry plates and began to manufacture them on a small scale. Then came his invention of the kodak. To-day, as Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company, Mr. Eastman is a leader in business and philanthropic movements and the donor of more than fifty million dollars to various educational institutions.

The nearest claim to fame that F. D. Nichol says he merits is the fact that he was born in a log cabin. This particular log cabin was located in the "back blocks" of Australia. From there, Mr. Nichol came to America and went west to California. By training and predilection he was a preacher, but he was nearly refused a college degree because he lacked enough English credits. Immediately after this he was urged into editorial work and has been at it ever since. An associate editor of *The Advent Review and Sabbath Herald*, he is always ready to break a lance with those who consider science the savior of the race.

Sarah Addington, whose story *Hound of Heaven* appeared in The Forum some months ago, is a Middle Westerner who lives in New York. In her story in this issue, Fujimoto is none other than Cook and Houseworker Extraordinary in the Addington-Reid menage. (Miss Addington is Mrs. Reid). He is also Keeper of the Menagerie, Washer of the Dog, and Playmate of the Cat. He aided and abetted Miss Addington while she was writing the story and at the end he said, "She plitty good. Sometime I halp you and we making fine book all about Joponee history for people reading showing what fine country Jopon was one time before Joponee garls all bob hair and wear short skarts and such nonsenses."

After his first job in a Y. M. C. A., Thomas Compere backslid into newspaper business. This was when he was fifteen. Since then he has worked on seventeen newspapers. He says that he must be impervious to education, since four years in Baylor University and a post-graduate course at Harvard left no scar. Liking horses, dogs, and books, he moved to New York City, where he can have neither horses nor dogs, and doesn't have time to read books. He is now on the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

William C. White was originally bound for the Presbyterian ministry, until he saw others headed in the same direction. After Princeton and a period of teaching at the University of Pennsylvania, a scholarship sent Mr. White to Russia for three years. He has now returned and is devoting his time to writing and lecturing. He has made a metrical translation of a Russian legend which is being published for children by Dutton. And his Forum articles, which already have caused a great deal of favorable comment, will be brought out by Scribner's when the series is completed. Among the vital facts unearthed by Mr. White in Russia are these: good vodka is 65% alcohol; cottage cheese wrapped in dough and boiled for half an hour is inedible; grand dukes don't work as chauffeurs; Easter in Russia lasts six weeks.

For twenty-five years Julia Peterkin has been the mistress of Lang Syne Plantation near Fort Motte, South Carolina — the scene of her novels, *Green Thursday*, *Black April*, and *Scarlet Sister Mary*, the 1929 Pulitzer Prize novel. Before marrying Colonel Peterkin and going to Lang Syne, she was graduated from Converse College and took her M.A. degree. A friend describing her says that it is not surprising that there is a good bit of the conjure woman about Mrs. Peterkin, when you consider that she was born on Hallowe'en and has lived for so many years close to the superstitious Gullahs. Mrs. Peterkin is tall and gives one the impression of being all orange color: eyes, skin, hair, freckles. She is an excellent horsewoman, swimmer, and all-round athlete — scared, but dared into most of these activities by her twenty-four year old son. When *Black April* was published, Mrs. Peterkin was socially ostracized by the South, but after *Scarlet Sister Mary*, and the North's recognition of unquestionable genius, the South has fallen into line. However, neither the ostracism nor the capitulation has made any difference to Mrs. Peterkin. All sorts of people interest her, and she can get as much excitement out of meeting Peggy Joyce and going to a tea that Texas Guinan gave for her in Chicago, as she can over receiving the Pulitzer Prize.

Julia Peterkin

In addition to writing fiction, Diana Storm is an actress and playwright. Her stories have appeared in magazines in England and South Africa — where she was engaged in journalism for a time — and her two recent plays, *Lillith* and *Queen Bee*, will be produced in both England and the United States. The late Jeanne Eagels was to have starred in the latter. Diana Storm is the wife of Arthur Hohl, who played in *White Cargo* and *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, and who helped to establish the Washington Square Players, from which the present Theatre Guild sprang. Miss Storm herself has appeared in plays by Maeterlinck and Jerome K. Jerome, and has been under David Belasco's direction.

Robert McBlair is a typical New Yorker, having come up from Virginia some six years ago. He has had two novels published by Appleton and there are several others, as well as a book of verse, in varying stages of completion. Mr. McBlair says he ekes out a precarious livelihood by magazine fiction, in order to waste his better substance upon the novel and poetry.

Besides the work which George Jean Nathan is doing for The Forum, he is also writing dramatic criticism for *The New Freeman*, *Judge*, and *Vanity Fair*. Although he is no longer with *The American Mercury*, his relation with Knopf has not been severed. In the fall they will publish his *The Playhouse of the Western World*, a reëstimation of dramatic values.

In the early summer Simon and Schuster will publish Bernard Jaffe's *Crucibles*, which received the Francis Bacon Award for the best book attempting to humanize knowledge. His articles in the last three issues of The Forum have been chapters from that book.

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